ENGLAND'S

Parnassus:

OR

The choyseſt Flowers of our Moderne Poets, with their Poeticall compoſures.

Deſcriptions of Bewties, Perſonages, Cattles, Pallaces, Mountaines, Groues, Seas, Springs, Riuers, &c.

Whereunto are annexed other various discourses both pleasaunt and profitable.

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TO THE VVORSHIPFVLL Maister *Iohn Gybson.*

THese neuer leauelesse trees of Paradize,
This garden of Adonis *euer greene,*
Alcinous *wondrous fruites of richest prize:*
All which vpon this mount yplanted beene;
Daring the beames of Phœbus *golden eies,*
Humbly desire they may of you beseene:
Whose pleasant shades, sweete walks, Ambrosian (tast,
By th'muses heauenly made, shall euer last.

Your Worships at commaund,

Robert Allott.

TO THE VVORSHIPFVLL

Maister John Gylson.

THe gouernor learned, Fauorer of Fancies,
The guide of Adonis enterprises,
Alcinous wonderous, finder of riches prize:
All which upon this mount placed bee:
During the learnes of Phoebus goddesses,
Humbly desire the fauor of you bee:
With sophisticat hands, procure walls, Amphrolian
Dyrlings learnes, mouth shall euer last.

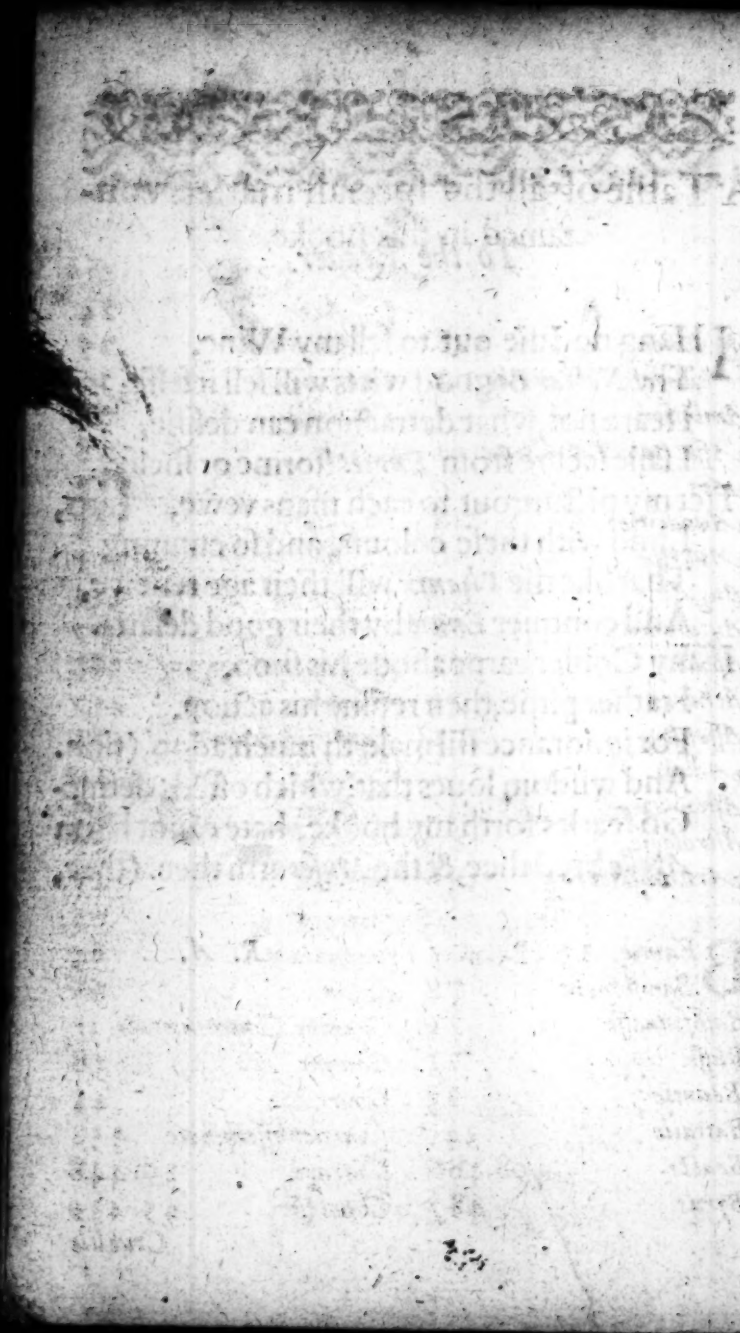
Your Worships at commaund,

Robert Allen.

To the Reader.

I Hang no Iuie out to ſell my Wine,
The *Nectar* of good witts will ſell it ſelfe;
I feare not, what detraction can define,
I ſaile ſecure from *Enuies* ſtorme or ſhelfe.
I ſet my picture out to each mans vewe,
Limd with theſe colours, and ſo cunning (arts,
That like the *Phœnix* will their age renewe,
And conquer *Enuie* by their good deſarts.
If any Cobler carpe aboue his ſhoo,
I rather pittie, then repine his action,
For ignorance ſtil maketh much adoo,
And wiſdom loues that, which offēds detrac- (tion.
Go fearles forth my booke, hate cānot harm
Apollo bred thee, & the *Muſes* arm thee. (thee,

R. A.



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THE CHOYSEST FLOWers of our Modeine English Poets.

Angels.

FAire is the heauen where happie soules haue place,
In full enioyment of felicitie,
Whence they do still behold the glorious face
Of the diuine eternall maiestie:
More faire is that where those *Ideas* on hie
Enraunged be, which *Plato* so admirde,
And pure intelligences from God inspirde.
Yet fairer is that heauen, in which do raigne
The soueraigne powers and mightie Potentates,
Which in their hie protections do containe
All mortall Princes and imperiall states:
And fairer yet, whereas the royall seats
And heauenly Dominations are set:
From whom all earthly gouernance is fet.
Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins
Which all with golden wings are ouer dight,
And those eternall burning *Seraphins*
Which from their faces dart out fiery light.
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright
Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne person, without rest or end.

Ed. Spencer.

The first composing of the number nine,
Which of all numbers is the most diuine,
From orders of the Angels doth arise,
Which be contained in three *Hierarchies*,
And each of these three Hierarchies in three,
The perfect forme of true felicitie:
And of the *Hierarchies* I spake of erst,
The glorious *Epiphania* is the first,
In which the hie celestiall orders bin
Of *Thrones*, of *Cherubs*, and of *Seraphin*:
The second holds the mightie *Principates*,
The *Epistonia*, the third *Hierarchie*
With *Vertues*, *Angels*, and *Archangels* bee.
And thus by threes we aptly do define,
And do compose this sacred number nine:
Yet each of these nine orders grounded be
Vpon some one particularitie.

M. Drayton.

Out of the Hierarchies of Angels sheene,
The gentle *Gabriell* God cald from the rest:
Twixt God and soules of men that righteous beene,
Embassador he is for euery blest:
The iust commands of heauens eternall king,
Twixt skies and earth he vp and downe doth bring.

Ed. Fairfax. Transt.

Our walls of flesh that close our soules, God knew how weak,
A further gard, euen euery man an Angell guide to saue:
And men for vs be angels, while they work our souls to saue.

Wil. Warner.

If Angels fight
Weake men must fall, for heauen still gards the right.

W. Shakespeare.

Ambition.

Ambition is a Vultur vile,
That feedeth on the heart of pride,
And finds no rest when all is tride.
For worlds cannot confine the one,
Th'other lists and bounds hath none:
And both subuert the mind, the state
Procure destruction, enuy, hate.

S. Daniell.

Ambition, fie vpon thy painted cheeke,
(Woe worth the beauty sleepes not with the face)
For thou art hatefull, foule, vnfaire, vnmeete:
A poyson-painted pleasure, mads men chase.
Thou reasonlesse desire that makes men seeke
To kisse the same, whilest fire doth thee imbrace,
Thou onely strong, disordered, rulest passion,
Thou marst mens minds, and put'st them out of fashiõ.

I. Markham.

The golden chaine of *Homers* hie deuise
Ambition is, or cursed auarice:
Which all gods haling being tied to *Ioue*
Him from his setled height could neuer moue,
Intending this, that though that powerfull chaine
Of most *Herculean* vigor to constraine
Men from true vertue, or their present states,
Attempt a man, that manlesse changes hates;
And is enobled with a deathlesse loue,

Of things eternall dignified aboue:
Nothing shall stine him from adorning still,
This shape with vertue and his power with will.

G. Chapman.

---The greedy thirst of royall crowne
That knowes no kindred, nor regards no right,
Stird *Porrex* vp, to pluck his brother downe:
Who vnto him assembling forraine might,
Made warre on him, and fell himselfe in fight:
Whose death to auenge his mother mercilesse
Most merciles of women, *Eden* hight:
Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
And with most cruell hand him murdred pittilesse.

Ed. Spencer.

A diademe once dazeling the eie,
The day too darke, to see affinitie:
And where the arme is stretcht to reach a crowne,
Friendship is broke, the dearest things thrown downe.

M. Drayton.

---Realme-rape, spareth neither kin nor friend.

I. Higgins. Mir. of Ma.

Who fight for crownes, set life, set all to light,
Who aime so hie, wil die, or hit the white.

Doctor Lodge.

One riseth by an others fall, and some do clime so fast,
That in the clouds they do forget what climats they haue past

W. Warner.

The Eagle minded minde that nestle in the sun,
Their lofty heads haue leaden heeles, and end where they begun.

Idem.

O, fatall is the ascent vnto a crowne,

From

From whēce men come not down, but tumble downe.

S. Daniell.

Like as the heauen two Sunnes cannot containe,
So in the earth two Kings cannot remaine
Of equall state: so doth Ambition craue,
One King will not another equall haue.

Tho. Hudson. Transl.

Whom so the mindes vnquiet state vpheaues,
Be it for loue or feare; when fancie reaues
Reason her right, by mocking of the wit,
If once the cause of this affection flit,
Reason preuailing on the vnbrideled thought,
Downe falls he, who by fancie climbd aloft.

I. H. M. of Magist.

Desire of rule within a climbing breast
To breake a vowe, may beare the buckler best.

G. Gascoigne.

In some courts shall you see Ambition
Sit peecing *Dedalus* old waxen wings:
But being clapt on and they about to flie,
Euen when their hopes are busied in the cloudes
They melt against the sunne of maiestie,
And downe they tumble to destruction.

Tho. Dekkar.

Better sit still men say then rise and fall.
High state the bed wherein misfortune lies.
Mars most vnfriendly, when most kind he seemes:
Who climeth hie on earth, he hardest lights,
And lowest falles attends the highest flights.

Ed. Fairfax. Transl.

As highest hils with tempest be most touched,

And tops of trees most subiect vnto winde,
And as great Towers with stone sttongly couched,
Haue many falles when they be vnderminde,
Euen so by proofe in worldly things we finde,
That such as climbe the top of hie degree,
From feare of falling neuer can be free.

I. H. M. of Magist.

Ambition with the Eagle loues to build,
Nor on the mountaine dreads the winter blast:
But with selfe soothing doth the humour guild
With arguments, correcting what is past.
Forecasting kingdomes, dangers vnforecast:
Leauing this poore word of content to such,
Whose earthly spirits haue not fiery tuch.

M. Drayton.

----The ambitious once inur'd to raigne,
Can neuer brooke a priuate state againe.

S. Daniell.

----Warlike *Cæsar* tempted with the name
Of this sweet Island neuer conquered,
And enuying the *Britons* blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion) hither came.

Ed. Spencer.

------Ambition
In princely pallace and in stately townes,
Doth often creep, and close within conuaies
(To leaue behind it) damage and decaies:
By it be loue and amitie destroid.
It breakes the lawes, and common concord beates,
Kingdomes and realmes it topsie turvy turnes.

G. Gascoigne.

Be not ambitiously a king, nor grudgingly decline, One

One God did roote out Cis his stock, and raise vp Iesses line.

W. Warner.

The aspirer once attain'd vnto the toppe,
Cuts off those meanes by which himselfe got vp.

S. Daniel.

Haughtie Ambition makes a breach in hills,
Runs drie by sea amongst the raging *scills*. *Th. Hud.*

Affection.

Affection is a coale that must be coolde,
Else suffered, it will set the heart on fire,
The fire hath bounds, but deepe desire hath none.

W. Shakespeare.

Affection by the countenance is descri'de,
The light of hidden fier it selfe discouers,
And loue that is conceal'd, betraies poore Louers.

Th. Marlowe.

------ Most wretched man,
That to affections doth the bridle lend,
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through sufferance growe to fearefull end,
Whil'st they are weake, betime with them contend.
For when they once to perfect strength do growe,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battrie bend,
Gainst fort of reason, it to ouerthrowe. *Ed. Sp.*

Affliction.

If so Affliction once her warre be gin,
And threat the feeble sense with sword and fire,
The mind contracts her selfe and shrinketh in,
And to her selfe she gladly doth retire.

As Spiders toucht seeke their webbes in most part,
As Bees in stormes vnto their hiues returne,
As bloud in daunger gathers to the hart,
As men seeke townes when foes the country burne.

I. Davies.

If ought can touch vs ought, afflictions lookes
(Make vs to looke into our selues so neare)
Teach vs to know our selues beyond all bookes,
Or all the learned schooles that euer were.

Idem.

This makes our senses quicke and reason cleare,
Resolues our will and rectifies our thought:
So do the winds and thunder clense the aire,
So working seas settle and purge the wine,
So lopt and pruned trees do flourish faire.
So doth the fire the drossie gold refine. *I. Davies.*

Audacitie.

What need we creepe the crosse to giue vnto a begging saint,
Tush, tush, a fig for booke loue, none be fortunate, that faint.

W. Warner.

Things out of hope are compast oft with ventering,
Chiefly in loue, whose leaue exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale fac'd coward,
But then woes best, when most his choice is froward.

W. Shakespeare.

Blushing and sighing *Thesens* neuer strouc
To wooe and winne *Antiope* his loue.

I. Wetner.

When all is done that do we may,
Labour we sorrowing all the night, and suing all the day,

The

The female feaulie anstome yeelds lesse merit, greatest pay:
And ventrous more then vertuous means doth bear the bel

W. Warner.

Art.

Art hath a world of secrets in her powers.

M. Drayton.

Art curbeth nature, nature guildeth Art.

I. Marston.

Things senceless liue by Art, and rationall die,
By rude contempt of Art and industrie.

G. Chapman.

Art hath an enemy cald ignorance.

B. Iohnson.

Arts perish, wanting honour and applause.

D. Lodge.

--- Arts best nurse is honours chast desire,
And glory sets all studious hearts on fire.

Tho. Stover.

Art must be wonne by art and not by might,

S. I. Harr. Transl.

Valour and Art are both the sonnes of *Ioue*,
Both brethren by the father, not the mother:
Both peeres without compare, both liue in loue,
But Art doth seeme to be the elder brother,
Because he first gaue life vnto the other.
Who afterward gaue life to him againe,
Thus each by other doth his life retaine.

Ch. Fitz. Iefferys.

Art is nobilities true register,
Nobilitie Arts champion still is said:
Learning is fortitudes right calender,

And

And fortitude is Learnings saint and aide,
Thus if the ballances twixt both bewaide,
Honour sheelds Learning from all iniurie,
And Learning honour from blacke infamie.

Idem.

Vaine is the Art that seeks it selfe for to deceiue.

Ed. Spencer.

Auarice.

---- Greedie Auarice by him did ride,
Vpon a Camell loadden all with gold,
Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious mettall, full as they might hold
And in his lap a heape of coyne he tolde,
For of his wicked pelfe his god he made.
And vnto hell, himselfe for money solde
Accursed vsurie was all his trade,
And right and wrong alike in equall ballance waied.

Ed. Spencer.

Forth of a Desart wood an vgly beast
There seem'd to come, whose shape was thus defined,
Eares of an Asse, a Wolfe in head and breast,
A carkasse all with pinching famine pined,
A Lyons grisly iawe, but all the rest
To fox-like shape did seeme to be enclined,
In *England*, *France*, in *Italy* and *Spaine*,
Yea all the world this monster seem'd to raine,
Where ere this cruell monster set his foote,
He kild and spoyld of euery sort and state:
No height of birth or state with him did boote,
He conquered Kings and crownes all in like rate.
Yea this beasts power had tane so deep a roote,
In

It entred in Christs Vicars sacred gate,
And vexed Cardinalls and Bishops chiefe,
And bred a scandall euen in our beliefe.

S. I. Harr.

Python whom *Phœbus* kil'd with thousand darts,
Was monster lesse then this by thousand parts.

Idem.

Eriphilaes Armor.

In vaine it were for to declare in Verse,
How sumptuously her armour all was wrought,
All set with stones, and set with *Indian* Gold,
Perfect for vse, and pleasant to behold.
Mounted she was, but not vpon a steede,
Instead whereof, she on a Wolfe did sit:
A Wolfe whose match *Apulia* doth not breede,
Taught to obey, although she vs'de no bit.
And all of sandy colour was her weede,
Her armes were this, for such a Champion fit,
An vgly toade was painted on her shield,
With poyson swolne, and in a sable field.

Idem.

--- *Auarice*, all arm'd in hooking tenters,
All clad in birdlime, without bridge she venters,
Through fell *Charibdis* and false *Syrtes Nesse*,
The more her wealth, the more her wretchednesse,
Cruell, respectlesse, friendlesse, faithlesse else,
Those foule base figures in each dunghill poole,
Like *Tantalus* staru'd in the midst of store,
Not that she hath, but what she wants she coures,
A well-wing'd Bird, that neuer lofte mounts.

I. Sylvester, Transl.

Regal

Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
And lowe abase the hie heroike spirit,
That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend.

Ed. Spencer.

We aged carke to liue, and leaue an ouerplus in store,
Perhaps for spend-alls: so amidst abundance liue we pore.

W. Warner.

Those which much couet, are with gaine so fond,
That what they haue not that which they possesse:
They scatter and valoose from their bond,
And so by hoping more, they haue but lesse,
Or gaining more, the profit of excesse
Is but to surfet, and such griefes sustaine,
That they proue banckrout in this pore rich vaine.

W. Shakespeare.

Those that will all deuour, must all forgoe.

Tho. Dekkar.

Cõtent thee with vnthreatned mean, & play not Aesops dog
The gold that gẽtle Bacchus *gaue, did greedy* Mydas *clog:*
Commit not treasure with thy child to greedy minded men,
Thou leauest Polydor *a spoile to* Polymnestor *then.*

W. Warner.

Beautie.

---Sacred Beautie is the fruit of sight,
That curtesie that speakes before the toong;
The feast of soules, the glory of the light,
Enuy of age, and euerlasting yoong:
Pities commaunder, *Cupids* richest throne,
Musicke entraunced, neuer duly sung;
The summe and court of all proportion.
And that I may dull speeches least afford,

All

All Rhethorickes Flowers, in lesse then in a word.

G. Chapman.

--- Bewtie borne of heauenly race.
Bewtie. (daughter of maruaile) ô see how
Thou canst disgracing sorrowes sweetly grace,
What power thou shew'st in a distressed browe,
That mak'st affliction faire giu'st teares their grace.
What? can vntressed locks, can torne rent haire?
A weeping eye, a wailing face be faire?
I see then artlesse feature can content,
And that true Bewtie needs no ornament.

S. Daniell.

---- Bewtie is the bait which with delight
Doth man allure for to enlarge his kinde,
Bewtie the burning lampe of heauens light,
Darting her beames into each feeble minde,
Against whose power, nor God nor man can finde
Defence, reward, the daunger of the wound:
But being hurt, seeke to be medicinde,
Of her that first did stirre that mortall wound.

Ed. Spencer.

---- Bewtie is womans golden crowne,
Mans conquerresse and feminine renowne!
Not ioind with loue, who dearer yet euer sold it?
For bewties cheape, except loues eye behold it.

W. Weeuer.

---- Bewtie is an adamant to all.

Bewtie, natures Iuie-bush each passenger doth call,

W. Warner.

Seldome wants guests where Bewtie bids the feast,
Mens eyes with wonders here are satisfied,

All

At faireſt ſignes beſt welcome is ſurmiſed,
The ſhrine of loue doth ſeldome offring want,
Nor with ſuch counſell, clients neuer ſcant.

Mr. Drayton.

All Orators are dumbe where Bewtie pleadeth.

Wm. Shakeſpeare.

Bewtie it ſelfe doth of it ſelfe perſwade
The eyes of men, without an Orator.
What needeth then Apollogies be made,
To ſet forth that which is ſo ſingular?

Idem.

Nought vnder heauen ſo ſtrongly doth allure
The ſenſe of man, and all his minde poſſeſſe,
As Bewties louely bate that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigor to repreſſe,
And mightie hands forget their manlineſſe.
Driuen with the power of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in flowers of a golden treſſe.
That can with melting pleaſance mollifie,
Their hardned hearts enur'd to bloud and crueltie.

Ed. Spencer.

O how can bewtie maiſter the moſt ſtrong,
And ſimple truth ſubdue auenging wrongs?

Idem.

No armour can be found that can defend,
Tranſpercing raies of chriſtall pointed eyes.

S. Daniell.

Hard is that heart which Bewtie makes not ſoft.

Ed. Fairfax. Tranſl.

Who so young that loues not?
Or who so olde that womens Bewtie moues not?

W. Weeuer.

A sparke of Bewtie burns a world of men,

Idem.

O what is Bewtie if it be not seene?
Or what is't to be seene and not admir'd,
And though admir'd, vnlesse in loue desir'd.
Neuer were checkes of Roses locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to liue imprisoned in a Chamber.

S. Daniell.

Nature created Bewtie for the view,
(Like as the fire for heate, the Sun for light)
The faire do euer hold this pledge as due,
By auntient charter to liue most in sight,
As she that is debar'd it, hath not right:
In vaine our friends from this do vs dehort,
For Bewtie will be where is most resort.

Idem.

All excellence of shape is made for sight,
To be a beetle else were no defame:
Hid Bewties lose their ends, and wrong their right.

G. Chapman.

Heauen made bewtie like herselfe to viewe,
Not to be lapt vp in a smoakie mewe:
A rosie tainted feature is heauens golde,
Whil'st all men ioy to touch, all to behold.

M. Drayton.

The ripest corne dies if it be not reapt,
Bewtie alone is lost too early kept.

Ch. Marlowe.

It hath beene through all ages euer seene,
That with the praise of armes and chiualrie,
The praise of Bewtie still hath ioyned beene,
And that for reasons speciall priuilie,
For either doth on other much relie,
For he me seemes most fitest is to serue,
That can her best defend from villanie,
And she most fit his seruice doth deserue,
That fairest is, and from her faith doth neuer swerue.

Ed. Spencer.

--- Bewtie is more bright and cleare.
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she that serued is of noble Knight.

Idem.

Rich Bewtie, that each Louer labours for,
Tempting as heapes of new coyned glowing Golde,
(Rackt of some miserable treasurer,)
Drawes his desires and them in chaines enfolde,
Vrging him still to tell it and conceale it:
But Bewties treasure neuer can be folde,
None can peculiar ioy, yet all must steale it.
O Bewtie, this same bloodie siege of shine,
Starues me that yeeld, and feeds me till I pine.

G. Chapman.

O Bewtie, still thy Empire swims in blood,
And in thy peace, warre stores himselfe with foode.

Idem.

O Bewtie *Syrene* faire enchanting good,
Sweete silent Rhethoricke of perswading eyes:
Dumbe eloquence, whose power doth moue the blood
More then the workes, or wisedome of the wise.

Still

Still harmony whose *Diapazon* lies
Within a brow, the key which passions moue
To rauish the sence and play a world in loue.

S. Daniell.

Beautie enchasing loue, loue gaining Beautie,
To such as conflict Sympathies enfold:
To perfect riches doth a sounder dutie
Then all endeuours, for by all consent
All wealth and wisedome rests in time content.
More force and art is beautie ioynd with loue,
Then thrones with wisedom, ioyes of them composde,
Are armes more proofe gainst any griefe we proue:
Then all their vertue scorning miserie,
Or iudgements graue in stoicke grauitie.

G. Chapman.

Beautie a begger, fie it is too bad
When in it selfe sufficiencie is had:
It was not made to please the wandring eie,
But an attire to adorne sweet modestie.
If modestie and women once do seuer,
Farwell our fame, farwell our name for euer.

M. Drayton.

O Beautie that betraies thy selfe to euery amorous eie,
To trap thy proud professors, what is it but wantons trie?
Where through it seldom haps the faire from mean deceits (to flie.

W. Warner.

This Beautie faire, is an inchauntment made
By natures witchcraft, tempting men to buie
With endlesse showes, what endlesly will fade,
Yet promise chapmen all eternitie.
But like to goods ill got a fault it hath,

Brings men inricht therewith to beggery,
Vnles the enricher be as rich in faith
Enamourd, (like god selfe-loue) with her owne
Seene in an other then tis heauen alone.

G. Chapman.

----Beautie is a baine
To such as feed their fancy with fond loue,
That when sweet youth with lust is ouerthrowne,
It rues in age.

R. Greene.

Where *Venus* strikes with Beautie to the quicke,
It little vailes safe reason to apply:
Fewe are the cares for such as are loue sicke,
But loue.

Idem.

Truce, warre, and woe, do wait at Beauties gate,
Time lost, laments, reports and priuie grudge:
And last, fierce loue is but a partiall iudge,
Who yeelds for seruice shame, for friendship hate.

D. Lodge.

The bees of Hybla haue besides sweet hony smarting stings,
And beauty doth not want a bait that to repentance brings.

W. Warner.

----Faire colours soonest soyle,
Things of best price are subiect most to spoyle.

Ch. Middleton.

The fairer checke hath oftentimes a soule
Leprous as sin it selfe, then hell more foule.

Th. Dekkar.

All men do erre, because that men they bee,
And men with Beautie blinded, cannot see.

G. Peele.

Beautie

Beautie, heauen and earth this grace doth win,
It supples rigor, and it lessons sin.

G. Chapman.

Nought is vnder heauens wide hollownes,
That moues more deare compassion of mind:
Then Beautie to vnworthy wretchednes
Through enuies snares, or fortunes freakes vnkind.

Ed. Spencer.

----Nothing ill becomes the faire,
But crueltie which yeelds vnto no praier.

S. Daniell.

Like as the Sun in a Diameter
Fires and inflames obiects remoued far,
And heateth kindly, shining laterally,
So Beautie sweetly quickens when tis nie:
But being seperated and remoued,
Burnes where it's cherisht, murders where it loued.

Ch. Marlowe.

Simples fit Beautie, fie on drugs and art.

M. Drayton.

-----Faire words and powre attractiue bewtie,
Bring men to want on in subiectiue dutie.

I. Weeuer.

-----Wayward Beauty doth not fancy moue.
A frowne forbids, a smile ingendreth loue.

Ed. Fairfax. Transl.

---What els is forme, but fading aire?
Yea oft, because assaulted of, it hurteth to be faire.

W. Warner.

Full soone the fairest face would cease from being such,
If not preserued curiously from tendring more then much

That wondrous patterne where soeuer it bee
Whether in earth laid vp in secret store,
Or els in heauen that no man may it see
With sinfull eies, for feare it to deflore:
Is perfect Beautie which all men adore.
Whose face and feature doth so far excell
All mortall sence, that none the same may tell.

Ed. Spencer.

O Beautie, how attractiue is thy power?
For as the liues heat clings about the hart,
So all mens hungry eyes do haunt thy bower:
Raigning in *Greece*, *Troy* swumme to thee in art.
Remoued to *Troy*, *Greece* followed thee in feares,
Thou dreweſt ech syreleſſe sword, ech childleſſe dart,
And puldſt the Towers of *Troy* about thine eares.

G. Chapman.

Varietie of Beauties.

The harbingers of lust his amorous eyes did walke,
More clogd with chãge of Beauties thẽ K. Midas once with (gold:
Now this, now that, and one by one he did them all behold.
This seemed faire, & that as faire, and letting either passe,
A third he thought a proper girle, a fourth, a pleasant lasse.
Louely the fift, liuely the sixt, the seuenth a louely wench,
The eight of sweet complexion, to the ninth he altereth thẽce
That mildly seem'd maiestic all, tenth modest lookes & toong.
The eleuenth could sweetly entertain, the twelft was fresh & (yoong.
The next a gay brownetta, next admir'd & yoong.
And euery feature so intic't his intricate affection,
As liking all alike, he lou'd confounded in election.

W. Warner.

No

Banishment.

No Banishment can be to him assignde,
Who doth retaine a true resolued minde.

M. Drayton.

In exile, euery man or bond or free
Of noble race, or meaner parentage:
Is not in this vnlike vnto the slaue
That must of force obey to each mans will,
And praise the peeuishnesse of each mans pride.

G. Gascoigne. Transl.

Bashfulnesse.

Was Bashfulnesse in Athens so respected
To chastisement, which in shamefastnesse
A sacred temple, holding her a goddesse:

G. Chapman.

Preferment seldom graceth Bashfulnesse.

Wem.

Let sobernesse be still thy wisdomes end,
Admitting what thou canst not comprehend.

I. Sylvester. Transl.

Blisse.

These dayes example hath deep written here
Deep written in my heart with yron pen,
That Blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

Ed. Spencer.

Doth sorrow fret thy soule? ô direfull spirit,
Doth pleasure feed thy heart? ô blessed man.
Hast thou bene happie once? ô heauy plight,

Are

Are thy mishaps forepast? ô happie than:
Or hast thou blisse in eld? ô blisse too late:
But hast thou blisse in youth? ô sweet estate.

E. of O.

----- Hard it is
To immitate a false and forged blisse,
Ill may a sad mind forge a mery face,
Nor hath constrained laughter any grace.

G. Chapman.

---Blisse not in height doth dwell.

Idem.

-----Quiet Blisse in no state lasteth long.
Assailed still by mischiefe many waies,
Whose spoyling battery glowing hore and stiding,
No flowing wealth, no force nor wisdome staies.
Her smoakelesse powder, beaten souldiers slaies
By open force, foule mischiefe ofte prevailes:
By secret sleight, she sild her purpose failes.

I. H. of Magist.

Blessed the man that well can vse his blisse.

Ed. Spenser.

We should not wanter blisse, then such to be, as be we would,
When blessed none, but such as be, the same, as be they should.

VV. VVarner.

Our blisse consists not in possessions,
But in commaunding our affections.
In vertues choyce, and vices needfull chace,
Far from our harts for staining of our face.

Tho. Kid.

Bountie.

Bountie.

O ſacred Bountie, mother of content,
Proppe of renowne, nouriſher of Arts:
The crowne of hope, the roote of good euent,
The trumpe of fame, the ioy of noble hearts,
Grace of the heauens, diuinitie in nature,
Whoſe excellence doth ſo adorne the creature,

M. Drayton.

---- On the other part was to be viewde
His vertues, each one by it ſelfe diſtinct,
Prudence and temperance, and Fortitude,
And Iuſtice, and a fiſt vnto theſe linckt
So nie, that who with it is not indued?
The reſt may ſeeme blotted, or quite extinct,
Bountie, employed in giuing and in ſpending,
A ſpeciall grace to all the other lending.

S. I. Harr. Tranſl.

Auguſtus Cæſar was not ſuch a Saint,
As *Virgill* maketh him by his deſcription,
His loue of learning ſcuſeth that complaint,
That men might iuſtly make of his proſcription:
Neither the ſhame that *Heroes* name doth taint,
Confirm'd now by a thouſand yeares preſcription,
Be e'ne as it is, if he had had the wit,
To haue bene franke to ſuch as Poems writ.

Idem.

---- This reaſon is the chiefe,
That wits decay becauſe they want their hire,
For where no ſuccour is, nor no reliefe,
The very beaſts will from ſuch place retire. *Idem.*

-----He is mad and worse,
That plaies the nigard with a Princes purse.

M. Drayton.

Care.

---A nother shape appeares
Of greedy Care still brushing vp the knees,
His knuckles knobd, his flesh deep dented in;
With tawed hands, and Hardy tanned skin,
The morrow gray no sooner hath begun
To spred his light, euen peeping in our eies,
When he is vp and to his worke yrunne,
But let the nights black mistie mantels rise,
And with foule darke neuer so much disguise
The faire bright day, yet ceaseth he no where,
But hath his candles to prolong his toyle.

M. Sackvill.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
No better had he, ne for better carde:
With blistered hands among the cynders brent,
And fingers filthy, with long nayles vnpared,
Right for to rend the food on which he fared.
His name was Care; a black Smyth by his trade:
That neither day nor night from working spared.
But to small purpose yron wedges made,
Those be vnquiet thoughts, that woful minds inuade.

Ed. Spencer.

Care keepes his watch in euery olde mans eye,
And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lie:

But

But where vnbruiz'd youth with vnstuft braine
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleepe doth raine.

W. Shakespeare.

Care and suspition are faire Bewties dower.

M. Drayton.

Care the consuming canker of the minde,
The discord that disorders sweet-hearts tune,
Th'abortiue bastard of a coward minde,
The lightfoote lackie that runnes posse by death,
Bearing the leters which containe our end:
The bushe aduocate that sells his breath,
Denouncing worst to him is most his frend,

H. Constable.

Charitie.

She was a woman in the freshest age,
Of wondrous bewtie, and of bountie rare,
With goodly grace, and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare,
Full of great loue; But *Cupids* wanton snare
As hel she hated, chaste in worke and will,
Her necke and brest were euer open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might sucke their fill,
The rest was all in yealow robes araied still,
A multitude of babes about her hung,
Playing their sportes that loyed her to behold,
Whom still she fed, while they were weake and yoong,
But thrust them forth still as they waxed old,
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold:

Adorn'd with Gems and Owches wondrous faire,
Whose passing price vnneath was to be told,
And by her side there sate a gentle paire
Of Turtle-doues, she sitting in an Iuorie chaire,

Ed. Spenser.

Due Charitie in louing doth preferre,
Her neighbours good, fore her vtilitie.

I. Sylvister. Transl.

Who may but will not helpe, doth hurt we know, and curious (they,
That dribling alms by art, dishand wel mēt frō wel dāne pay,
And he that questions distresse and doth not help endeuour,
Thē he that sees & nothing saies, or cares is lesse deceauour.

W. Warner.

It is a worke of Charitie God kuowes,
The reconcilement of two mortall foes,

Ch. Middleton.

---- Charitie brings forth but barren seeds,
And hatred still is sowne in so great store,
That when the fruites of both came to be reaped,
The tone is scarce, the tother ouerheaped.

S. L. Harr.

Chastitie.

O Chastitie the chiefe of heauenly lights,
Which mak'st vs most immortall shape to weare,

S. Ph. Sidney.

------ Chastities attire,
The vnstained vaile which innocents adorne,
Th'vngather'd rose defended with the thorne.

S. *Daniel.*

O Chastitie,

O Charitie, the gift of blessed soules,
Comfort in death, a crowne vnto the life:
Which all the passions of the minde controlles,
Adornes the maide, and bewtifies the wife,
That grace, the which nor death, nor time attaints,
Of earthly creatures making heauenly Saints.

M. Drayton.

A Woman cannot take vpon her,
With bewtie, riches, nor with hie nobilitie,
To claime the true deserued praise of honour,
If Chastitie do faile by her fragilitie,
This is the vertue that defends her honour.

S. *I. Harrington.*

Who doth desire that chaste his wife should bee,
First be he true, for truth doth truth deserue,
Then he be such as he his words may see,
And alwaies one credit, which her preserue
Not toying kind, nor causlesly vnkinde,
Not stirring thoughts, nor yet denying right,
Not spying faults, nor in plaine errors blinde,
Neuer hard hand, nor euer raines to light,
As farre from want, as farre from vaine exspence:
Th'one doth enforce, th'other doth entice,
All owe good company, but driue from thence
All filthy mouthes that glory in their vice.
This done, thou hast no more, but leaue the rest
To nature, fortune, time, and womans brest.

S. *Ph. Sydney.*

Penelope in spending chaste her daies,
As worthy as *Vlisses* was of praise.

S. *I. Harrington.*

Of Christ.

The brooser of the serpents head, the womans promiz'd seed
The second in the Trinitie, the foode our soules to feed.
The vine the light, the doore the way, the shepheard of vs al,
Whose manhood ioynd to deitie, did raunsome vs from thrall
That was and is, and euermore will be the same to his, (blis,
That sleeps to none, that wakes to him, that turns our curse to
Whō yet vnseen the Patriarks saw, the Prophets had foretold
The Apostles preacht, the Saints adord, & Martyrs do hold
The same (Augustus Emperor) in Palestine was born (hold
Amōgst his own, & yet his own did curse their blis in scorn.

W. Warner.

Augustus *quailing* Anthonie, *was Emperour alone,*
In whose vnfoed monarchy our common health was knowne.
The bruizer of the serpents head, the womans promisd seed
The second in the Trinitie, the foode our soules to feede,
The vinē the light, the doore the way, the shepheard of vs all.
The same (Augustus Emperor) in Palestine was born, (hold
Amōgst his own, & yet his own did curse their blis in scorn.

Idem.

Children.

Riches of children passe a princes throne,
Which touch the fathers heart with secret ioy.
When without shame he saith, these be mine owne.

S. Ph. Sidney.

This patterne good or ill our children get,
For what they see, their parents loue or hate,
Their first caught sence prefers to teachers blowes,
The cockerings cockerd, we bewaile too late,

When

When that we see our offspring gayly bent,
Women man-wood, and men effeminate. *Idem.*

---- What children apprehend,
The same they like, they followe and amend.

D. Lodge.

There is no loue may be compa'rd to that,
The tender mother beares vnto the childe,
For euen so much the roote it doth encrease,
As their griefe growes, our contentation cease. *G. Gas.*

Chaunge.

All is but fained, and which oaker died,
That euery showre will wash and wipe away,
All things do Chaunge that vnder heauen abide,
And after death, all friendship doth decay,
Therefore what euer man bear'st worldly sway
Liuing, on God and on thy selfe relie,
For when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

Ed. Spencer.

All suffer Chaunge, our selues new borne euen then begin (to die.

W. Warner.

---- The euer Chaunging course of things,
Runne a perpetuall circle, euer turning. *S. Dan.*
Change liues not long, time fainteth, and time mourns,
Solace and sorrow haue their certaine turnes.

M. Drayton.

All Chaunge is perillous, and all chaunce vnsound.

Ed. Spencer.

--- Seldome Chaunge the better brought,
Content who liues with tried state,
Need feare no Chaunge of frowning Fate:

But

But will seeke for vnknowne gaine,
Oft liues by losse, and leaues with paine. *Idem.*
What doth remaine to man that can continue long?
What sun cã shine so cleare, but clouds may rise amõg?

G. Gascoigne.

No flower is so fresh, but frost can it deface,
No man so sure in any seate, but he may loose his place.

Idem.

Most true it is, as we doo daily proue.
No good nor ill, can stand still at one stay.

S. I. Harrington.

The man that of himselfe is most secure,
Shall finde himselfe most fickle and vnsure.

Ed. Spencer.

Men change the ayre, but seldome change their care.

M. Drayton.

Chaunce.

What should we thinke of signes? they are but haps,
How may they then be signes of after-claps?
Doth euery Chaunce foreshew, or cause some other?
Or ending of it selfe, extend no further?
As th'ouerflowing flood some mount doth choake,
But to his guide, some other flood it yoake,
So if that signes thy sinnes once ioyne, beware
Else-where to Chaunces tend do neuer care.

M. of M.

True it is if fortune light by Chaunce,
There fortune healpes the boldest to aduaunce.

G. Gascoigne.

Counsaile.

Counsaile.

Sacred Counsaile, true heart suppling balme,
Soule-curing plaister, true preseruing blis,
Water of life in euery sudden qualme,
The heauens rich store-house, where all treasure is.
True guide, by whom foule errors due we mis,
Night burning-beacon watch, against mishaps,
Foresight, auoyding many after claps,

M. Drayton.

--- Euery strawe proues fewell to the fire,
When Counsell doth concurre with our desire. *Idem.*
What eld hath tried and seeene good counsell is.

D. Lodge.

---- Counsell still is one,
When fathers, friends, and worldly goods are gone.

Idem.

Counsell that comes when ill hath done his worst,
Blesseth our ill, but makes our good accurst.

M. Drayton.

Vaine sounds of pleasure we delight to heare,
But Counsell iarres as discord in our eare.

Idem.

A King that aimes his neighbours crowne to win,
Before the fruite of open warres begin,
Corrupts his Counsell, with rich recompences,
For in good Counsell stands the strength of Princes.

I. Syl. Transl.

A Kingdomes greatnesse hardly can he sway,
That wholsome Counsell did not first obey.

M. Dr.

Euen

Euen as by culling fruitefull Vines encrease,
So faithfull counsailes worke a Princes peace.

D. Lodge.

Concord.

--- Concord,
Mother of blessed peace and friendship true,
They both her twins, both borne of heauenly seed,
The which her words diuine right well do shewe,
For strength and wealth, and happinesse she lendes,
And strife, and warre and anger does subdue,
Of little, much, of foes she maketh frendes,
And to afflicted mindes, sweet rest and quiet sends.

Ed. Spencer.

The richest Iewell of all heauenly treasure,
That euer yet vnto the earth was showne,
Is perfect Concord, th'onely perfect pleasure,
That wretched earth-borne men haue euer knowne.
For many hearts it doth compound in one,
That what so one doth, will, or speake, or doo,
With one consent, they all agree thereto.

I. Davies.

By her the heauen is in his course containd,
And all the world in state vnmoued stands:
As their almightie maker first ordaind,
And bound them with inuiolable bands,
Else would the waters ouerflowe the lands,
And fire deuoure the water, and hell them quite,
But she them holds with her all-blessed hands,
She is the nurse of pleasure and delight
And vnto Princes grace the gates doth open right.

Ed. Spencer.

O blisfull

O blessed concord bred in secret breft
Of him that guides the restlesse rolling skie:
That to the earth for mans assured rest,
From height of heauens vouchsafest once to flie:
In thee alone the mightie power doth lie,
With sweet accord to keep the frowne starres,
And euery Planet els from hurtfull warres.

G. Gascoigne Transl.

When tract of time returnes the lustie Ver,
By thee alone the buds and blossomes spring:
The fields with flowers be garnisht euery where,
The blooming trees aboundant leaues do bring,
The cheerfull birds melodiously do sing,
Thou doest appoint the crop of sommers seed
For mans relieke, to serue his winter need.

Idem.

Conscience

----Within the ports and iawes of hell,
Sate deep remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With teares: and to her selfe oft would she tell
Her wretchednes, and cursing neuer stent
To sob and sigh, but euer thus lament
With thoughtfull care, as she that all in vaine
VVould were and wast continually in paine:
Her eyes vnstedfast rolling in her head,
Whurld on ech place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in feare,
Tossed and tormented with tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought,
With dreadfull looke: and cheare throwne to the sk

Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Mr. Hackaill.

So gnawes the griefe of Conscience euermore,
And in the heart it is so deeply graue
That they may neither sleepe nor rest therefore:
Ne thinke one thought, but on the dread they haue,
Still to the death sore tossed with the waue
Of restlesse woe, in terror and dispaire
They lead a life continually in feare.

Idem.

The feare of Conscience entreth yron walles.

M. Drayton.

No armour proofe against the Conscience terror.

Idem.

A guiltie conscience neuer is secure,

Idem.

No meanes at all to hide
Man from himself can find
No way to start aside,
Out from the hell of mind,
But in himself confinde,
He still sees sin before,

And winged footed paine
That swiftly comes behind
The which is euermore
The sure and certain gaine
Impietie doth get,
And wanton boast respect,
That doth himselfe forget.

S. Daniell.

Like

Like to the Deare that striken with the dart
Withdrawes himselfe into some secret place,
And feeling griefe the wound about his hart,
Startles with pangs till he fall on the grasse,
And in great feare lies gasping there a space.
Forth braying sighes, as though each pang had brought
The present death which he doth dread so oft.
So we deep wounded with the bloudy thought
And gnawing worme that greeu'd our conscience so,
Neuer tooke ease but as our heart out brought:
The strained sighes in witnesse of our wo.
Such restlesse cares our fault do well be know,
Wherewith with our deserued fall, the feares,
In euery place rang death within our eares.

M, Sackuill.

-----Loose Conscience is free
From all Conscience what els hath liberne:
As 't pleasd the *Thracian Boreas* to blow,
So turnes our weary Conscience too and fro.

I. Marston.

Kings but the Conscience all things can defend.

M. Drayton.

Whē as thou feel'st thy coscience toucht with greefe,
Thy selfe pursues thy selfe, both robd, and theefe.

Idem.

----Many with the Conscience of the crime
In colder blood will curse what they designde:
And bad successe vpbraiding their ill fact,
Drawes them, that others draw from such an act.

S. Daniell.

Craft. Deceit. Fraud.

What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to descry the craftie cunning traine
By which Deceit doth maske in vizard faire:
And cast her colours died deep in graine,
To seeme like truth, whose shape she well can faine,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltlesse mind with guile to entertaine.

Ed. Spencer.

Fraud showd in comely cloathes a louely looke,
An humble cast of eye, a sober pace:
And so sweet speech, a man might her haue tooke
For him that said *haile Mary full of grace:*
But all the rest deformedly did looke,
As full of filthinesse and foule disgrace:
Hid vnder long large garments that she ware,
Vnder the which, a poysoned knife she bare.

S. I. H.

Oft Craft can cause the man to make a seeming show
Of hart, with dolor all distaind, where grief doth neuer grow.

S. T. B.

---- Craft wrapt still in many comberments,
With all her cunning thriues not though it speed.

S. Daniell.

Craft findes a key to open euery doore. *M. Dr.*

Conquest.

Who hopes a conquest, leaues no conquest sought.

M. Drayton.

Tis much to conquer, but to keep possession
Is full as much, and if it be not more. *I. Sylvester. tran.*

To win the field against our armed foes,
Is counted honourable any waies,
Whether it be with pollicie or blowes:
Yet bloodie conquest staines the Captaines praise.
But chiefest honour doth belong to those
Whom fortune to such height of hap doth raise,
To haue their foes suppreſt and ouerthrowne,
With little losse and daring of their owne.

S. I. Harr. Transl.

Whereas proud conquest keepeth all in awe,
Kings oft are forst in seruile yookes to drawe.

M. Drayton.

Country, common-weale.

We must affect our Country as our parents,
And if at any time we alienate
Our loue or industry from doing it honor,
It must respect effects and touch the soule,
Matter of conscience and religion,
And not desire of rule or benefit.

G. Peele.

Necessitie enforceth euery wight,
To loue his native seat with all his might.
A happie quarrell is it and a good,
For countries cause to spend our deatest blood.

G. Gascoigne.

That publike weale must needs to ruine go,
Where priuate profit is preferred so.

G. Geffreyes.

Home though it homely be, yet is it sweet
And native loyes it is beside with all.

If so the temperature of Common-weale
Be guided by the course of heauenly powers,
Such as in deep affaires will iustly deale,
Must haue an eye to those eternall bowres,
And by their view direct this state of ours.
Then how can he a perfect states man proue,
That knowes not how celestiall bodies moue?

Th. Stoner.

------The loue
That men their country and their birth-right beare,
Exceeds all loue, and dearer is by farre:
Our countries loue, the friends or children are. *T. Kyd.*

Content.

All wealth and wisedome rests in true Content.
Contentment is our heauen, and all our deeds
Bound in that circle, seld or neuer clolde.

G. Chapman.

Who seekes to haue the thing we call enough,
Acquaint himselfe with Contentation:
For plenteousnesse is but a naked name:
And what sufficeth vse of mortall men,
Shall best apay the meane and modest harts.

G. Gascoigne.

The noblest mind the best contentment hath.

Ed. Spencer.

High climing wits do catch a sudden fall,
With none of these Content doth dwell withall.

D. Lodge.

Content feeds not on glory nor on pelfe,
Cotent can be contented with her selfe.

Th. Bastard.

Content

Cõtent is worth a monarchy, and mischief hits the blie.

W. Warner.

Who so contented liues, is happie wise.

D. Lodge.

Inconstant change such tickle turnes hath lent,
As who so feares to fall, must seeke Content.
Deprive the world of perfect discontent.
All glories end, true honour strait is stain'd:
And life it selfe in errors course is spent.
All toyle doth sort but to a sory end,
For through mislikes each learnes for to amend.

D. Lodge.

He only liues most happily
That's free and farre from maiestie:
Can liue content, although vnknowne:
He fearing none, none fearing him:
Medling with nothing but his owne,
While gazing eyes at crownes grow dim.

Th. Kyd.

Courage.

---To Courage great
It is no lesse beseeming well to beare,
The storme of fortunes frownie, or heauens threat,
Then in the sun-shine of her countenance cleare,
Timely to ioy and carry comely cheare.

Ed. Spencer.

High Courage with true wisedome euer backt,
Winnes perfect fame.

Th. Lodge.

Nere was there euer noble courage seene,
That in aduantage would his puissance boast,
Honor is least where ods appeareth most.

Ed. Spencer.

Where is no courage, there is no ruth nor mone.

Idem.

Good hart in ill, doth th'euil much amend.

Idem.

Courage imboldneth wit, wit courage armes.

M. Drayton.

They make their fortune who are stout and wise,
Wit rules the heauens, discretion guides the skies.

Ed. Fairfax. Transl.

Action is fiery valours soueraingе good.

G. Chapman.

No foote to foe Repining courage yeelds.

Ed. Spencer.

Then are the valiant who more vaine, then cowardes wise,
Not men that trauell Pegasus, but fortunes fooles do rise?

W. Warner.

Be valiant, not too ventrous, but fight to fight againe,
Euen Hercules *did hold it ods, for one to strine with twaine.*

Idem.

Might wanting measure, moueth surquedrie.

Ed. Spencer.

----More is he that ventureth for more,
Then who fights but for what he had before.

S. Damell.

----Valour mixt with feare, boldeneth dread,
May march more circumspect with better heed.

Idem.

Valour

Valour in greatest daungers shewes most bright,
As full-fac't *Phœbe* in the darkest night.

Ch. Fitz-Geffrey.

The Spartanes once exilde *Archilochus*,
The Author of *Lycambes* Tragedie,
Because he said it was commodious,
Rather to cast away his shield and flie,
Then boldly to resist, and bravely die. *Idem.*

Court.

The Princes Court is mansion of the wise,
Figure of heauen, faire fountaine of delights,
Theater of honours, earthly paradice,
Sudden aduancer, Spheare of purest light,
The liuely *Vatican* of bewties bright.
Thither let *Phœbus* progenie resort,
Where shines their father, but in *Iouis* great Court?

Th. Sterer.

---- This is euer proper vnto Courts,
That nothing can be done but fame reports.

S. Daniell.

To censure is the subiect of the Court,
From thence fame carries, thither fame doth bring.
There too each word, a thousand ecchoes ring;
A Lotterie, where most loose, but fewe do winne.

M. Drayton.

Nothing in Court is done without a fee,
The Courtier needs must recompenced bee. *E. Sp.*
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to Court to sue for, had I wist,
That fewe hath found, but many one hath mist.

Idem.

The

---- The Court is counted *Venus* net,
Where gifts and vows, foreffalls are often set:
None be so chaste as *Vesta*, but shall meete,
A curteous tongue, to charme her eares with sweete.

R. Greene.

---- The Court hath much of vanitie and painfull ease.

W. Warner.

--- The Court is now become a skittish colte,
Of wise men hardier man aged then of the glorious dolt,

Idem.

These all deformities in forme in some one man we see,
More garded then regarded, franke not to continue free,
Whē as the merchāts booke, the map of all his wealth shalbe.

Idem.

Sometimes the courts of kings were vertuous schooles,
Now finde we nought in Court, but curious fooles:
O you whose noble hearts cannot accord,
To be the the slaues to an infamous Lord,
And knowes not how to mixe with perillous art,
The deadly poyson with the amorous dart,
Whose natures being sound, wills no constraine,
Nor will your face with flattering penfill paint,
For weele nor woe, for pine nor for lure,
Of good my Lords their fauours to require,
Goe not to Court, if ye will me beleeue,
For in that place where ye thinke to releeue:
The honour due for vertue yee shall finde,
Nought but contempt which leaues good men behind.

Th. Hudson. Transl.

The wanton luxurie of Court,
Doth forme the people of like sort.

S. Daniell.

Ye

Ye worthy dames that in your breasts do beare,
Of your all-seeing god, no seruile feare:
Ye that of honour haue a greater care,
Then sights of Court, I pray you come not there,
Let them that in their purse haue not a mite,
Cloathe them like Kings, and play the Hypocrite,
And with a lying tale and fained cheare,
Court-coozen them whom they would see on beare,
Let there the Pandar sell his wife for gaine,
With seruice vile, his noblesse to attaine:
Let him that serues the time, chaunge his intent,
With faith vnconstant saile at euery vent.

Th. Hudson. Transl.

The Court was neuer barren yet of those
Which could with subtill traine, and hard aduise,
Worke on the Princes weakenes and dispose,
Of feeble frailtie easiest to entice.

S. Daniell.

Golden cuppes do harbor poyson,
And the greatest pompe dissembling,
Court of seasoned words hath poyson
Treason haunts in most dissembling.

D. Lodge.

Ye fearefull wits, ye impes of *Achelous*,
Which wracks the wisest youth with charming voice.
Ye *Circes*, who by your enchauntment strange,
In stones and swine, your Louers true doo change:
Ye *Stymphalids*, who with your youth vptakes,
Ye Rauens that from vs our riches takes.
Ye who with riches, art, and painted face,
For *Priams* wife puts *Cæsar's* sister in place.

Ye *Myrrhaes*, *Candaces*, and *Semyrames*,
And if there were yet moe defamed dames,
Come all to Court, and there ye shall receiue
A thousand gaines, vnmeete for you to haue,
There shall you see the gifts of great prouinces,
There shall you see the grace of graceless Princes.

Th. Hudson. Transl.

Courtiers as the tide do rise and fall.

Ed. Spencer.

— It doth not sit
With Courtiers maiestie to be reputed
Too learn'd, too graue, too fine, or too conceited.

Thomas Stoner.

Who full of wealth and honours blandishment,
Among great Lords his yoonger yeares hath spent,
And quaffing deeply of the Court delights,
Vsde nought but tilts, armours, and maskes, and sights,
If in his age his Princes angry doome,
With deepe disgrace, daine him to liue at home
In homely cottage, where continually
The bitter smoake exhales abundantly,
From his before vnsorrowe-drained braine,
The brackish vapours of a siluer taine,
Where vsher lesse both day and night the North,
South East, and West windes enter and go forth.
Where round about the lower roofte-broke walles,
In stead of Arras, hang with Spider calles:
Where all at once he reacheth as he stands,
With brows the roofe, both walls with both his hands.
He weepes and sighes, and shunning comforts aye,
Wisheth pale death a thousand times a day;

And

And yet at length falling to worke, is glad
To bite a browne crust that the mouse hath had,
And in a dish, in stead of Plate or glasse,
Sups oaten drinke, in stead of Hypocrasse. ----

I. Sylvester.

Courtesie.

Of Court it seemes, men Courtesie do call,
For that it there most vseth to abound,
And well beseemeth that in Princes hall,
That vertue should be plentifully found.
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of ciuill conuersation.

Ed. Spencer.

Mongst vertues all growes not a fairer flower,
Then is the bloome of comely Courtesie,
Which though it on a lowely stalke do bower,
Yet braunchetb forth in braue nobilitie,
And spreads it selfe through all ciuilitie:
Of which though present age doo plentious seeme,
Yet being matcht with plaine antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fained shewes esteeme,
Which carry colours faire, which feeble eies misdeem.

Idem.

--- In the triall of true Courtesie,
Its now so farre from that which once it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashion'd to please the eyes of them that passe,
Which see not perfect things but in a glasse,
Yet is that glasse so gay, it cannot blinde
The wisest sight, to thinke that gold is brasse.

But

But vertues seate is deepe within the minde,
And not in outward shew, but inward thoughts defind.

Idem.

---- This noble vertue and diuine,
Doth chiefly make a man so rare and odde,
As in that one, they most resemble God.

S. I. Harr. Transl.

---- Courteous speech vsage mild and kinde,
Wipes malice out of euery noble minde.

S. I. Harrington.

--- Courtesie oft times in simple bowers,
Is found as great, as in the stately towers.

Idem.

Tis meete a gentle heart should euer showe
By Courtesie, the fruites of true gentilitie,
Which will by practice, to an habit growe,
And make men do the same with great facilitie.
Likewise, the dunghill-blood a man shall know
By churlish parts, and acts of inciuilitie,
Whose nature apt to take each lewde infection,
Custome confirmes, and makes ill in perfection.

Idem.

Crueltie.

All lay on hands to punish Cruelte.

M. Drayton.

--- Cruell deeds can neuer scape the scourge
Of open shame, or else some bloody death,
Repentance selfe, that other sinnes may purge,
Doth flie from this, so sore the soule it sleieth,
Dispaire dissolues the cruell caitiffes breath,

For

For vengeance due doth suddenly alight
On cruell deeds, the mischiefe to requite.

T. H. Mir. of M.

Custome.

Round headed Custome th'apoplexie is,
Of bedrid nature, and liues lethargis,
And takes away all feeling of offence.

G. Chapman.

Custome aboid brings vertue in disdaine,
Nature with Custome ioyned, neuer failes
But by her selfe, and in her selfe preuailes.

D. Lodge.

Whereas to nature, forward to retaine,
Lewde obiects are annexe, and Customes vaine,
The wounds grow desperate, and death doth end,
Before good counsell can the fault amend.

Idem.

Custome the worlds iudgement doth blind so farre,
That vertue is oft arraign'd at vices barre.

T. Syl. Transl.

Danger.

— Danger cloath'd in ragged weede,
Made of beares skinne, that him more dreadfull made,
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did neede
Strange horror to deforme his grisly shade,
A net in th'one hand, and a rustie blade
In th'other was, this mischiefe, that mishap
With th'one, his foes he threatned to inuade,
For whom he could not kill, he practis'd to intrap.

Ed. Spencer.

Danger

Danger hath honour, great designes their fame.

S. Daniel.

The greatest daungers promise greatest blisse.

M. Drayton.

Danger deuiseth shifts, wit waits on feare.

W. Shakespeare.

Daunger's the chiefest way to happinesse.
And resolution honours fairest ayme.

Ch. Marlowe.

The path is smooth that leadeth vnto Daunger.

W. Sh.

When as we thinke we most in safetie stand,
The greatest daunger then, is neare at hand.

M. Drayton.

The Daunger hid, the place vnknowne and wilde,
Breeds dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without smoake,
And perill without shewe.

Ed. Spencer.

Ay me, how many perills do enfolde
The righteous man, to make him daily fall:
Were not that heauely grace did him behold,
And steadfast truth acquite him out of all.

Idem.

A thousand perills lie in close awaite,
About vs daily to worke our decay,
That none except a god, or god his guide,
May them auoyd, or remedie prouide.

Idem.

In perill, we do thinke our selues most sure,
And oft in death some men are most secure.
No Danger but in hie estate, none enuies mean degree.

W. Warner.

Dangerous

—Daungerous things dissembled sildome are,
Which many eyes attend with busie care.

M. Drayton.

The absent danger greater still appeares,
Lesse feares he, who is neare the thing he feares.

S. Daniell.

Most strong is he when daungers are at hand,
That liues prepard their furies to withstand,
Of common sence he is depriued cleane,
That falles with closed eyes on daunger seene:
And he that may both paine and hurt eschue,
Is vaine, if he his proper death pursue.

Dread.

Next sawe we Dread, all trembling how he shooke,
With foote vncertaine prosered here and there:
Benumbd of speech, and with a gastly looke,
Searcht euery place, all pale and dead for feare:
His cap borne vp with staring of his haire,
Stoynd and amaz'd at his owne shade for dread,
And feeling greater daungers then was need.

M. Sackuill.

—Coward Dread lackes order, feare wants art,
Deafe to attend, commaunded, or desirde.

Ed. Fairfax. Transl.

Death.

—A dumbe dead course we sawe,
Heauy and cold the shape of death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his lawes
Against whose force in vaine it is to fight.

Ne Peeres, ne Princes, nor no mortall wight,
No Townes, ne Realmes, Cities, ne strongest Tower,
But all perforce must yeeld vnto his power.
His dart anon out of his corpes he tooke,
And in his hand (a needfull sight to see)
With great tryumph estsoones the same he shooke:
That most of all my feares affraied me,
His body dight with nought but bones perlie,
The naked shape of man there sawe I plaine,
All saue the flesh, the sinew, and the vaine.

Mr. Sackvill.

Death is a port, whereby we passe to ioy,
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in paine:
Death is so neare it ceaseth all annoy.
Life is so leaud, that all it yeelds is vaine.
And as by life to bondage man was brought,
Euen so likewise by death was freedome wrought.

E. of Surrey.

Nought is immortall vnderneath the Sun,
All things are subiect to deaths tyrannie:
Both clownes & kings, one selfe same course must run,
And whatsoeuer liues is sure to die.

Th. Kyd.

Death's alwaies readie, and our time is knowne
To be at heauens dispose, and not our owne.

Idem.

The brauest are as blossomes, and the longest liuer dies:
And dead, the louelliest creature as the lothsome carion lies.

W. Warner.

Our frailties done are written in the flowers,
Which flourish now, and fade away ere many howres.

S. Daniell.

All

---All earthly things be borne
To die the death, for nought long time may last:
The sunne his beautie yeelds to winters blast.

I. H. M. of Magist.

Is't not gods deed what euer thing is done,
In heauen and earth? Did not he all create
To die againe? all ends that was begunne:
Their times, in his eternall bookes of fate,
Are written sure, and haue their certaine date.
Who then canstriue with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still chaunging state?
Or shun the death ordaind by desteny,
When houre of death is come, let none aske whence or (why.

Ed. Spencer.

----Death amongst all deales equally,
For hee's impartiall, and with one selfe hand
Cuts off both good and bad, none can withstand.

Ch. Middleton.

Death certaine is to all the prouerbe saith:
Vncertaine is to all the houre of death.

S. I. Harr. Transl.

Pale fearefull death with bloudy dart doth strike,
The wretched caitiffe and the king alike.
Vntimely neuer comes the lifes last meere,
In cradle death may rightly claime his debt,
Straight after birth, is due the fatall beere:
By deaths permission th'aged linger heere.
Euen in the swath-bands our commission goeth,
To loose thy breath, that yet but yoongly bloweth.

I. H. Mir. of M.

All musicke sleepes where death doth lead the daunce.

Ed. Spencer.

Let nature for perfection mould a paragon each way,
Yet death at last on finest lumps of liuing flesh wil pray:
For nature neuer framed it, that neuer shall decay.

W. Warner.

----Fatall death the emperor of graues.

I. Markham.

Death is the key which vnlockes miserie,
And lets them out to blessed libertie.

M. Drayton.

All is but lost that liuing we bestowed,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man haue mind of that last bitter rage,
For as the tree doth fall, so lies it euer lowe:

Ed. Spencer.

No feare of death should force vs to do ill.

Th. Kyd.

----When for feare of an ensuing ill
We seeke to shorten our appointed race,
Then tis for feare that we our selues do kill:
So fond we are to feare the worlds disgrace.

Idem.

Happie, thrice happie, who so lost his breath,
That life he gaineth, by his godly death.
Vnwise and wretched men to weet whats good or ill,
We deeme of death as doome of ill desert:
But know we fooles what it vs brings vntill:
Die would we daily once it too expert.
No danger there the shepheard can a start,
Faire fields and pleasant fields there beene,

The

The fields aye fresh, the grasse aye greene.

Ed. Spencer.

----This same
Which we call death, the soules release from woe,
The worke which bring our blisse to happie framie:
Sildome arrests the bodie, but we finde
Some notice of it written in our minde.

I. Markham.

The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
And then due praise, or due reproach them yeeld.

S. Spencer.

---Death is an euill doome.
To good and bad, the common Inne of rest,
But after death the triall is to come
When best shall be to them that liued best,
But both alike when death hath both suppreſt.
Religious reuerence doth buriall teene,
Which who so wants, wants so much of his rest.
For all so great shame after death I weene,
As selfe to dien bad, vnburied, bad to beene.

Ed. Spencer.

----Beasts with careless steppes to *lethe* go,
Where men whose thoughts and honours clime on hie,
Liuing with fame, must learne with fame to die.

D. Lodge.

Death but an acted passion doth appeare,
Where truth giues courage and the conscience cleare.

M. Drayton.

Who dies, the vtmost dolour must abide:
But who that liues, is left to waile his losse,
So life is losse, and death felicitie.

Sad life worse then glad death, and greater crosse
To see friends graue, then dead, the graue selfe to en-
Ed. Spencer. (grosse.

----In wretches sudden death at once
There long-some ill is buried with their bones.
Th. Hudson. Transl.

Death is to him that wretched life doth lead
Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie
That liues a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.
Ed. Spencer.

Death is most louely sweet and amiable:
But captiu'd life for foulenesse admirable.
I. Marston.

----The toongs of dying men
Inforce attention like deep harmony,
Where words are scarce, they are sildom spent in vaine:
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more must say, is lissened more,
Then they whom youth & ease haue taught to glose:
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before.
The setting sunne and musick at the close,
As the last tast of sweet is sweetest tast,
Writ in remembrance more, then things long past.
W. Shakespeare.

Delaie.

On the one side doubt, on the other sate Delaie,
Behind the gate, that none her might espie:
Whose manner was, all passengers to staie,
And entertaine with her occasions slie.
Through which, some lost great hope vnheedilie,
Which neuer they recouer might againe: And

And others quite excluded forth did lie,
Long languishing there, in vnpitied paine,
And seeking often entrance afterward in vaine.

Ed. Spencer.

----Daunger growes by lingring till the last,
And phisicke hath no helpe when life is past.

Th. Watson.

----Oft things done, perhaps, do lesse annoy
Then may the doing, handeled with delay.

S. Daniell.

Delaie in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
Faining stil, many a fond excuse, to prate:
And time, to steale the treasure of mans day,
Whose smallest minute lost, no riches render may.

Ed. Spencer.

----Times delay new hope of helpe still breeds.

Idem.

-----Fearfull tormenting
Is leaden seruitor, to dull delay.

W. Shakespeare.

He that will stop the brooke must then begin
When sommers heat hath dried vp the spring:
And when his pittering streames are low and thin,
For let the winter aid vnto them bring,
He growes to be of watry floods the king:
And though you damme him vp with lofte rankes,
Yet will he quickly ouerflow his bankes.

R. Greene.

Ill newes deferring, is a plague as great as an ill newes.

Ab. Fraunce.

Delay in loue breeds doubts, but sharpe denialls death.

W. Shakespeare.

--- Intermission suffers men dispute,
What dangers are, and cast with further care,
Colde doubt cauells with honour, scorneth fame,
And in the end feare waighes downe faith with shame.

S. Daniel.

Where hearts be knit, what helpes if not in ioy?
Delay breeds doubts, no cunning to be ioy. *M. D.*

Delight.

In things without vs, no Delight is sure.

G. Chapman.

A sweete in shape is but a bad Delight.

D. Lodge.

Prosperitie a flatterer is found,
Delight is feareless till it feele the wound.

M. D. Vid. Pleasure.

Desire.

--- Desire, whom not the firmament,
Nor aire, nor earth, nor Ocean can content,
Whose lookes are hookes, whose bellies bottomlesse,
Whose hands are gripes to scrape with greedines,
Vnder whose command,
She brings to field a rough vnruly band,
First, secret burning, mightie swoln ambition,
Whom Epicurus many worlds suffice not,
Whose furious thirst of proud aspiring dies not,
Whose hands transported with phantasticke passion,
Beare painted steeples in imaginaton.

I. Sylvester, Transl.

Amongst

Amongst the most, the worst, we best can chuse,
Tis easie to desire, but hard to vse.

M. Drayton.

Desire hath philters, which desire procure.

Idem.

If blinde desire thy heart hath once embraced,
Inthrall'd it is, and honour so defaced.

Desire with small encouraging growes bolde.

M. Drayton.

What can be said that Louers cannot say?
Desire can make a Doctor in a day.

Idem.

Things much retain'd, do make vs much desire them,
And bewties seldome seene, makes vs admire them.

Idem.

Destinie.

Sad *Clotho* held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
By grisly *Lachesis*, was spunne with paine,
That cruell *Atropos* est-soones vndid,
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine,
Most wretched mē, whose daies depēd on thrids so vain.

E. of S.

The holy Prophet brought *Assolpho*, where
A Pallace (seldome seene by mortall men)
Was plac't, by which, a thicke darke riuer ran,
Each roome therein was full of diuers fleeces:
Of Wolle, of Line of Woll, or else of Cotten,
An aged woman spunne the diuers peeces,
Whose looke and hue did shew her old and rotten,
Nor much vnlike vnto that labour this is.

By

By which in sommera new made silke is gotten,
Where from the silke-wormes his fine garment taking,
They reaue him of the cloathes of his owne making.
For first in one large roome a woman span,
Infinite thrids of diuers stuffe and hew,
Another doth with all the speed she can,
With other stuffe the distaffe still renew:
The thrid in feature like, and pale and wan,
Seuers the faire from foule, the olde from new.
Who be these here, the Duke demaunds his guide?
These be the fatall sisters he replide:
The Parcaes that the thrid of life do spin
To mortall men, hence death and nature, knowe
When life must end, and when it must begin.
Now she that doth deuide them, and bestow
The course from finer, and the thick from thin
Workes to that kinde, that those which finest grow,
For ornaments in Paradice must dwell.
The course are curst, to be consum'd in hell.
Further, the Duke did in the place behold,
That when the thrids were spent that had bene spunne
Their names in brasse, in siluer, and in gold
Were wrote, and so into great heapes were donne,
From which, a man that seemed wondrous old
With whole loades of those names away did runne,
And turn'd againe as fast, the way he went,
Nor neuer weary was, nor neuer spent.
This aged man did hold his pace so swift,
As though to runne, he had bene onely horne,
And in the lappet of his cloake were horne
The names, &c. *This was time.*

An

An heape of names within his cloake he bore,
And in the riuer did them all vnlade:
Or to say truth, away he cast them all,
Into this streame, which *Lethe* we do call.

S. I. Harr. Transl. Vide. Fame.

--- You sad daughters of the quiet night,
Which in your priuate resolution wright,
What hath, or shall vpon our fortunes light,
Whose stories none may see, much lesse recite,
You rulers of the Gods.

I. Markham.

Downe in the bottome of the deepe Abisse,
Where *Demogorgon* in dull darknesse pent,
Far from the view of Gods, or heauens blisse,
The hidious Chaos, there dreadfull dwelling is.

Ed. Spencer.

What man can turne the streame of Destenie?
Or breake the chaine of strong necessitie?
Which fast is tide to *Ioues* eternall seate?

Idem.

--- What shalbe shall. There is no choice,
Things needs must driue as Destenie decreeth:
For which we ought in all our haps reioyce,
Because the eye eternall, things foreseeth:
Which to no ill at any time agreeth,
For ills, too ill to vs, be good to it,
So farre his skill exceeds, our reache of wit.

I. H. Mir. of M.

Woe worth the wight that strues with Gods foresight
They are not wise, but wickedly do erre,
Which thinke ill deeds due destenies may barre.

Idem.

No

No hũble speech nor mone, may moue the fixed stint,
Of Destinie or death: such is the will that paints
The earth with colours fresh, darkish skies with store
Of starry light.

Ed. Spencer.

Walls may a while keepe out an enemie,
But neuer castle kept out destinie.

M. Drayton.

--- Who can deceiue his destinie?
Or weene by warning to auoyd his fate?
That when he sleepes in most securitie,
And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
And findeth due effect, or soone, or late,
So feeble is the power of fleshly arme.

Ed. Spencer.

--- That which Ioue and Destinie haue done,
Men may lament, but neuer disanull.

Ch. Fitz. vide fate.

Dispaire.

Ere long they came where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, lowe in a hollowe Caue,
Farre vnderneathe a craggy clift vpright,
Darke, dolefull, drery, like a drery graue,
That still for carion carkasses doth craue.
On top whereof, aye dwells the ghastly Owle,
Shriking his balefull note, which euer drawe
Farre from that haunt, all other chearefull fowle.
And all about it wandring ghostes do waile and houle,
And all about olde stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereas, nor fruite, nor leafe was euer seene,
Did hang vpon the ragged rocky trees,

On

On which had many witches hanged beene,
Whose carkasses were scattered on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffes.

Ed. Spenser.

That darkesome caue they enter, where they finde
That cursed man, lowe sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen minde:
His grisly locks, long growne and vnbound,
Disordered hung about his shoulders round
And hid his face, through which his hollowe eies
Lookt deadly, dull, and stared as astound,
His rawebone cheekes through penurie and pine,
Were shrunke into his iawes, as he did neuer dine,
His garment nought but many ragged cloutes,
With thornes together pinde and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wraps abouts.
And him beside, there lay vpon the grasse,
A drery coarse, whose life away did passe,
All wallowed in his owne, yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh alasse.
In which a rustic knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Idem.

Me thought, by night, a grisly ghost in darke Iawes,
Eke euer still to me with stealing steps she drew.
She was of colour pale, and deadly hew,
Her clothes resembled thousand kinds of thrall,
And pictures plaine of hastned deaths withall.

I. H. Mir. of M.

--- Dispaire
The factor for improuident restraint.
I. Markham.

--- Dispaire, that deepe disdained elfe,
Delightlesse liues, still stabbing of her selfe.
D. Lodge.

--- As it is not lawfull for a man
At such a Kings departure or decease,
To leaue the place, and falsifie his faith,
So in this place we ought not to surrender
That deerer part, till heauen it selfe commaund it.
For as they lent vs life to do vs pleasure,
So looke they for returne of such a treasure.
Th. Kyd.

Farre greater folly is it for to kill
Themselues dispairing, then is any ill.
I. H. M. of M.

Be resolute, not desperate, the Gods that made thee poore,
Can if they will (do what their will) thy former state restore.
W. Warner.

--- When last need to desperation driueth
Who dareth the most, wisest counsell giueth.
S. I. Harrington.

We may in warre sometime take truce with foes,
But in Dispaire, we cannot with our woes.
M. Drayton.

Dispaire hath euer daunger all contemned. *Idem.*

Diuell.

Hells prince, sly parent of reuolts, and lies.
I. Sylvester.

O ruth-

O ruthlesse murderer of immortall soules,
Alasse, to pull vs from the happie poales,
And plunge vs headlong in the yawning hell,
Thy ceaselesse fraudes and fetches who can tell?
Thou play'st the Lyon when thou doost ingage,
Blood-thirstie *Neroes* barbarous heart with rage,
While flesht in murders, butcherlike he paints
The Saint-poore world, with the dear blood of Saints.
Thou plaiest the dog, when by the mouth prophane,
Of some false Prophets thou doest belch thy bane.
Where from the Pulpet barkingly he rings,
Bold blasphemies against the King of Kings.
Thou plaist the swine when plung'd in pleasures vile,
Some Epicure doth sober mindes defile,
Transforming lewdly by his loose impietie,
Sweete Lacedemon to a soft societie.
Thou plaiest the Nightingale, or else the swan,
When any famous *Rhetorician*
With captious wit, and curious language drawes,
Seduced hearers, and subuerts the lawes.
Thou play'st the foxe when thou doest faine aright,
The face and phrase of some deepe Hypocrite.
True painted tombe, dead seeming cole, but quicke,
A scorpion fell, whose hidden taile doth pricke:
Yet this were little, if thy spight audacious,
Spar'd (at the least) the face of angels gracious,
And if thou didst not apely immitate
Th'almighties workes, the wariest wits to mate,

I. Syl. Transl.

The ghostly enemie doth not stay,
Till tempted persons do obay.

Yeeld to him, he a Lyon is,
Gaine stood a flie, his pray doth mis.

Ignota.

A subtill Pandar with more inticing rights,
Then sea hath fish, or heauen hath twinckling lights.

I. Syl.

As a false Louer that thicke snares hath laide,
To entrap th'honour of a faire yoong maide,
When she (though listening) litle eare affords,
To his sweete courting deepe affected words,
Feares some asswaging of his freezing flame,
And soothes himselfe with hope to gaine his game,
And wrapt with ioy vpon this point persists,
That parlying cittie neuer long resists.
Euen so the serpent that doth counterfet
A guilefull call to allure vs to his net:
Perceiuing *Eue* his flattering gloze disgest,
He prosecutes, and iocund doth not rest,
Till he haue tried foote, hand, head and all,
Vpon the breach of this new battered wall.

I. Syl. Transl.

Discord.

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
There where as all the plagues and harmes abound,
Which punish wicked men that walke amis.
It is a darkesome delue, far vnder ground,
And thornes which barren brookes inuirond round:
That none the same may easily out win,
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in.

Foe

For Discord harder is to end then to begin.

Ed. Spencer.

Ate, mother of debate
And all dissention which doth daily grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state
And many a priuate oft it doth orerunne.

Idem.

---He knew her weed of sundry hew,
Patched with infinit vnequall lists,
Her skin in sundry naked places view,
At diuers rents and cuts he may that lists:
Her haire was gray, and red, and black and blew,
And hard and soft, in laces some she twists:
Some hangeth downe, vpright some standeth staring,
As if each haire with other had bene squaring.
Her lap was full of writs and of citations,
Of processes, of actions, and arrests,
Of bills, of answeres, and of replications,
Greeuing the simple sort with great vexations.
She had resorting to her as her guests
Attending on her circuits and her iournies,
Suters and Clarkes, Lawiers, and Acturnies.

S. I. Harr. Transl.

Her face most foule and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrariwise intended:
And loathly mouth'd, vnmeet a mouth to bee.
That nought but gall and venome comprehended,
And wicked words that God and man offended.
Her lying tongue was in two parts diuided,
And both the parts did speak, and both contended:
And as her tongue so was her heart decided.

That neuer thought on them, but doubly still was gui-
(ded.

Ed. Spencer.

All like as drops ingender mightie flouds,
And little seeds sprout forth great leaues and buds:
Euen so small strifes if they be suffered runne,
Breed wrath and warre, and death ere they be donne.

M. of Magist.

Concord in kingdomes is great assurance,
And royall fame lies do neuer fall:
But where discord doth lead the doubtfull dance,
With busie brawles, and termes of variance,
Where malice minstrell is, the pipe ill report,
The mask mischiefe, and so doth end the sport.

Idem.

Fire-brand of hell first tinde in *Phlegeton*,
By thousand furies, and from thence outthrowne
Into this world, to worke confusion,
And set it all on fire by force vnknowne,
Is wicked discord; whose small sparkes once blowne,
None but a God or godlike man can slake:
Such as was *Orpheus*, that when strife was growne
Amongst those famous Imps of *Greece*, did take
His siluer harp in hand, & shortly friends them make.

Ed. Spencer.

O cruell discord, food of deadly hate,
O mortall corsiue to a common-weale:
Death lingring consumption to a state,
A poysoned sore that neuer salue could heale.
O foule contagion, deadly killing feuer,
Infecting oft, but to be cured neuer.

M. Drayton.

A state diuided, cannot firmly stand:

Two

Two Kings within one realm could neuer rest. *T.Kyd.*

Dissimulation.

----Fierce lightening from her eies
Did set on fier faire *Heroes* sacrifice:
Which was her torne robe and inforced haire,
And the bright flame became a maid most faire
For her aspect; her tresses were of wire,
Knit like a net, where harts all set on fire,
Struggled in pants and could not get releast:
Her armes were all with golden pincers drest,
And twentie fashioned knots, pullies and brakes,
And all her body girdled with printed snakes.
Her downe parts in a scorpion taile combinde,
Freckled with twenty colours piedwings shinde
Out of her shoulders; cloth did neuer die,
Nor sweeter colours euer viewed eie.
In scorching Turkey, Cares, Tartarie:
Then shinde about this spirit notorious,
Nor was *Arachnes* web so glorious.
Of lightning and of shreds she was begot,
More hold in base dissemblers is there not.
Her name was *Eronusis.*

G. Chapman.

The colours of dissemblance and deceit,
Were died deep in graine, to seeme like truth.

Ed. Spencer.

Better a wretch then a dissembler.

E. Gilpin.

----Commonly in dissimulations
Th'excesse of glauering doth guile detect,
Reason refuteth falshood to direct.

The will therefore for feare of being spied,
Exceedeth meane, because it wanteth guide.

M. of M.

----Commonly all that counterfeit
In any thing, exceed the naturall meane,
And that for feare of failing in their feat.

Idem.

The louely lookes, the sighes that storme so sore,
The due of deep dissembling doubleneſſe:
These may attempt, but are of power no more,
Where beautie leanes to wit and soothfastneſſe.

D. Ledge.

----Who hath to doo
With deep dissemblers, must dissemble too.

Ch. Middleton.

Vid. Hypocrisie.

End.

----The End doth alwaies proue the fact,
By End we iudge the meaning of the act.

S. I. H. Transl.

Begin where lightneſſe wil, in shame it ends.

G. Chapman.

Earth.

Thus whileſt he laid his head vpon her lap,
She in a fiery mantle doth him wrap:
And carries him vp from his lumpish mould,
Into the skies whereas he might behold
Th'earth in perfect roundneſſe of a ball,
Exceeding globes most artificiall.
Which in a fixed point nature disposed,

And

And with the sundry elements inclosed.
Which as the Center, permanent doth stay,
When as the skies in their diurnall sway:
Strongly maintaine the euerturning course,
Forced alone by their first mouers source.
Where he beholds the aiery regions,
Whereas the clouds and strange impressions
Maintaind by coldnesse often do appeare:
And by the highest region of the aire
Vnto the clearest element of fire,
Which to her siluer footstoole doth appeere.

M. Drayton.

The Moone is darkned to all creatures eies,
Whilest in the shadow of the earth she lies:
For that the earth of nature cold and drie,
A very Chaos of obscuritie:
Whose globe exceeds her compasse by degrees,
Fixed vpon her superficies.
When in his shadow she doth hap to fall,
Doth cause her darknes to be generall.

Idem.

----Earth
Beares all her sonnes and daughters in one wombe,
She *Europes, Ameriques, Affriques, & Asians* toombe.

Idem.

----Earth cannot comprehend
The secret depths of iudgements all diuine,
Where is no ground beginning, midst nor fine.

I. Sylvester. Transl.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortall men, that swinke and worke for nought:

And shooting wide, doth misse the marked scope,
Now haue I turnd (a lesson dearly bought)
That nis on earth assurance to be sought,

Ed. Spencer.

A narrow roome our glory vaine vnties,
A little circle doth our pride containe:
Earth like an Ile amid the water lies,
Which sea sometime is cald, sometime the maine,
Yet nought therein resounds a name so great,
It's but a lake, a pond, a marish street.

Ed. Fairfax. Transl.

Our mother earth nere glories in her frute,
Fill by the sunne clad in her tinsell sute:
Nor doth she euer stare him in the face,
Still in her glorious armes she him imbrace,
Which proues she hath a soule, sence, and delight,
Of generation, feeling, appetite.

M. Drayton.

To know our selues to come of humane birth,
These sad afflictions crosse vs here on earth,
A taske imposde by heauens eternall lawe,
To keepe our rude rebellions well in awe,

M. Drayton.

Next vnto him, malicious Enuie rode,
Vpon a rauenous Wolfe, and still did chawe
Betweene his cankred teeth a venomous tode,
That all the poyson ranne about his iawe.
But inwardly he chawed his owne mawe

At neighbours wealth, that made him euer ſad,
For death it was when any good he ſawe,
And wept, that cauſe of weeping none he had,
But when he heard of harme, he waxed wondrous glad.

Ed. Spencer.

The other held a ſnake with venome fraught,
On which ſhe fed and gnawed hungerly:
As if that long ſhe had not eaten ought,
That round about the iawes we might diſcry
The bloody gore, and poyſon dropping loathſomly.
Her name was *Enuie*, knowne well thereby,
Whoſe nature is to greeue and grudge at all
That ſhe ſees done praiſe worthily:
Whoſe ſight to her is greateſt croſſe may fall,
And vexeth ſo, that makes her eate her gall:
For when ſhe wanteth other thing to eate,
She feedes on her owne maw vnnatural.
And of her owne foule entrailes make her meate,
Meate fit for ſuch a monſters monſtrous diet.

Idem.

I chaunced on a monſter of a man,
With health heart ſicke, ſterued with ſtore of foode,
With riches poore, with beautie pale and wan,
Wretched with happineſſe, euil with good.
One eye did enuie at the th'other eie:
Becauſe the other enuide more then hee,
His hands did fight for the firſt injurie,
So Enuie enuide, enuide to be,
And as he went, his tender foote was ſore,
And enuide at the foote that went before.

Th. Baſtard.

This monster honors hurt, is like the curre
That barkes at strangers comming at the durre.
But sparing alwaies those are to her knowne,
To them most gentle, to the others throwne.
This monster als is like a rauing cloude,
Which threatens alwaies kindly *Vulcan* loude
To smore and drowne him with her powring raine,
Yet force of fire repels his force againe.

K. of S.

Oft malice makes the mind to shed the boyled brine,
And enuies humor oft vnlades, by conduits of the eine.

T. W.

Enuy liues with vs whilst our selues suruiue,
But when we die, it is no more aliue.

Ch. Fitz Ieffry.

The knottie Oake and wainscot old,
Within doth eate the silly worme,
Euen so a mind in enuy cold,
Alwaies within it selfe doth burne.

Idem.

Each sence may common subiects comprehend,
Things excellent the sensitiue confound:
The eye with light and colours may contend:
The eare endure the note of common sound
Both faile, when glorious beames and strokes abound:
So Enuy that at meanest things beares spight,
Stands mute at view of vnexspected height.

Th. Storer.

---Enuy harboureth most in feeblest breast.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Fell

Fell enuies cloud, still dimmeth vertues ray.

Ed. Spencer.

Foule enuie, thou the partiall iudge of right,
Sonne of deceit, borne of that harlot hate:
Nurſed in hell, a vile and vgly ſprite,
Feeding on ſlaunder, cheriſht with debate,
Neuer contented with thine owne eſtate:
Deeming alike, the wicked and the good,
Whoſe words be gall, whoſe actions end in blood.

M. Drayton.

Enuie doth ceaſe, wanting to feede vpon.

Idem.

Like as the poyze that would the palme repreſſe
Doth cauſe the bowes ſpread larger round about
So ſpite and enuie cauſeth glory ſprout,
And aye the more the top is ouertroad,
The deeper doth the ſame roote ſpread abroad.

M, of M.

Sicilian Tyrants yet did neuer finde
Then Enuie, greater torment of the minde.

Idem.

Our dayes are ſtampt in Enuies mint,
And this our age caſt in the Iron mold,
Our hearts are hew'd out of *Cancaſean* flint,
And two leau'd plates of braſſe our breſt enfold,
Hate waxeth yoong, the world thus waxing old,
And beſt we like them, that do vs loue the leaſt,
And leaſt we loue them, whom we ſhould like beſt.

Ch. Fitz Geffrey.

Error.

---- His gliſtering armour made

A little glooming light, much like a shade:
By which she saw the vgly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent, horribly displaied,
But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most loathsome, filthy, foule, and full of vile disdaine.
And as she lay vpon the dyrtie ground,
Her huge long taile, her den all ouerspred,
Yet was in knots, and many bouts vpwound:
Pointed with mortall sting: of her there bred
A thousand yoong ones, which she daily fed,
Sucking vpon her poysoned dugges, each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill fauoured.
Soone as the vncouth light vpon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddenly were gone.

Ed. Spencer.

To erre is proper vnto men, and but brutish to persist.

W. Warner.

---- Errors are no errors, but by fate,
For oft the euent makes foule faults fortunate.

S. Daniell.

--- Errors left vnpunisht, are profest,
And being not defended, are oppreſt.

Ch. Middleton.

To heare good counsell, error neuer loues.

D. Lodge.

--- Errors are hardly moued,
That loue doth breed in an vnaduised breſt.

S. I. H. Transl.

A stony coldnesse hath benumbde the sence,
And liuely spirits of each liuing wight,
And dim'd with darknesse their intelligence,
Darkenes more then Cymerians day by night, And

And monsters Error flying in the aire,
Hath mar'd the face of all that seemeth faire.

Ed. Spencer.

Faith.

------ *Fidelia*

Like sunny beames threw forth her christall face,
That could haue mazde the rar'st beholders sight,
And roūd about her head did shine like heauens light
She was araied all in Lilly white,
And in her right hand bare a Cup of Gold,
With wine and water filld vp to the height.
In which a serpent did himselfe infold,
That horror made to all that did behold,
But she nowhit did change her constant minde:
And in her other hand, she full did hold,
A booke that was both signd and seald with bloud.

Ed. Spencer.

Faith sits triumphant on a coach of gold,
Of Tuballs worke, where costly *Saphires* shine,
Rich Diamonds, and many Rubies fine,
And if ought else, the worke more costly hold,
This glorious chariots rowling wheeles are like
The holy wheeles the great *Ezechiel* sawe,
For owne selfe spirit, selfe winde and will doth drawe,
Their testesse courses equall both alike,
The bird that led the Romaine standerds out
The bird that fixed can oppose his eies,
Against the greatest light in all the skies,
High through the ayre drawes this rich Coach about.
Faith flaunts it not in siluer nor in gold,
Nor precious scarlet of the Tyrian die:

Nor

Nor paints her face to hide deformitie,
But as she is, she doth her selfe vnfolde,
Her body that all bodies doth disgrace,
Like *Iunoes* bird is full of watching eies,
Whose holy glaunces pierce the loftie skies,
Pierce the hie heauens, and see God face to face.
She hath great store of flowing tongues to praise
The Lord of hoastes: she hath most mightie wings,
(Passing the swiftnes of all mortall things)
That in a moment vp to heauen her raise,
Her glorious head is compast with a crowne
Nor made of Oliue, pine, or Lawrell bowe,
Nor Parsly wreath which Græcians did allowe.
Th'olympian gaimes for signalls of renowne,
But of fresh Roses pluckt from honours tree,
That neuer shrinke for winters chilling frost,
Nor wither not when *Titan* hotely tosses,
But by the Lord for euer watered bee.

I. Syl. Transl.

Faith friendly porter of heauens Christall hold,
Conduct vs straight before the throne of gold:
Of Gods great grace, there prostrate on her knee,
Doth praier speake in name of all the three.

I. S. Transl.

What was the world before the world? or God ere he was
Why this he did, or doth not that, this bidde or forbod: (God?
I dare not thinke, or arrogate such misteries diuine,
Faith with her wits significant suffice those wits of mine:
To loue God and our neighbours as our selfe is all in fine.

W. Warner.

Drawe

Drawe thy forces all vnto thy hart,
The ſtrongeſt fortreſſe of this earthly part:
And on theſe three, let thy aſſurance lie,
On faith, hope, and humilitie.

M. Drayton.

Faith is thy Fort, thy ſhield, thy ſtronger aide,
Neuer controll'd, nere yeelded, ne diſmaide:
Which doth dilate, vnfold, foretell, expreſſeth,
Which giues rewards, inueſteth and poſſeſſeth.

Idem.

Faith hath not onely power on things terrene
Both hie, and lowe, but oftentimes doth force
Gods iuſtice too, and ſometimes ſeemes perforce,
Gods purpoſes to change and alter cleane.

I. Syl.

--- The hardeſt things faith makes moſt poſſible.

Idem.

--- Euen the faithfull flocks are like the ground,
That for good fruite, with weedes will ſtill abound:
If that the ſhare and coulter idle lie,
That riues the ſhare, and rootes the brambles bie.

Th. Hudſon. Tranſl.

Adde faith vnto your force, and be not faint.

Ed. Spencer.

Onely faith doth iuſtifie ſay we, of Gods free grace,
By Chriſt, nor faith is idle, but doth charitie embrace.

W. Warner.

Fame.

A monſter ſwifter none is vnder ſunne,
Encreaſing as in waters we diſcrie.

The

The circles ſmall of nothing that begin,
Which at the length, vnto ſuch breadth do come,
That of a drop which from the skies do fall,
The circles ſpread, and hide the waters all.
So Fame in flight encreaſing more and more,
For at the firſt, ſhe is not ſcarcely knowne,
But by and by ſhe flits from ſhore to ſhore,
To clouds from th'earth, her ſtature ſtraight is growne
There whatſoeuer by her trumpe is blowne,
The ſound that both by ſea and land out-flies,
Rebounds againe, and verberates the skies:
They ſay, the earth that firſt the Giants bred,
For anger that the Gods did them diſpatch,
Brought forth this ſiſter of thoſe monſters dead,
Full light of foote, ſwift wings, the winds to catch,
Such monſter erſt did nature neuer hatch.
As many plumes ſhe hath as top to toe,
So many eyes them vnderneath or moe:
And tongues do ſpeake: ſo many eares do harke,
By night tweene heauen ſhe flies and earthly ſhade,
And ſhreaking takes no quiet ſleepe by darke,
On houſes roofes, or towers as keeper made,
She ſits by day, and cities threates to inuade,
And as ſhe tells what things ſhe ſees by view,
She rather ſhewes that's fained falſe, then true,

I. H. Mir. of M.

Fame in a ſtoale of purple ſet with eies,
And eares, and tongues, caried a golden booke,
Vpon the couer, this I ſawe engrau'd.

Pauci quos æquus amauit
Iupiter, *aut ardens euexit ad æthera virtus*
Dijs geniti. *G. Peele.*

Fame

Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Aboue the reach of ruinous decay,
And with braue plumes doth beate the ayrie skie,
Admir'd of base borne men, from far away.

Ed. Spencer.

The Brazen Trompe of Iron winged fame,
That mingleth truth with forged lies.

E. Fairfax. Transl.

Then came they to the foule and loathsome lake,
Darke, deepe, and mirie, of a dreadfull hue,
Where was the aged man that neuer stinted
To carrie bundles of the names imprinted.
This was the man, whom (as I told before)
Nature and custome so swift of foote had made,
He neuer rested, but ran euermore.
And with his comming he did vse this trade:
A heape of names within his cloake he bare,
And in the Riuer did them all vnlade:
Or to (say truth) away he cast them all,
Into this streame which *Lethe* we do call.
This prodigall old wretch no sooner came
Vnto this cursed riuers barren banke,
But desperately without all feare of blame,
Or caring to deserue reward or thanke,
He hurl'd therein full many a precious name,
Where millions soone into the bottome sanke:
Hardly in euery thousand one was found,
That was not in the gulfe quite lost and dround:
Yet all about great store of birds there flew,
As vultures, carren crowes, and chattering pies,
And many moe of sundrie kinds and hew,

Making

Making leaude harmonie with their loude cries,
These when the careless wretch the treasure threw
Into the streame, did all they could deuise,
What with their tallents some, and some with beake,
To saue these names, but find themselues too weake.
For euer as they thought themselues to raise,
To beare away those names of good renowne,
The waight of them, so heauie downeward waies,
They in the streame were driuen to cast them downe.
Onely two swans sustain'd so great a paize
In spight of him that sought them all to drowne,
These two did still take vp whose names they list,
And bare them safe away, and neuer mist.
Sometime all vnder the foule lake they diued,
And tooke vp some that were with water couered;
And those that seem'd condemned, they repriued,
And often as about the banke they houered,
They caught them, ere they to the streame arriued,
Then went they with the names they had recouered,
Vp to a hill that stood the water nie,
On which a stately Church was built on hie.
This place is sacred to immortall fame,
And euermore a Nimph stands at the gate,
And tooke the names wherewith the two swans came,
Whether they early come, or whether late.
Then all about the Church she hang'd the same,
Before that sacred Image in such rate,
As they might then well be assur'd for euer,
Spight of that wretch, in safetie to perseuer.

S. I. Harr. Transl.

Fame

Fame on his right hand in a roabe of gold,
Whose stately traine, Time as her page did beare:
On which for rich imbroydery was enrold,
The deeds of all the Worthies euer were:
So strongly wrought as wrong could not impaire,
Whose large memorialls she did still rehearse,
In Poets man-immortallizing verse.
Two tablets on her goodly brest she bore,
The one of Christall, the other Ebonie,
Engrau'd with names of all that liu'd before
That; the faire booke of heauenly memorie:
Th'other, the base scrowle of Infamie.
One stuft with Poets, Saints, and Conquerors,
Th'other, with Atheists, Tyrants, Vsurers,
And in her word appeared as a wonder,
Her daring force, and neuer failing might:
Which softly spake farre off, as't were a thunder,
And round about the world would take their flight,
And bring the most obscured things to light.
That still the farther off, the greater still,
Did euer sound our good, or make our ill.

M. Drayton.

Her dwelling is betwixt the earth and skies,
Her Turret vnto heauen her top vpreares:
The windowes made of *Lynceus* piercing eies,
And all the walles be made of daintiest eares,
Where euery thing that's done in earth appeares.
No word is whispered in this vaultie round,
But in her pallace strairwaies it doth sound:
The rafters, trumpets which do rend the aire,

Sounding aloud each name that thither comes.
The chinkes like tongues of all things talking heere,
And all things past, in memorie do beare.
The doores vnlocke with euery word man saith,
And opens wide with euery little breath.
It's hung about with armes and conquering spoiles,
The pillers which support the roofe of this,
Are trophies grauen with Herculean toiles.
The roofe of garlands, crownes, and ensignes is:
In midst of which a Christall Pyramis,
All ouer caru'd with men of most renowne,
Whose base is her faire chaire, the spire her crowne.

Idem.

----Fame

Refuge of hope, the harbinger of truth,
Hand-mayd of heauen, vertues skilfull guide,
The life of life, the ages springing youth:
Tryumph of ioy, eternities faire bride,
The virgins glory, and the martyrs pride.
The courages immortall raising fire,
The very height to which great thoughts aspire:
The staire by which men to the starres do clime:
The minds first mouer greatnes to expresse,
Faiths armour, and the vanquisher of time.
A pleasant sweet against deaths bitternesse,
The hie reward which doth all labours blesse:
The studie which doth heauenly things impart,
The ioy amidst the tedious waies of art.
Learnings greene lawrell, Iustice glorious throne,
The Muses chariot, memories true food:
The Poets life, the gods companion,
The fire-reuiuing Phænix sun-nurst brood.

The spirits eternall image, honours good.
The *Balsamum*, which cures the souldiers scarres,
The world, discouering seamens happy starres.

Idem.

A lofrie subiect of it selfe doth bring,
Graue words and waightie, of it selfe diuine:
And makes the authors holy honour shine.
If ye would after ashes liue, beware:
To do like *Erastrate*, who burnt the faire
Ephesian Temple, or to win a name
To make of brasse a cruell calfe vntame. *K. of S.*

---Incorporeall Fame
Whose waight consists in nothing but her name,
Is swifter then the wind, whose tardy plumes
Are reeking water, and dull earthly fumes.

Ch. Marlowe.

Fame (whereof the world seemes to make such choyce)
Is but an Eccho and an idle voyce.

S. Daniell.

Vnto this *Hydra* are we subiect still,
Who dares to speake, not caring good or ill.
Better it is without renowne to be,
Then be renownd for vile iniquitie.

K. of K.

---Fame the queene of immortalitie.

Ch. Fitz Jeffrey.

Death hath no dart to slay deserued Fame.

Ch. Fitz.

This iealous monster hath a thousand eies,
Her aiery body hath a thousand wings:
Now on the earth, now vp to heauen she flies.

And here and there with euery wind she flings:
Nothing so secret but to her appeareth,
And apt to credit euery thing she heareth.
Foule babling, tell tale, secrets soone bewraier,
The aire bred Eccho, the speaker of lies:
Shrill-sounding trompet, truths vnkind betraier,
False larum-bell, awaking dead mens eies.
Fond pratling parrat telling all thou heaest,
Oft furthest off, when as thou shouldst be nearest.

M. Drayton.

The path is set with danger, leads to fame,
When *Minos* did the Grecians flight denie,
He made him wings and mounted through the skie.

Idem.

Still fame wil grow if once abroad it flie,
Whether it be a troth, or be a lie.

Idem.

Fame doth explore what lies most secret hidden,
Entring the closet of the pallace dweller,
A broad reuealing what is forbidden,
Of truth and falshood both an equall teller,
Tis not a guard can serue for to expell her:
The sword of iustice cannot cut her wings,
Nor stoppe her mouth from vttering secret things.

S. Daniell.

Celestiall goddesse euer-liuing fame,
*Minerua*es daughter by faire *Maia* sonne,
Of all th'inhabitants of heauens faire frame:
Most highly honored since the world begunne,
And shall be till the fatall glasse be runne.
Soules sweet receit, the healths restoratiue:

Hearts

Hearts cordiall, the minds preseruatiue,
Goddesse of thoughts, muse animating appetite,
Aulter of honour, simple of renowne,
Shrine of deuotion, yeelding art hes merite:
Lifes richest treasure, vertues gorgious gowne,
Heauens best abilliment, *Ariadnes* crowne,
The *Cynosura* of the purest thought,
Faire *Helicon*, by whom the heart is taught.

Ch. Fitz Ieffrey.

Famine.

A grisly shape of Famine might we see,
With greedy lookes and gaping mouth that cride
And would torment as she should there haue dide:
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone:
And that alas was gnawne on euery where,
All full of holes, that I ne mought refraine
From teares to see how she her armes could teare,
And with her teeth gnash on her bones in vaine,
When all for nought she faine would so sustaine
Her staruen corps, that rather seem'd a shade,
Then any substance of a creature made.
Great was her force, whom stone walles could not stay,
Her tearing nayles snatching at all she saw:
With gaping iawes, that by no meanes y may
Be satisfied from hunger of her maw,
But eates her selfe, as she that hath no law:
Gnawing alas her carkas all in vaine,
While you may count each sinew, bone and vaine:
On her, while we thus firmly fixt our eie,

That bled for ruth of such a drery sight,
Lo suddenly the shrikte in so huge wise,
As made hell gates to shiuer with the mighte
Where with a dart we saw how it did light
Right on his breast, and therewithall pale death
Enthrilling it, to reaue her of her breath.

M. Sackville.

Meane cates are welcome still to hungry guests.

B. Iob.

Fancie.

Fancie we feele includes all passions might,

S. Phil. Sydney.

Fancie by kind, with reason striueth still.

Th. Watson.

---Vid. Ioue

Fate.

What God hath laid, that cannot but ensue,
Though all the world would haue it ouerthrowne;
When men suppose by fetches of their owne
To flie their Fate, they further on the same,
Like blasts of winde, which oft reuiue the flame.

M. of M.

The heauens do rule in their continuall course,
That yeelds to Fate, that doth not yeeld to force.

M. Drayton.

Chaunce is vncertaine, fortune double faced,

Ed. Fairfax. Transl.

---Demogorgon ruler of the Fates.

R. Greene.

---The Fates can make

Day

Waie for themselues, their purpose to pertake.

Ed. Spencer.

---What the Fates do once decree,
Not all the gods can chaunge, nor *Ioue* himself can free.

Idem.

---The lawes of Fate
Being grau'n in steele, must stand inuiolate.

Th. Dekkar.

Who can escape what his owne Fate hath wrought?
The work of heauens wil, surpasse all humane thought.

Ed. Spencer.

---Who can deceiue his destenie?
Or weene by warning to auoid his Fate?
That when he sleepes in more security
And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
And findeth due effect, or soone or late
So feeble is the power of fleshly arme. *Idem.*

---Indeed the Fates are firme,
And may not shrinke though all the word do shake:
Yet ought mens good endeuours them confirme,
And guide the heauenly causes to their costant terme.

Idem.

Each man they say his Fate hath in his hand,
And what he makes or marres to leese or saue,
Of good or euil, is euen selfe do, selfe haue.

I. H. M. of M.

The Fates farre off, foreseene come gently neare.

M. Drayton.

Our Fate is not preuented though fore-knowne,
For that must hap decreed by heauenly powers,
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours.

S. Daniell.

Fate

------Fate
Keeps in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,
And ere they come to know them, tis forbidden.
Idem.
All men are men in ignorance of Fate,
To alter chance, exceedeth humane ſtate.
I. Markham.
The heauens do rule in their continuall courſe,
That yeelds to Fate, that doth not yeeld to force.
M. Drayton.

Feare.

------Feare all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himſelfe not ſafe enough thereby,
But fear'd each ſhadow moueing too and fro,
And his owne armes whom gliſtering he did ſpie,
Or claſhing heard, he faſt away did flie
As aſhes pale of hew, and winghie heeld,
And euermore on danger fixt his eie,
Gainſt whom he alwaies bent a brazen ſheeld,
Which his right hand vnarmed faithfully did weeld.
Ed. Spencer.
Who ſo for fickle feare from vertue ſhrinkes,
Shall in his life imbrace no worthy thing,
No mortall man the cup of ſuretie drinkes.
S. Phil. Sid.
Feare is more paine then is the paine it feares,
Diſarming humane minds of natiue might:
Where each conceit an vgly figure beares,
Which were not euil, well viewd in reaſons light.
Idem.

The

The gift being great, the feare doth still exceed,
And extreame feare can neither fight nor flie,
But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

W. Shakespeare.

The feare of ill, exceeds the ill we feare.

Ed. Fairfax. Transl.

Feare lendeth wings to aged folke to flie,
And made them mount to places that were hie:
Feare made the wofull child to waile and weepe,
For want of speed, on foote and hands to creepe.

Th. Hudson. Transl.

Feare in a fearefull heart, fretes more then plagues that he (feareth.

A. Fraunce.

Feare that is wiser then the truth doth ill.

S. D.

Feare casts too deepe, and neuer is too wise.

Idem.

In vaine with terror is he fortified,
That is not guarded with firme loue beside.

Idem.

A fearefull thing to tumble from a throne.

M. Drayton.

Where crowned mights, & crossed rights so near together dwell
Behoues that farrest flying feare whereof the Foxe doth hold,
Our factious Lancaster & Yorke, whereof could witnesse wel.

W. Warner.

Thunder affrights the Infants in the schooles,
And threatnings are the conquerors of fooles.

I. Markham.

Whom feare constraines to praise their Princes deeds,

That feare eternall, hatred in them feeds.

R. Greene.

Feare misinterpresses things, each augury
The worser way he fondly doth imply.
Weaknes is false, and faith in cowards rare,
Feare findes out shifts, timiditie is subtill.

S. Daniell.

Tis incident to those whom many feare,
Many to them more greenous hate to beare.

Mr. Drayton.

---He whom all men feare,
Feareth all men every where:
(Hate inforcing them thereto)
Maketh many vnlikelihoo
Many things they would not do. *Th. Kyd.*
The only good that growes of passed feare,
Is to be wise, and ware of like againe.

Ed. Spencer.

A man to feare a woman's moodie ire,
Makes reason lie a slaue to senile feare.

S. Ph. Sydney.

Nothing seene fearefull, we the most should feare,
Great amiseses rise before the greatest raines:
The waters deep'st, where we least murmure heare,
In fairest Cups men temper deadliest baine.
The nearer night, the ayre more cleare and still,
The nearer to one death, least fearing ill.

Mr. Drayton.

--- Bloodlesse, trustlesse, witlesse feare,
That like an Aspen tree, trembles each where,
She leads blacke terror, and blacke clownish shame,

And

And drowsie sloth that counterfeiteth lame,
With snailelike motion measuring the ground.
Foule sluggish drone, barren (but some to breed)
Diseased begger, sterv'd with wilfull need.

T. S. Transl.

The feare of euill doth affright vs more,
Then th'euill it selfe, though it seeme neere so sore.

Fortitude.

Rich buskind *Seneca*, that did declaime
And first in *Rome* our tragicke pompe compile,
Saith Fortitude is that, which in extreame,
And certaine hazard all base feare exile.
It guides (saith he) the noble minde from harme,
Through frost and fire, to conquist honours warme.

I. Markham.

Honey tong'd *Tully* Mermaid of our eares,
Affirmes, no force can force true Fortitude:
It with out bodies no communion beares,
The soule and spirit, soly it doth include.
It is that part of heroicke, which reares
The heart to heauen, and euer doth obtrude,
Faint feare and doubt, still taking his delight
In perills, which exceed all perils might.
Patience, perseuerance, greatnes, and strong trust
These Pages are to Fortitude their King:
Patience that suffers, and esteemeth iust,

What

What euer we for vertue fortunes brine,
Perseuerance holds constant what we must,
Greatnes that effects the guilded thing,
And armed trust which neuer can dispaire,
And hopes good happe how euer fatall deare.

Idem.

The man that hath of Fortitude and might,
And thereto hath a Kingdome voyd withall,
Except he also guide himselfe aright,
His power and strength preuaileth but a small,
He cannot scape at length, an haplesse fall.

I. H. M. of M.

The Romaine *Sergius* having lost his hand,
Slew with one hand foure in a single fight,
A thing all reason euer did withstand,
But that bright Fortitude spreads forth her light.
Pompey by shore held from th'Italian land,
And all his saylors quaking in his sight,
First hoysed sailes, and cried amidst the strife,
Ther's need I goe, no need to saue my life.

E. Markham.

Force without wisdome, is of little worth.

G. Gascoigne.

Greater force there needs to maintain wrōg, ther's ought.

Fil. Spencer.

Agis that guilt the Lacedemon streets,
Intending one day battaile with his foes,
By counsell was repeld as thing vnmeete,
The enemie being ten to one in shoes.
But he replied, tis needfull that his feete
With many heads, should lead to many blowes.

And

And one being good, an armie is for ten:
Foes to Religion, and knowne naughtie men,
To him that told *Dimeeus* how his foes
Couered the sunne with darts and armed speares,
He made replie, thy newes is ioy in woes,
Wee'le in the shadow fight, and conquer foes.

I. Markham.

--- As to loue, the life for vertues flame,
Is the iust act of a true noble will:
So to contemne it, and her hopes exclude
Is basenesse, rashnesse, and no Fortitude.

Idem.

Rash *Isadas* the Lacedemon Lord,
That naked fought against the Theban power,
Although they chain'd his valour by a cord,
Yet was he finde for rashnes in that hower.
And those which most his carelesse praise afford,
Did most condemne what folly did deuoure:
For in attempting, prowesse is not ment,
But wisely doing what we do attempt.

Idem.

Felicitie.

O had Felicitie feeling of woe?
Or could on meane but moderately feede?
Or would looke downe the way that he must goe?
Or could abstaine from what diseases breede?
To stop the wound before to death it bleede?
Warre should not fill Kings pallaces with mone,
Nor perill come, when tis least thought vpon.

M. Drayton.

Folly

Folly, Fooles.

Folly in youth is sinne, in age is madnes.

S. Daniel.

A greater signe of Folly is not showne,
Then trusting others force, distrust our owne:

S. I. Harr. Transl.

---- Wicked men repine their sinnes to heare,
And Folly flings, if counsell touch him neare.

D. Lodge.

Faire fooles delight to be accounted wise.

Ch. Marlowe.

Fooles will find fault without the cause discerning,
And argue most of that they haue no learning.

S. I. Harr. Transl.

---- There is a method, time, and place,
Which fooles obseruing do cõmence, ere wise mẽ haue (their grace.

W. Warner.

Tis better be a foole then be a foxe,
For Folly is rewarded and respected,
Where subtiltie is hated and reiected.

D. Lodge.

---- The foolish commmons vse
Obey them most, who doth them most abuse.

S. I. Harrington. P.

A witlesse foole may euery man him gesse,
That leaues the more, and takes him to the lesse.

G. Gascoigne.

Flatterer.

---- Foule leasings and vile flatterie,
Two filthy blots in noble genterie. *Ed. Sp.* When

When as we finely soothe our owne desires,
Our best conceits do proue the greatest liers.

M. Drayton.

Nere was pretence so foule, but some would flatter it;
Nor any thing so pestilent, as misapplied wit.

W. Warner.

To be officious, getteth friends, plaine dealing hateth;
Yet better plainly to reproue, then fainedly to kiss;
We cannot also loue our friends, & Flatter their amis.

Idem.

---- Flattery can neuer want rewards.

D. Lodge.

He twice offends, who sinne in flattery beares,
Yet euery houre he dies, who euer feares.

D. Lodge.

The Lords & Ladies ouerrent, and cunningly the fine,
The Parasite doth ouerreach, and bears away the gain.

W. Warner.

Yee sonnes of craft bearing as many faces,
As *Proteus*, takes among the marine places,
And force your natures all the best you can,
To counterfeit the grace of some great man
Chamelion like, who takes him in each hew,
Of blacke or white, or yellow, greene, or blew,
That comes him next, so you that finde the fashion
To hurt the poore, with many a great taxation,
You that do prease to haue the princes eare,
To make your names in prouinces appeare,
Ye subtill Thurins sell your fumish winde
To wicked wights, whose sences ye do blinde.

Th. Hudson. Transl.

Time

Time fawning spaniels, Mermaids on the earth,
Trencher fed flies.
Base Parasites, these elbowe-rubbing mates,
A plague to all lasciuious wanton states:
O filthy monkies, vile and beastly kind,
Foule prating Parrats, birds of Harpy brood,
A sorasiue to euery noble minde:
Vipers that sucke your mothers dearest blood:
Mishapen monster, worst of any creature,
A foe to all, an enemie to nature.

M. Drayton.

Fortune.

Fortune as blinde as he whom she doth lead,
Her feature chaung'd each minute of the houre,
Her riggish feete fantastickly would tread:
Now would she smile, and suddenly would lowre,
And with one breath, her words are sweete and sowre.
Vpon her foes she amorously doth glaunce,
And on her followers coyly looke al kaunce,
About her necke (it seem'd as for a chaine)
Some Princes crownes and broken scepters hung,
Vpon her arme a lazie youth did leane,
Which scornfully vnto the ground she flung,
And with a wanton grace passing alone,
Great bags of gold from out her bosome drew,
And to base Pesants and fond Idiots threw.
A duskie vale which hid her sightlesse-eies
Like cloudes, which couer our vncertaine liues,
Painted about with bloodie Tragedies,
Fooles wearing crowns and wise men clog'd in giues.

Now

Now how she giues againe, how she deprides:
In this blacke map this she her might discouers,
In Camps and Courts, on souldiers, and on louers.

M. Drayton.

A hap, a chaunce, a casuall euent,
The vulgars Idoll, and a childish terror:
A what man will, a silly accident
The maske of blindnesse, and disguise of error,
Natures vile nickname, follies foolish mirror:
A terme, a by-word, by tradition learn'd,
A hearsay, nothing not to be discernd,
A wanton feare, a silly Infants dreame,
A vaine illusion, a meere fantasie:
A seeming shade, a lunaticke mans dreame:
A fond *Aenigma*, a flat heresie.
Imaginations doting emperie.
A folly in it selfe, it one selfe loathing,
A thing that would be, and yet can be nothing:
Disease of time, ambitions concubine:
A minde intrancing snare, a slippery yce,
The bait of death, destructions heady wine.
Vaine-glories patron, the fooles paradice.
Fond hope wherewith confusion doth intice.
A vile seducing fiend, which haunts men still,
To loose them in the errors of their will.

Idem.

O fortune the great Amorite of kings,
Opinions breath, thou Epicurian aire:
Inuention of mans soule, tallest of things,
A step beyond our iudgement, and a staire
Higher then men can reach with reasons wings:

Thou blindfold Archeresse, thou that wilt not heare:
Thou foe to persons, manners, times and all,
That raisest worthlesse, while the worthiest fall.

I. Markham.

Ah fortune, nurse of fooles, poyson of hope,
Fuell of vaine desires, deserts destruction.
Supposed soueraigne, through our vaine construction.
Princes of Paganisme, roote of impietie,
Diuell on earth, masked in pietie.
Scorne of the learned, follies elder scholler,
Bastard of time, begot by vaine opinion:
Against thy power, a peeuish proud resister.
Mother of lies, and witnesse of illusion:
Lampe of vain-glory, double faced shroe,
Who smiles at first, successfull; ends in woe.

D. Lodge.

Who wins her grace, must with atchiuements wo her,
As she is blind, so neuer had she eares,
Nor must with puling eloquence go to her:
She vnderstands not sighes, she heares not praiers.
Flattered she flies; controld she euer feares.
And though a while she nicely do forsake it,
She is a woman, and at length will take it.
Nor euer let him dreame once of a crowne,
For one bad cast that will giue vp his game,
And though by ill hap he be ouerthrowne,
Yet let him manage her till she be tame.

M. Drayton.

Fortune the folly is, and plague of those
Which to the world their wretched will dispose.

M. of M.

All

All flesh is fraile and full of ficklenesse,
Subiect to fortunes charme, still changing now,
What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

Ed. Spencer.

Fortune the foe to famous chieuisance,
Sildome or neuer yeelds to vertue aide:
But in her way throwes mischiefe and mischance,
Whereby her course is stopt, and passage laide.

Idem.

Mocke Gods they are, and many Gods induce,
Who fortune faine to father there abuse.

M. of M.

---In vaine do men
The heauens of there fortunes fault accuse,
Syth they know best what is the best for them,
For they to each such fortune do diffuse,
As they do know each can most aptly vse:
For not that which men couet most is best,
Nor that thing worst which men do most refuse,
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his brest.

Ed. Spencer.

No fortune is so bad, our selues ne frame
There is no chance at all hath vs preserv'd.
There is no fate whom we haue need to blame:
There is no desteny but is deserv'd:
No lucke that leaues vs safe, or vnpreserv'd.
Let vs not then complaine of fortunes skill,
For all our good descends from Gods good will,
And of our lewdnesse, springeth all our ill.

M. of M.

----They that do dwell on fortunes call,
No sooner rise, but ready are to fall.

D. Lodge.

Looke how much higher fortune doth erect
The climing wight on her vnstable wheele:
So much the nigher may a man exspect
To see his head where late he sawe his heele.
Policrates hath prou'd it in effect,
And *Dyonisius* that too true did feele
Who long were luld on hie in fortunes lap:
And fell downe suddenly to great mishap.
On th'other side, the more man is oppressed
And vtterly ouerthrowne by fortunes lowre,
The sooner comes his state to be redressed,
When wheele shall turn and bring the happie howre.
Some from the Blocke haue growne to be so blessed.
Whole realmes haue bene subuerted to their powre.
As *Marius* and *Ventidius* sample is,
In former age, and *Lewes* of *France* in this.

S. I. Harr. Transl.

----As the boystrous winde
Doth shake the tops of highest reared towers,
So doth the force of froward fortune strike
The wight that highest sits in haughtie state.

G. Gascoigne.

----So wills the wanton queene of chance,
That each man trace this Labyrinth of life:
With slippery steps now wrongd by fortune strange,
Now drawne by counsell from the maze of strife.

D. Lodge.

We

We all are proud when fortune fauours vs,
As if inconstant chaunce were alwaies one:
Or standing now, she would continue thus,
O fooles looke backe, and see the rolling stone
Whereon she blindly lighting sets her foote,
And slightly sowes, that sildome taketh roote.

Th. Kyd.

Fortune the first and last that gouernes states.

I. Markham.

The blind-fold mistresse of vncertaine chaunge.

D. Lodge.

The wayward lady of this wicked world.

Idem.

Blind fortune faileth mighty ones, & meaner doth aduance.

W. Warner.

Blind fortune findeth none so fit to flout
As Suresby sotts, which cast no kind of doubt.

M. of M.

....Fortune cannot raise
Any one aloft without some others wracke,
Flouds drowne no fields vnlesse they finde a bracke.

Idem.

Where power dwelles and riches rest,
False fortune is a comely guest.

E. of S.

Think fortune newly hatcht is fledge, & waggeth wing to flie
All suffer chãge, our seiues new born, euen then begin to die.

VV. VVarner.

The man that fortune at command will keepe,
He must be sure he neuer let her sleepe.

M. Drayton.

There neuer yet was Emperour or King,
Could boast that he had fortune in a string.

S. I. Harr. Transl.

All things to fortune are subiected,
Chiefly in warres, that are by chaunce directed.

Idem.

Wheresoeuer fortune her bountie will bestow,
There heauen and earth must pay what she doth owe.

M. of M.

The man whose thoughts to fortunes height aspires,
Were better die then liue in lowe desires.

Th. Acheley.

Admit thou hadst Pactolian waues to land thee gold at will,
Know Crœsus did to Cyrus kneele, and thou maist speed as ill.

W. Warner.

Attempt not things beyond thy reach, ioyne fortune to thy (will,
Least Phebus chaire do els surcharge rash Phaethon his skill

Idem.

If fortune help wh̃ thou woldst hurt, fret not at it the more,
When Aiax storm'd, then from him the prize Vlisses bore.

Idem.

Good fortune drawes from heauen her descent,
Making hie *Ioue* the roote of her large tree:
She showes from him how many Godheads went,
Archangels, Angels, heauens posteritie,
From thence she showes the glorious thrid she lent,
To Monarkes, Emperours and Kings in fee.
Annexing as collateralls to her loue,
Honour, vertue, valour and endlesse time.
Nathelesse ill fortune will be elder borne
She saith she springs from *Saturne*, *Ioues* wronged syre,

And

And heauen and earth, and hell, her coate haue borne
Fresh bleeding hearts within a field of fyre:
All that the world admires she makes her scorne,
Who farthest seemes, is to ill fortune neere.
And that iust proofe may her great praise commend,
All that good chaunce begins, ill chaunce doth end.

I. Markham.

Ill fortune is attended by reproach,
Good fortune fame and vertue stellifies.

Idem.

——What man can shun the happe,
That hidden lies, vnwares him to surprise:
Misfortune waits aduantage to entrappe
The man most wary, in her whelming lappe.

Ed. Spencer.

The fortune that misfortune doth affoord,
Is for to liue and die vnfortunate.

Th. Achelly.

Misfortune followeth him that tempteth fortune.

Ch. Fuz. Iesfrey.

Friendship. Friends.

The naturall affection soone doth cease,
And quenched is with *Cupids* greater flame:
But faithfull friendship doth them both suppresse:
And them with maistring discipline doth tame
Through thoughts aspiring, to eternall fame.

Ed. Spencer.

In friendship, soueraigne 'tis as *Mithridate*,
Thy friend to loue, as one whom thou maist hate.

M. of M.

Ne certes can that friendſhip long endure,
How euer gay and goodly be the ſtyle,
That doth ill cauſe or euill end endure,
For vertue is the band which bindeth hearts moſt ſure.

Ed. Spencer.

... Enmitie that of no ill proceeds,
But of occaſion, with the occaſion ends,
And friendſhip which a faint affection breeds,
Without regard of good, lies like ill grounded ſeed.

Ed. Spencer.

With vertue chuſe thy friend, with vertue him retaine,
Let vertue be the ground, ſo ſhall it not be vaine.

S. Th. Wiat.

Try frends by touch, a feeble fred may prone thy strōgeſt foe:
Great Pompeys *head to* Cæſars *hand, it was betraied ſo.*

VV. VVarner.

In perfect friendſhip no ſuſpect, for two in one are all,
Communitie, or doubling ioy, or making griefe more ſmall.

Idem.

The trueſt friendſhip in miſerie is tride,
For then will none but faithfull friends abide.

G. Turberuile.

Right true it is, and ſaid full yore agoe,
Take heed of him that by the backe thee claweth,
For none is worſe, then is the friendly foe,
Though thee ſeeme good, all things thee delightethe
Yet know it well, that in thy boſome creepeth,
For many a man ſuch fiers oft times hee kindleth,
That with the blaze his beard himſelfe he ſingeth.

E. of Surrey.

None

None can deeme right who faithfull friends do rest,
While they beare sway and rule in hie degrees
For then both fast and fained friends are prest,
Whose faiths seeme both of one effect to bee.
But then reuolts the fast and fained guest,
When wealth vnwindes and fortune seemes to flie,
But he that loues indeed, remaineth fast,
And loues and serues when life and all is past.

S. I. Harr. Transl.

Oft times we see in house of meane estate,
In fortunes bad, and chances ouerthwart:
That men do sooner laie away debate,
And ioyne in sound accord with hand and hart,
Then Princes courts, where riches genders hate:
And vile suspect that louing minds doth part.
Where charitie is cleane consumde and vanished,
And friendship firme, is quite cast out and banished.

Idem.

Who so wants friends to backe what he begins,
In lands farre off, gets not, although he wins.

S. Daniell.

If fortune friendly fawne, and lend thee wealthy store,
Thy frends conioined ioy, doth make thy ioy the more
If frowardly she frowne, and driueth to distresse:
His aide releeues thy ruth, and makes thy solace lesse.

S. Th. Wiat.

They are not alwaies surest friends on whō we most do (spend.

W. Warner.

True friends haue feeling of each others wo,
And when ones hart is sad, all theirs is so.

Ch. Middleton.

A golden

A golden treasure is the tried friend,
But who may gold from counterfeits defend?
Trust not to soone, nor yet to soone mistrust,
With th'one thy selfe, with th'other thy friend thou
Who twines betwixt, & stears the goldē mean, (hurtst,
Nor rashly loueth, nor mistrusts in vaine.

Mir. of M.

--- Friends are geason now a daies,
And growe to fume before they taste the fier:
A quersitie bereauing mans auailes,
They flie like feathers dallying in the winde.
They rise like bubbles in a stormy raine,
Swelling in words, and flying faith and deeds.

D. Lodge.

Faint friends when they fall out, most cruel foemen be.

Ed. Spencer.

Better a new friend, then an old foe is said.

Idem.

Frugalitie.

He that will thriue, must thinke no courses vile.

B. Iohnson.

No hurt but good (who meanes to multiplie)
Bought wit is deare, and drest with sower sauce,
Repentance comes too late, and then say I,
Who spares the first, and keepes the last vnspent,
Shall find that sparing yeelds a goodly rent.

G. Gascoigne.

Let first thine owne hand hold fast all that comes,
But let the other learne his letting flie:

Idem.

Farie.

Furie.

--- Furie furiously mans life assailes
With thousand cannons, sooner felt then seene,
Where weakest, strongest, fraught with deadly teene,
Blind, crooked, blisterd, melancholy, sad,
Many-nam'd poyson, minister of death,
Which from vs creepes, but to vs galloperh.
Foule, trouble rest, phantasticke, greedy-gut,
Bloud-swearing, hearts-theefe, wretched, filthy-slut
The childe of surfait and aires-temper vicious,
Perillous knowne, but vnknowne most pernicious.

I. Sylvester.

--- Furie cruell cursed wight,
That vnto Knighthood workes much shame and woe,
And that same hag, his aged mother hight,
Occasion, the roote of all wrath and dispight.
With her, who so will raging Furie tame,
Must first begin, and wel her amenage,
First her restraine from her reproachfull blame
And euill meanes, with which she doth enrage
Her franticke sonne, and kindles his courage,
Then when she is withdrawne, or strong withstood,
Is eath his Idle Furie to asswage,
And calme this tempest of his passion wood,
The bankes are ouerflowne, when so sped is the flood.

Ed. Spencer.

Furie was red with rage, his eyes did glowe,
While flakes of fier from forth his mouth did flowe
His hands and armes y bath'd in bloud of those
Whom fortune, sinne, or fate made countries foes.

T. Lodge.

This

--- This fell fury, for forerunner sends
Manie and phrenzie, to subborne her frends,
Whereof the one drying, th'other ouerwarming.
The feeble brain (the edge of iudgement harming)
Within the soule phantastickly they faine,
A confus'd hoast of strange *Chimeraes* vaine.

I. Sylvester.

Gifts.

Tis wisedome to giue much, a Gift preuailes,
When deepe perswading Oratorie failes.

Ch. Marlowe.

A giuing hand though foule, shall haue faire praise.

S. Daniell.

---- The greatest Gifts whereof we boast,
Are those which do attempt and tire vs most.

T. Lodge.

--- Onely wisedome graue, and iudgements cleere,
Gifts giu'n from heauen, that are not common heere.

S. I. H. Transl.

Goods Gifts are often giuen to men past good.

G. Chapman.

Good Gifts abus'd, to mans confusion turne.

Th. Dekker.

Testators and Executors so giue and so receaue,
As doubtful whether's ioy or griefe, is more to take or leaue
For as do hogs their troghs to hounds, so these giue & get place
Death not the Dier giues bequests, and therfore but graue

W. Warner.

To loiter well deserued Gifts, is not to giue but sell,
When to requite ingratitude, were to do euill well.

Idem.

(grace.

Gentlenesse.

Gentlenesse.

The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne,
For a man by nothing is so well bewraide,
As by his maners, in which plaine is showne,
Of what degree, and what race he is growne.

Ed. Spencer.

Sweete gentlenesse is Bewties waiting maide.

Th. Watson.

---- In gentle thoughts,
Relenting thoughts, remorse, and pittie rests.

Ch. Marlowe.

All like as *Phœbus*, with his chearefull beames,
Doth freshly force the fragrant flowers to flourish,
So gentle rulers subiects loue do nourish.

I. H. Mir. of M.

Like as the gentle heart it selfe bewraies,
In doing gentle deeds with francke delight:
Euen so the baser minde it selfe displaies,
In canckered malice, and reuenge for spight.

W. Shakespeare.

O what an easie thing is't to discrie
The gentle bloud, how euer it be wrapt,
In sad missfortunes foule deformitie
And wretched sorrowes which haue often hapt.
For howsoeuer it may grow mishapt,
That to all vertue it may seeme vnapt,
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle minde,
And at the last, breake forth in his owne proper kinde.

Ed. Spencer.

Gentrie

Gentrie.

--- True Gentrie standeth in the trade
Of vertuous life, not in the fleshly line,
For bloud is knit, but Gentrie is diuine.

I. H. M. of M.

Aboue cognizance or armes, or pedigree farre,
An vnspotted coate, is like a blazing starre.

G. Gascoigne.

Kind *Amalthea* was transformd by *Ione*,
Into his sparkling patement, for his loue,
Though but a goate, and giuing him her milke,
Bazenes is flinty Gentrie, soft as silke.
In heauen she liues, and rules a liuing signe
In humane bodies: yet not so diuine,
That she can worke her kindnes in our hearts.

G. Chapman.

The true Gentilitie by their owne armes
Aduance themselues, the falls by others harmes.

Th. Bastard.

Gluttonie.

--- By his side rode loathsome Gluttonie,
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine:
His belly was vpblowen with luxurie,
And eke with fatnes, swollen were his eine.
And like a Crane, his necke was long and fine,
With which he swallowed vp excessiue feast,
For want of which, poore people oft did pine,
And all the way most like a brutish swine,
He spued vp his gorge, that all did him detest,

Ed. Spencer.

Fat

Fat paunches haue leane pates, and daintie bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrout quite the wits.

W. Shakespeare.

Your appetites O gluttons to content,
The sacred breast of *Thetis* blew, is rent:
The aire most be dispeopled for your mawes,
The *Phœnix* sole can scarce escape your clawes.

Th. Hudson. Transl.

Of little nature liues, superfluous meate
But dulls the spirit, and doth the stomacke freate.

Idem.

VVho farth finest, doth but feed, and ouerfeedeth oft,
Who sleepeth softest doth but sleep, and sometimes ouersoft.

VV. vvarner.

--- Excesse doth worke accesse to sinne.

Idem.

O plague, O poyson to the warlike state,
Thou mak'st the noble hearts effeminate,
While *Rome* was rul'd by *Curiues* and *Fabrices*,
Who fed on rootes, and sought not for delices.
And when the onely *Cressons* was the foode,
Most delicate to *Persia* then they stoode
In happie state, renown'd in peace and warre,
And through the world their triumphs spread a farre.
But when they after in th'Assirian hall,
Had heard the lessons of *Sardanopall*,
And when the other giuen to belly-cheare,
By *Galbaes*, *Neroes*, *Vitels* gouern'd were,
Who gloried more to fill a costly plate,
Then kill a *Pirrhus* or a *Muhridate*.

Then

Then both of them were seene for to be sacked
By nations poore, whom they before had wracked.

Th. Hudson. Transl.

O glutton throates, O greedie guts profound,
The chosen meates which in the world his bound,
By th' *Abderoit* inuented, may not stanch
Nor satisfie your foule deuouring panch,
But must in Moluke seeke the spices fine,
Canary suger, and the Candy wine.

Idem.

Fatnesse by nature (not immoderate)
Kils not the wit, quels not the mindes estate.
But fatnes by intemperance increast,
When liuing man resembseth loathsome beast:
And belly cheate, with greedie gluttonie
Is held the fulnesse of felicitie.
This maketh men addicted to the same,
Dull in conceit, grosse minded, worthy blame.
Of such do *Basis, Galen, Plato* write:
That fattest belly hath the weakest sprite.

D. Lodge.

---- O short, ô dangerous madnesse,
That in thy rage doest trustie *Cytus* smother,
By his deare friend: *Panthea* by his mother.
Phrenzie, that makes the vaunter insolent,
The talkefull blab, cruell and violent,
The fornicator waxe adulterous,
Th'adulterer to become incestuous,
With thy plagues leuen, swelling all our crimes
Blinde, shamelesse, sensleslesse, quenching oftentimes

The soule within it selfe, and oft defames
The holiest men, with execrable flames.

I. Silvester.

Like as the must beginning to reboyle,
Makes his new vessell wood-bands to recoydet
Lifts vp his lees, and spues with fuming vent,
From this tubbes ground his stumming excrements:
So ruinist thou thy hoast, and foolishly
From his hearts bottome drivst all secrecy. *Idem.*

Good name.

The voyce that goeth of your vnspotted fame,
Is like a tender flowre, that with the blast
Of every little winde doth fade away.

G. Gascoigne. Transl.

The purest treasure mortall times affoord,
Is spotlesse reputation, that away:
Men are but guilded trunkes, or painted clay.

W. Shakespeare.

You cannot be too curious of your name,
Fond shrowd ill (though still the mind be chaste)
Decaies the credit oft that Ladies had;
Sometimes the place presumes a wanton minde,
Repaire sometimes of some doth hurt their honour:
Sometimes the light and gaiish proud attire
Perswades a yeelding heat of pleasing youthe.

G. Gascoigne.

Goodnesse.

——Even with Goodnesse men grow discontent
Where all are ripe to fall, and vertue spent.

S. Daniell.

Good things may scarce appeare,
But passe away with speedie wings. *M. Rayden.*

Of God.

I am that one, is, was, and aye shall bee,
Who create all of nought, as pleaseth me:
I can destroy, I am the great and iust,
The faire, the good, the holy one to trust:
Whose strong right hand this world hath set in frame,
I plague my foe, and graunt my seruants grace,
All those that knowledge me, and all their race.

Th. Hudson. Transl.

How soever things in the world discent
In birth, life, death, yet God first he made the end,
And not what he can do he will, but what he will he can,
And that he doth, doth not, he hours vs not to fear.

W. Watson.

God first made Angels bodiless pure minds,
Then other things, which mindless bodies bee:
Last he made man the *Horizon* twixt both kinds,
In whom we do the worlds abridgement see.

I. Davies.

How fond is that man in his fancie
Who thinkes that *Ione* the maker of vs all
The Sunne, the Moone, the Starres celestiall,
So that no leafe without his leade can falle
Hath not in him omnipotence also,
To guide and gouerne all things here below.

G. Gascoigne. Transl.

Heauen is his seate,
Th'earth his footestoole, and the prison great.

Of

Of *Plutoes* raigne, where damned soules are shut,
Is of his anger euermore the but.

I. Sylueſter, Tranſl.

---Full hard it is to read aright
The ſecret meaning of the eternall might:
That rules mans waies, and rules the thoughts of liuing (wight.

Ed. Spencer.

The man of earth, ſounds not the ſeas profound
Of Gods deepe iudgements, where there is no ground
Let ſobernesse be ſtill thy wiſedomes end,
Admiring that thou canſt not comprehend.

I. Sylueſter, Tran.

Vnder his feete (ſubiected to his grace,
Sit nature, fortune, motion, time, and place.

Ed. Fairfax. Tran.

---Is there care in heauen? Is there loue
In the heauenly ſpirits to theſe creatures baſe,
That may compaſſion of their euils moue?
There is: els much more wretched were the caſe
Of men, then beaſts; but ô the exceeding grace
Of higheſt God, that loues his creature ſo:
And all his workes with mercy doth imbrace,
That bleſſed Angels he ſends too and fro,
To ſerue to wicked man, to ſerue his wicked foe.

Ed. Spencer.

Our gracious God makes ſcant waight of diſpleaſure,
And ſpreads his mercy without waight or meaſure.

I. Sylueſter.

The eternall power that guides the earthly frame,
And ſerues him with the inſtrument of heauen:
To call the earth, and ſummon vp our ſhame:

By an edict from euerlasting giuen,
Forbids mortalitie to search the same:
Where sence is blind, and wit of wit bereauen:
Terror must be our knowledge, feare our skill,
To admire his worke, and tremble at his will.

S. Daniell.

----Howsoeuer things in likely hood discent,
In birth, life, death, our god is first, the middle & euent:
And not what he can do he wil, but what he wil he can,
And that he do or do it not, behoues vs not to scan.

W. Warner.

God may all that he wills, his will is iust,
God wills all good to them that in him trust.

Th. Hudson. Transl.

Where the Almighties lightening brand doth light,
It dimmes the daz'led eies, & daunts the sences quight.

Ed. Spencer.

----The Gods are euer iust,
Our faults excuse their rigour must.

S. Daniell.

The Lord law-maker iust and righteous,
Doth frame his lawes not for himselfe but vs:
He frees himselfe; and flies with his powers wing,
No where but where his holy will doth bring.
All that he doth is good, because it doth proceed
From him: that is the roote of good indeed
From him; that is the spring of righteousnesse:
From him, whose goodnesse nothing can expresse.

I. Sylvester.

---Indeed

---Indeed the euil done
Dies not when breath the body first doth leaue,
But from the grandsire to the nephewes sonne,
And all his seed the curse doth often cleaue,
Till vengeance vtterly the guilt bereaue:
So straightly God doth iudge.

Ed. Spencer.

There is no strength in armour, man or horse,
Can vaile, If *Ioue* on wronged take remorse;
For he on whom the deadly dart doth light,
Can neuer scape by raunsome, friend nor flight.

I. Hart. Mir. of Mag.

Eternall prouidence exceeding thought,
Where none appeares, can make her selfe away.

Ed. Spencer.

If Gods can their owne excellence excell,
It's in pardoning mortalls that rebell.

M. Drayton.

God most doth punish, whom he most regardeth.

S. I. Harr. Triumf.

---Where Gods do vengeance craue,
It is not strong deensiue walls that any thing can saue.

W. Warner.

---God hath made a salue for euery sore,
If men would learne the same for to apply.

S. I. Harr. Triumf.

Man purposeth, but all things are disposed
By that great God that sits and rules aboue.

Idem.

What man is he that boasts of fleshly might,
And vaine assurance of mortalitie?

Which all so soone as it doth come to fight,
Against spirituall spies, yeelds by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth flye?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That though grace hath gained victory.
If any sleight we haue it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke the will.

Ed. Spencer.

God neuer seekes by tryall of temptation,
To sound mans heart and secret cogitation,
For well he knowes man, and his eye doth see
All thoughts of men, ere they conceaued bee.

I. Sylvester, Transl.

God
Conioynes no lesse our willes then holds our harts,
A sure presage that he is on our parts,

Th. Hudson, Tran.

Our God is iust, whose stroke delaid long,
Doth light at last with paine more sharpe and strong.

I. H. M. of Magist.

The mistie cloudes that fall sometime
And ouercast the skies:
Are like to troubles of our time,
Which do but dimme our eies.
But as such deawes are dried vp quite
When *Phebus* showes his face:
So are sad fancies put to flight,
When God doth guide by grace.

G. Gascoigne.

Gods mercy gently waighes his iustice downe:

Th. Achelly.

So blinds the sharpest counsell of the wise,

This

This overshadowing providence on high
And dazeleth the clearest sighted eies,
That they ſee not how nakedly they bee,
There where they little thinke the ſtorme doth riſe.
And ouercaſt their cleare ſecuritie,
When man hath ſhopt all waies ſaue only that,
That (leaſt ſuſpected) ruine enters at.

S. Daniell.

When Sathan tempts he leades vs vnto hell,
But God doth guide whereon no death doth dwell.
When Sathan tempts he ſeekes our faith to foyle,
But God doth ſeale it neiuer to recoyle.
Sathan ſuggeſteth ill, good moues to grace,
The diuel ſeekes our baptiſme to deface,
But God doth make our burning zeale to ſhine,
Amongſt the candels of his Church diuine.

I. Syl. Transl.

----Gods word
(Which made the world, ſuſtaines and guides it ſtill)
To diuerse end conduicts both good and ill.
He that preferres not God fore all his race,
Amongſt the ſonnes of God deſerues no place.
And he that plowes the furrowes of Gods field,
May not turne backe his fainting face any yeld.

Idem.

God with eternall bread in time of need,
His loued *Iacob* forty Yeares did feed,
And gaue them water from the ſolid ſtone,
Which of it ſelfe had neuer moyſture none.
Their caps, their coats, and ſhoes that they did weare,
God kept all freſh and new full forty yeare.

Th. Hide Trans.

The

The most iust God when once mans sinnes do grow
Beyond the bounds of pardon and of grace:
Because that men his iudgements best may know:
Likeeto his loue, to rule on earth doth place
Monsters most vile to tyrannize vs so,
With wrong the righe, with lust lawes to deface.
For this said cause were *Sylla* sent and *Marius*,
The *Nerons* both, and filthy minded *Varius*:
For this *Domitian* held in *Rome* the raigne,
And *Antoninus* of that name the last:
And *Messinine* a base vnworthy swaine,
To place mankind in princely throne was plaste:
For this in *Thebes* did cruell *Creon* raigne,
With other tyrants more in ages past.
For this of late hath *Italy* beene wonne,
By men of *Lombardie*, of *Goth* and *Hunne*.

S. Daniell.

Good deeds.

Who wold to God but workes no good, who seeketh fame by (ease,
Comes short of both, no lesse then maps to very lands (and seas.

VV. VVarner.

Good deeds in case that they be euil placed,
Ill deeds are reckoned and soone disgraced.
That is a good deed that preuents a bad.

G. Chapman.

Well doing, farre exceedeth well to say.

G. Turbervile.

Ill deeds may better the bad words be bore.

Ed. Spenser.

Let euery one do all the good they can,
Or seldom commeth harme of doing well.

Though

Though iust reward it wanteth now and then,
Yet shame and euill death it doth expell:
But he that mischieueth an other man,
Seldome doth easy it to heauen or hell,
Men say it, and we see it come to passe,
Good turnes in dust, and bad turnes writ in glasse.

Sr. I. Harrington. Transl.

Wretched is he that thinkes by doing ill,
His euill deeds long to conceale and hide:
For though the voyce and tongues of men be still,
By foules and beasts his sinne shall be descride,
And God oft worketh by his secret will,
That sinne it selfe, the sinner so doth guide,
That of his owne accord without request,
He makes his wicked doings manifest.

Idem.

Our bodies buried, then our deeds ascend,
Those deeds in life to worth can not be rated,
In death with life, our fame euen then is dated.

M. Drayton.

Greatnesse.

Great things still orewhelme themselues by waight.

E. Guilpin.

Greatnesse like to the sunnes reflecting powers,
The fiery bred vapours naturally exhales,
And is the cause that oft the euening lowers,
When foggy mists enlarge their dusky sailes,
That his owne beames he in the cloudes impales,
And either must extinguish his owne light,
Or by his vertue cause his proper sight.

M. Drayton.

To

To be huge is to be deadly sicke.

H. Marston.

O blinded Greatnesse, thou with thy turmoile,
Still selling happy life, mak'st life a toile.

S. Daniel.

--- He that striues to manage mightie things,
Amidst his triumphes, beares a troubled minde:
The greatest hope the greatest harmes bringes,
And poore men in content there glory finde.

D. Lodge.

The man that fatheteth other men to thriue,
Of priuate greatnesse doth himselfe deprriue.

Th. Storie.

Griefe.

Griefe all in sables sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head with heauie cheare,
Yet inly beine more, then seeming sad,
A paire of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the heart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad:
In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
Dyidg each day with impair'd wounds of dolors dart.

Ed. Spencer.

Griefe onely makes his wretched state to see,
(Euen like a toppe, which nought but whipping moues)
This man, this talking beast, this walking tree,
Griefe is the stone, which finest iudgements proues,
For who griefe not, hath but a blockish braine,
Since cause of Griefe we cause, from life remoues.

Sr. Ph. Sydney.

Griefe deadly sore,
Vnkindnes breeds, vnkindnes fostereth hate.

Idem.

Griefe to it selfe most dreadfull doth appeare,
And neuer yet was sorrow voyd of feare:
But yet in death, they both do hope the best.

M. Drayton.

Griefes be long liu'd, and sorrowes seldome die.

Idem.

Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet
Could rule them both, without tenne womens wit.

W. Shakespeare.

He oft findes medicine, who his griefes imparts,
But double Griefe afflicts concealing harts,
As raging flames, who striueth to suppresse.

Ed. Spencer.

Found neuer help, who neuer could his griefe impart.

Idem.

No greater ease of heart the griefes to tell,
It daunteth all the dolours of the minde:
Our carefull hearts thereby great comfort finde.

I. H. Mir. of Mag.

An Ouen that is stopt, or Riuer staied,
Burneth more hotely, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed Griefe it may be said:
Free vent of words, loues fier doth asswage.
But when the hearts attorney once is mute,
The Client breakes, as desperate in his suite.

W. Shakespeare.

No

No one thing doth auaile man more,
To cure a griefe, and perfectly to heale it,
Then if he do vnto some friends reueale it.

S. I. Harr. Transl.

--- Griefe it is inough to vexed wight,
To feele his fault and not be farther vext.

Ed. Spencer.

--- Some griefe shewes much of loue,
But much to griefe shewes still some want of wit.

W. Shakespeare.

--- Great griefe can not be told,
And can more easily be thought then found. *Ed. Sp.*

Paine.

Thou Paine, the onely ghuest of loath'd constraint,
The child of curse, mans weaknesse foster child,
Brother to woe, and father of complaint,
Thou Paine, thou loathed paine from heauen exild.

H. C.

The scourge of life, and deaths extreame disgrace.
The smoake of hel, that monster's called paine.

Idem.

The thing that grieuous were to do or beare
Them to renew, I wot breeds no delight.

Ed. Spencer.

True griefe is fond, and testy as a childe,
Who wayward once, his moode with nought agrees,
Old woes not infant sorrowes beare them milde,
Continuance tames the one, the other wilde,
Like an vnpractiz'd swimmer plunging still
With too much labour drownes for want of skill.

W. Shakespeare.

Paine

Paine paies the income of each precious thing.

W. Sh.

Heauen.

From hence with grace and goodnesse compast round
God ruleth, blesseth, keepeth, all he wrought;
Aboue the aire, the fire, the sea, and ground,
Our sense, our wit, our reason, and our thought:
Where persons three, with power and glory crowned,
Are all one God, who made all things of nought.
Vnder whose feete subiected to his grace,
Sit nature, fortune, motion, time, and place.
This is the place from whence like smoake and dust
Of this fraile world, the wealth, the pompe, the power
He tosseth, humbleth, turneth as he lust,
And guides our life, our end, our death and hourse:
No eye (how euer vertuous, pure and iust)
Can view the brightnes, of that glorious bower,
On euery side the blessed spirits bee
Equall in ioyes, though differing in degree.

E. Fairfax. Transl.

In this great temple, richly bewtified,
Pau'd all with starres, dispersi on *Saphire* flowes,
The Clarke is a pure Angell sanctified,
The Iudge our hie Messias full of power,
The Apostles, his assistance, euery howes
The Iury Saints, the verdis Innocent,
The Sentence, Come ye blessed to my tent.

The

The speare that pierst his side, the writing Pen,
Christes bloud the Inke, red Inke for Princes name,
The vailes great breach, the miracles for men,
The sight is shew of them that long dead came
From their old graues, restor'd to liuing fame.
And that last signet passing all the rest,
Our soules discharg'd by *Consummatum est*.
Here endlesse ioy is, there perpetuall cheare,
Their exercise, sweete songs of many parts,
Angells the quier, whose symphonie to heare,
Is able to prouoke concenting harts,
To misconceiue of all inticing arts.
The diuy praise, the subiect is the Lord,
That tunes their gladsome spirit to this accord.

Th. Storer.

What so the Heauens in their secret doombe,
Ordained haue, how can traile flesh ily wights
Forecast, but it must needs to issue come.

Ed. Spencer.

What in the heauenly parliament aboue,
Is written by the finger of the first,
Mortalls may feele, but neuer can remoue,
For they are subiect to the heauens worst.

I. Markham.

By mortall lawe the bond may be diuorced,
The heauens decrees by no meanes can be forced.

M. Drayton.

In vaine doth man contend against the Starres,
For what he seekes to make, his wisedome marres.

S. Daniell.

---Humane

Frumme wittes neuer haue the power
To hurt or hale the course of heauen one hower.

Th. Hudson Transl.

Experience proues, and daily it is seene,
In vaine (too vaine) man strides against the heauens.

G. Gascoigne.

It is most true, that eyes are bound to seruie
The inward part, and that th'heauenly part
Ought to be King, from whose rules who doth swerue,
Rebelles to nature, strue for their owne smart.
True that true beauty, vertue is indeed,
Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,
Which elements, with mortall mixture breed,
True that on earth we are but pilgrimes made,
And should in soule vp to our country mouet.

Sr. Ph. Sydney.

Heauen is our home, we are but straungers here.

M. Drayton.

The heauens, earth, and aire, and seas and all,
Taught men to see, but not to shunne their fall.

S. Daniell.

Things which presage both good and ill there bee,
Which heauen fore shewes, yet will not let vs see.

M. Drayton.

From them comes good, from them comes also ill,
That which they made, who can them warne to spill.

Ed. Spencer.

In vaine be armes, when heauen becomes thy foe,

Idem.

Looke when the heauens are to iustice bent,
All things be turn'd to our iust punishment.

Idem.

All

All powers are subiect to the power of heauen,
Nor wrongs passe vnrewarded, although excus'd.

Idem.

Would heauen her beauties should be hid from sight,
Nere would she thus adorne her selfe with light,
With sparkling Lamps, nor would she paint her throne
But she delighted to be gaz'd vpon.
And when the glorious sunne goes downe,
Would she put on her starry bestudded crowne,
And in her making sure, the spangled skie,
Come forth to bride it with her reuelry,
Heauens gaue this gift to all things in creation,
That they in this should immitate their fashion.

Idem. M. Drayton.

Heauens influence was neuer constant yet,
In good or bad, as to continue it.

The Kyd.

If thou be wise hold this as ominous,
The heauens not like disposed euery houre,
The starres be still predominants in vs:
Fortune not alway sorth her bagge doth powre,
Nor euery cloude doth raine a golden showre.

M. Drayton.

Heart.

Free is the Heart, the temple of the minde,
The sanctuarie sacred from aboue,
Where nature keepes the keys that loose and binde,
No mortall hand force, open can that doore,
So close shut vp, and lock to all mankinde.

S. Daniell.

The bodies wound, by medicines may be eased,
But griefes of heart, by salues are not appeased.

R. Greene.

By thought of heart, the speech of tongue is carried.

S. I. Harr. Tran.

—— Happinesse, vid. Felicitie.

Hate.

Hate is the elder, loue the yonger brother,
Yet is the yonger stronger in his state
Then th'elder, and him mastereth still in all debate.

Ed. Spenser.

Nor Hate nor loue, did euer iudge aright,
Innated hate will hardly be displaste
Out of high hearts, and chiefly where debate
Happeneth amongst great persons of estate.

I. H. Mirr. of M.

Hatred must be beguilde by some new course,
Where states are strong, & Princes doubt their force.

S. Daniell.

Spight bites the dead, that liuing neuer darde.

Ed. Spencer.

Sildome doth malice want a meane to worke.

M. Drayton.

Hate hits the hie, and windes force tallest towers.
Hate is peculiar to a Princes state.

R. Greene.

Hatred accompanies prosperitie,
For one man greeueth at an others good:
And so much more we thinke our miserie,
The more that fortune hath with others stood.

So that we feld are seene as wisedome would,
To bridle time with reason as we should.

Th. Kyd.

Haste.

Oft times the greatest haste the worser speeds.

S. T. How Transl.

As busie braines must beat on tickle toyes,
As rash inuention breeds a raw deuice:
So suddein falles do hinder hastie loyes,
And as swift baits do fleetest fish intice,
So haste makes waste, and therefore now I say,
No haste but good, where wisedome beares the sway.

G. Gascoigne.

The swiftest bitch brings forth the blindest whelpes,
The hottest feuers coldest crampes ensue,
The naketest need, hath ouer-latest helpes.

Idem.

Hastie respect, repents when tis too late.

I. Markham.

Rashnesse sees all, but nothing can preuent.

M. Drayton.

Fore-iudging, puts out one of wisedomes eies,
----If by rashnesse valour haue got honour,
We blame the rashnesse, but reward the valour.

Ch. Fitz-Jeffrey.

O rash false heat wrapt in repentance cold,
Thy haste springs still blood, and here growes old.

W. Sh.

Hel.

Hell.

An hidious hole all vast withouten shape,
Of endlesse depth, orewhelm'd with ragged stone,
With ougly mouth and grisly iawes doth gape,
And to our sight confounds it selfe in one.
Here entred we, and yeeding forth anon
An horrible loathsly lake we might discerne
As blacke as pitch, that cleped is *Auerne*,
A deadly gulfe, where nought but rubbish growes,
With foule blacke swelth in clickned lumps that lies:
Which vp in th'aire such stinking vapour throwes:
That ouer, there may fly no fowle but dies,
Choakt with th'pestilent sauours that arise.

M. Sackville.

Thence come we to the horror and the hell,
The large great kingdomes and the dreadfull raigne,
Of *Pluto* in his throne where he did dwell,
The wide waste places and the hugie plaine,
The waylings, shrikes, and sundry sorts of paine,
The sighes, the sobbes, the deep and deadly groane,
Earth, aire, and all resounding plaine and mone.

Idem.

Then turning backe, in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heauy course with easie pace,
To yawning gulfe of deep *Auernus* hole,
And by that same an entrance darke and base,
With smoake and Sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to hell, their creature neuer past,
That back returned without heauenly grace.
But dreadfull furies, which their chaines haue brast,
And damned spryghts, sent forth to make ill men agast.

Ed. Spencer.

-----Darksome den of Auernus
Wher's no path to returne, nor starting holes to be scaping,
Destenr, death, and hell, and howling hidious hell-hound,
Loathsom streames of Stix, that nine times compasse Auernus.

Ab. Frauncc.

They passe the bitter waues of *Acheron*,
Where many soules sit wayling wofully:
And come to fiery flood of *Phlegeton*,
Whereas the damned ghoasts in torments fry,
And with sharpe shrilling shrikes do bootlesse cry:
Cursing high *Ioue*, the which them thither sene.

Ed. Spencer.

About the desart parts of Greece there is a vally low,
To which the roaring waters fall, that frō the mōtaines flow.
So rocks do ouershadow it, that scarse a man may vew
The open aire, no sun shines there, amidst this darkesom crew
Doth stand a citie, to the same belongs one onely gate,
But one at once may come therto, the entrance is so strait.
Cut out the rough maine stony rocke: this citie did belong
To Pluto, and because that he was doing ahwates wrong,
And kept a theeuish rable that in mischiefe did excell,
His citizens were diuels said, and citie named hell.

W. Warner.

Honour.

In woods, in waues, in warres doth honour dwell,
And will be found with peill and with paine:
Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell
Vnto her happie mansion attaine,
Before her gate hie God did sweat ordaine,
And wakefull watches euer to abide.

Ed. Spencer.

Honour

Honour is purchas'de by the deeds we doo.

Ch. Marlowe.

----Honour is not wonne
Vntill some honourable deed be donne.

Idem.

Danger bids seeke the softest way one way.
But what saith honour? honour saith not so.
Neuer retire with shame; this honour saith;
The worst that can befall one, is but death.

S. I. Harr.

In braue pursuit of honourable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the common seed,
Which vnto things of valerous pretence
Seemes to be borne by natiue influence:
As feates of armes, and loue to entertaine,
But chiefly skill to ride, doth seeme a science,
Proper to gentle blood; some others faine.
To manage steed. &c.

Ed. Spencer.

---Euer great imployment for the great,
Quickens the bloud, and honour doth beget.

S. Daniell.

----Promotion is a puffe,
These worldly honors are but shades of sweete:
Who seeke too much before they get enough,
Before they meet the meane, with death they meete.
With death they meete the hauen of all desire,
Where will must waine, and pride cannot aspire.

D. Lodge.

Honour a thing without vs, not our owne.

What doth auaile to haue a princely place,
A name of honour, and an high degree:
To come by kindred of a noble race,
Except we princely worthy noble bee,
The fruite declares the goodnesse of the tree.
Do brag no more of birth or linage than,
Sith vertue, grace, and manners make the man.

M. of M.

Search all thy bookes, and thou shalt finde therein,
That honour is more hard to hold then win.

G. Gascoigne.

Defeated honour neuer more is to be got againe.

W. Warner.

----Vile is honour, and a little vaine,
The which true worth and danger do not gaine.

S. Daniell.

Vertue can beare what can on vertue fall.
Who cheapneth honour must not stand on price.

M. Drayton.

It most behoues the honourable race
Of mightie peeres, true wisedome to sustaine a
And with their noble countenance to grace
The learned forheads without gifts or gaine.
Or rather learnd themselues behoues to bee,
That is the garland of nobilitie.

Ed. Spencer.

----If that honour haue one minutes staine,
An hundred yeares scant can it cleanse againe.

S. I. H. Transl.

A shame to fetch our long discent from kings,

And from great *Ioue* deriue our pedigree:
The braue atchiements of an hundred things,
Breathing vaine boasts the world to terrifie,
If we our selues do blot with infamie.
And staine the right and honour that is theirs,
Men cannot leaue their vertues to their heires.

M. Drayton.

Honour is grounded on the tickle yce.
The purest lawne most apt for euery spot.

Idem.

Honors shade, thrusts honors substance from his place.

I. Marston.

Honour by due right is vertues hire.

Th. Watson.

Honours without imployment of estate,
Are like to sun-beames without heate or light:
A noble man and not a magistrate
Shines halfe eclipsed in his clearest bright.
Ioyne heauenly gifts to earthly, light to light,
Let these great excellencies make a truce,
Fortune shall need no wheele-weight for her vse.

Th. Seuer.

Great is the choise that growes in youthfull minde,
When honour falles at variance with affection:
Nor could it yet be knowne or well defiude,
Which passion keeps the eares in subiection.
Both do allure, both doth the iudgements blinde,
Both do corrupt the hearts with strong infection,
Yet loe sometimes these liuers procure our weale,
Euen as one poyson doth another heale.

S. I. Harr. Trans.

The fiery sparkling precious Chrysolite
Spangled with gold, doth most transplendent shine:
The pearle grac'd by the ring, the ring by it,
The one, the others beautie doth refine:
And both together beauties do combine.
The iewell decks the golden haire that weares it,
Honour decks learning, that with honour reares it.

Ch. Fitz.

The inward touch that wounded honour beares,
Rests closely ranckling, and can find no ease,
Till death of one side cure this great disease.

S. Daniell.

Hope.

Faiths yonger sister that *Spenser* hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well:
Not all so chearfull seemed she of sight
As was her sister: whether dread did dwell
Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell:
Vpon her arme a siluer anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned euer as befell,
And euer vp to heauen as she did pray,
Her eyes were bent, he swarued other way.

Ed. Spencer.

——Hope a handsome maide,
Of chearfull looke and louely to behold:
In silken Samite she was light araide,
And her faire locks were wouen vp in gold:
She alway smilde, and in her hand did hold
An holy water-sprinkle, dipt in dewe,
With which she sprinkled fauours manifold.

On whom she list, and did great liking shewe,
Great liking vnto many, but true loue to fewe.

Idem.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

M. Shakespeare.

Wan Hope poore soule, on broken anchor sits,
Wringing his armes, as robbed of his blisse.

D. Lodge.

What better emperor can the body hold,
Then sacred Hope? the element from whence,
Vertue is drawne fresh looking, neuer old:
Matter most worthy of a strong defence.
It animates yoong men, and makes them bold,
Arming their hearts with holy influence,
It like a seale in tender thoughts doth presse
The perfect Image of all happinesse.

I. Markham.

--- Hope is double, and hath double power,
As being mortall, and immortall fram'de:
In th'one shee's mouelesse, certaine euery houre;
In th'other doubtfull, and incertaine nam'de.
Th'immortall Hope raines in a holy bowre,
In earthly closures is the mortall fram'de.
And these two contraries, where ere they meere,
Double delight, and make our thoughts more sweere.

Idem.

He that hopes least, leaues not to hope at all,
But hopes the most, hoping so little hope,
Augmenting of our hope, makes hope growe small:
And taking from it, giues it greater scope.

The

The desperate man which in dispaire doth fall,
Hopes by that end ill fortune to reuoke.
And to this hope belongs a second part,
Which we call confidence, which rules the hart.
This second part of hope, this confidence,
Doth *Tully* call a vertue that doth guide
The Spirit to an honest residence,
Without whose aide, no pleasure will abide
In our world-wearied flesh.

I. Markham.

All men are guests where hope doth hold the feast.

G. Gascoigne.

Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope,
So tickle is the state of earthly things,
And brings vs bale and bitter sorrowings,
That ere they come vnto their aimed scope,
They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
In stead of comfort which we should embrace.
This is the death of *Keysars* and of Kings,
Let none therefore that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieue at any vnluckie case.

Ed. Spenser.

Vnworthy they of grace, whom one denial
Excludes from faitest hope, without farther triall.

Idem.

Hope like the *Hyena* comming to be old,
Alters his shape, is turned to dispaire.

H. C.

Sorrow doth vtter what vs still doth grieue,
But hope forbids vs sorrow to beleeue.

Idem.

Our

---Our hopes good deceiues vs,
But that we would forgoe that seldome leaues vs.

Idem.

None without great hopes will follow such,
Whose power and honour doth not promise much.

S. Daniell.

Who nothing hopes, let him dispaire in nought.

Th. Achelly.

To liue in hope of that they meane to giue,
Is to deceiue our selues, and not to liue.

D. Lodge.

Hope lost, breeds griefe, griefe paine, and paine disease.

Th. Watson.

Our haps do turne as chaunces on the die.
Nor let him from his hope remoue,
That vnder him, hath mou'd the starres aboue.

M. Drayton.

Hope and hatch in time a man may gaine any woman.

A. Fraunce.

Hope well, feare not, marke this, be wise,
Droupe not, for to dispaire, is to die twise.

Ignoto.

Bad haps are helpe with hap, and good beliefe.

S. I. Harrington. Transl.

O Hope, how cunning with our cares to glose?
Griefes breathing poynt, the true man to desire,
The rest in sighes, the very thoughts repose,
As thou art milde, oh wert thou not a liar!
Faire speaking flattrie subtill soothing guile?
Ah Hope, in thee our sorrowes sweetly smile.

M. Drayton.

Humilitie.

He was an aged syre, hoary gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slowe,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight *Humilta*: they passe in stouping lowe,
For straight and narrow was the way that he did showe.

Ed. Spencer.

Humilitie to heaven, the step, the staire
Is, for deuotion, sacrifice, and praier.

M. Drayton.

The bending knee in safetie still doth goe,
When others stumble, as too stiffe to bowe.

Idem.

As on the vnsauourie stocke, the Lillie is borne,
And as the Rose growes on the pricking thorne,
So modest life with sobs of grieuous smart,
And cries deuout, comes from an humble hart.

Th. Hudson. Transl.

More honour in Humilitie, then safetie in malice,
Proud liuers prouue not monuments, saue vnely in their fallen.

W. Warner.

Ah God shield man that I should climbe,
and learne to looke aloft:
This reed is tipe, that oftentimes
great climers fall vnsoft.
In humble dale is footing fast,
the trode is not so fickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse haste,
yet is his mishe not mickle.

Ed. Spencer.

The

The lowly heart doth win the loue of all,
But pride at last, is sure of shamefull fall. *G. Tur.*

Hypocrisie.

---- Hypocrisie hath hired of Godlike diuersitie,
That speake to seruе, that serue to shift, that shift to spare by (guile.
And smoothe and soothe, and yet deceiue, with scripturnes esl
W. Warner. *(wiedom while.*
But let thē heaue their hādes to heauē, they shew they's here
That seeme deuout to cloake deceit, and say, but do *(ibell,*
Idem. *(not well.*
Who cloakes their mindes in hoods of holinesse
Are double villaines; and the Hypocrite
Is most odious in Gods glorious sight,
That takes his name to couer wickednesse. *I. Sy.*
Many vse examples to set godly faces
On impious hearts; those sinnes vse most excesse,
That seeke their shrowdes in fained holinesse.
G. Chapman. Vlde. Dissimulation.

Ielousie.

Shee seem'd of womans shape, but in her head
A thousand eyes she had that watch did keepe;
As many eares with which she harkened,
Her eyes want lids, and therefore neuer sleepe.
In stead of haire, her crowne snakes ouerspred,
Thus marched she forth of the darknes deepe,
Her tayle one serpent bigger then the rest,
Which she with knots fastened about her breast.
S. I. Harrington. Troyll.
A monster, others harme, selfe miserie
Beauties plague, vertues scourge, succour of lies. Who

Who since he hath by nature speciall grace,
So piercing pawes as spoile, when they embrace,
So nimble feete, as stirre though still on thornes,
So many men seeking their owne woe,
So ample eares that neuer good newes kowe,
Is it not ill that such a beast want hornes?

S. *Ph. Sydney.*

O hateful hellish snake what furie first
Brought thee from baleful house of *Proserpine*?
Where in her bosome, she thee long had nurst,
And fostered vp with bitter milke of tine,
Foule ielousie that reuiest loue diuine!
To day lesse dread, and ninth stabe living hart
With hateful thoughts to languish and repine,
And feed itself with self vnsauning smart,
Of all the passions in the mingle, thou vilest art.

Ed. Spencer.

O Ielousie, daughter of Enuie and loue,
Most wayward issue of a gentle sire,
Fostred with feares thy fathers ioies to proue,
Mirth marring monster, borne in subtilie,
Hateful vnto thy selfe, fly ing thy owne desire,
Feeding vpon suspect that doth renew thee,
Happie were Louers, if they neuer knew thee.
Thou hast a thousand gates thou entrest by,
Condemning trembling passions to our hart,
Hundred eyed *Argus*, euer making spy,
Pale haggo, infernall furie, pleasures mart,
Enuious obseruer, paying in euery part,
Suspitions fearefull, gazing still about the hart.

O would to God that loue could be without thee.

S. Daniell.

A new disease? I know not, new, or old;
But it may well be term'd, poore mortall plaine,
For like the pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the braine: first it begins
Solely to worke vpon the phantasie,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous aire,
As soone corrupts the iudgement, and from thence
Sends like contagion to the memorie,
Still each of other taking like infection,
Which as a searching vapour spreads itselfe,
Confusedly through euery sensiue part,
Till not a thought or motion in the minde,
Be farre from the blacke poyson of suspect.

B. Iohnson.

Where loue doth raigne, disturbing ielousie,
Doth call himselfe affections Gentilhell,
And in a peacefull houre, doth cry'e kill, kill,
Distempering gentle loue with his desire,
As ayre and water doth abate the fire:
This sound informer, this bare-breeding spie,
This canker that eates vp this tender spring,
This carry tale, discemio'si ealousie!

W. Shakespeare.

Fowle weather'd ielousie to a forward spring,
Makes weeds growe ranke, but spoiles a better thing,
Sowes tares gainst harueſt in the fields of loue,
And dogged humor dog dayes like doth prooue,
Scorching loues glorious world with glowing iong,
A serpent by which loue to death is stonge
A foe to waste his pleasant summer bowers,

Ru-

Runne his minsteed, and deface his bowers.

E. Guilpin.

Pale Iealousie childe of infaiat loue,
Of heartsickle thoughts, which melancholy bred,
A hell tormenting feare, no faith can moue:
By discontent wisht deadly poyson fed,
With heedlesse youth and error vaiuly led.
A mortall plague, a vertue growing floud,
A hellish fier, not quenched but with blood.

Mr. Drayton.

What state of life more pleasant can we finde,
Then these that true and heartie loue do beare?
Whom that sweet yoake doth fast together binde,
That man in Paradice first learnd to weare.
Were not some so tormented in their minde
With that same vile suspect that filthy feare,
That torture great, that foolish phrenezie,
That raging madnes, called Iealousie,
For euery other sower that gets a place
To seate it selfe amidst this pleasant sweete,
Helpes in the end to giue a greater grace,
And make loues ioies more gracious then they were,
He that abstaines from sustenance a space,
Shall finde both bread and water relish sweete.

S. I. Harr. Transl.

——Iealousie is *Cupids* foode,
For the swift steed runnes not so fast alone,
As when some other striue him to out goe.

Ed. Fairfax. Transl.

Loue wakes the iealous eye, leaft then it moues
The iealous eye, the more it lookes it loues.

S. Ph. Sydney.

----No iealousie can that preuent,
Whereas two parties once be full content.

Idem.

Impatience changeth smoake to flame, but iealousie to hell.

W. Warner.

On loue, saies some, waits iealousie, but iealousie wants loue
When curiously the ouerplus doth idle quarels moue. *Idem.*

----Where iealousie is bred,
Hornes in the mind, are worse then hornes in the hed.

B. Iohnson.

That canker-worme, that monster iealousie,
Which eates the heart, and feeds vpon the gall,
Turning all loues delight to miserie,
Through feare of loosing his felicite.

Ed. Spencer.

Shun iealousie that hart-breake loue, if cat will go to kinde,
Be sure that Io hath a meanes, that Argus shall be blinde.

VV. Warner.

True loue doth looke with pale suspicious eie,
Take away loue, if you take iealousie.

M. Drayton.

No beast is fierer then a iealous woman. S. *Daniell.*

Idlenesse.

Prides coach was drawne of sixe vnequall beasts,
On which her sixe sage counsellours did ride:
Taught to obey her bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kindes applide.
Of which the first that all the rest did guide,
Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nurse of sinne,

Vpon a slothfull Asse he chose to ride,
Arraid in habit black and amis thin,
Like to an holy Monke, the seruice to begin.

Ed. Spencer.

----Idlenesse pure innocence subuerts,
Defiles our bodie, and our soule peruerts:
Yea sobarest men it makes delicious,
To vertue dull, to vice ingenious.

I. Syl. Transl.

----Ill humours by excessiue ease are bred,
And sloath corrupts and choakes the vitall sprights,
It kills the memorie, and hurts the sights.

D. Lodge.

----Drowsie sloth that counterfeiteth lame
With Snaile-like motion measuring the ground:
Hauing her armes in willing fetters bound,
Foule, sluggish drone, barren (but sinne to breed)
Diseased, begger, staru'd with sinfull need.

I. Siluester.

If thou flie Idlenesse, *Cupid* hath no might,
His bowe lyeth broken, his torch hath no light.

Ignorance.

At last with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow:
That on a staffe his feeble limbs did frame,
And guide his weary gate both too and fro.
For his eye-sight him failed long ago,
And on his arme a bunch of keyes he bore,
The which vnvsed, rust did ouergrow.

But very vncouth sight was to [illegible]
How he did fashion his vnseemly pace:
For as he forward mou'd his footing old,
So backward still was turned his wrinckled face:
Vnlike to men who euer as they trace
Both feete and face one way are wont to lead,
His name *Ignaro*, did his nature right aread.

Ed. Spenser.

Image of hellish horror, Ignorance,
Borne in the bosome of the blacke abisse,
And fed with furies milke for sustenance,
Of his weake infancie begot amisse:
By gnawing sloth, vpon his mother night,
So he his sonnes, both Syre and brother highe.

Idem.

----All is turned into wilderness,
Whilest Ignorance the Muses doth oppresse.

Idem.

----Hell and darknesse and the grisly graue,
Is Ignorance, the enemy of grace:
That minds of men borne heauenly, doth deface.

Idem.

Tis nought but showes that Ignorance esteemes
The thing possest, is not the thing it seemes.

S. Daniell.

----Great ill vpon desert doth chance,
When it doth passe by beastly Ignorance.

M. Dray.

Impatience.

Impatience changeth smoake to flame, but ieaulousie to hell.

W. Warner.

Make not thy griefs so great by thy suppose,
Let not Impatience aggrauate thy woes.

D. Lodge.

Infamie.

----To attempt hie daunger euident,
Without constraint or need is Infamie.
And honour turnes to rashnesse in th'euent:
And who so dares, not caring how he dares,
Sells vertues name, to purchase foolish cares.

I. Markham.

----Reproach
A vile disease that neuer time can cure.

M. Drayton.

Sinne in a chaine leades on her sister shame,
And both in giues fast fettered to defame.

Idem.

Thy name once foild, incurable the blot,
Thy name defaste which touchd with any staine,
And once supplanted neuer growes againe.
Gainst open shame no text can well be cited,
The blow once giuen cannot be euited.

M. Drayton.

Ingratitude.

Vnthankfulnesse is that great sin,
Which made the diuel and his angels fall:
Lost him and them the ioyes that they were in,
And now in hell detaines them bound and thrall.

S. I. Harr. Transl.

Thou hatefull monster base Ingratitude,
Soules mortall poyson, deadly killing wound: De-

Deceitfull serpent seeking to delude,
Blacke loathsome ditch, where all desert is drown'd:
Vile pestilence, which all things doest confound.
At first created to no other end,
But to greeue those, whom nothing could offend.

M. Drayton.

Ingratefull who is call'd the worst of ill is spoken.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Tis true that slaue whom *Pompey* did promote,
Was he, that first assaid to cut his throte. *D. Lodge.*

Innocencie.

A plaint of guiltlesse hurt doth pierce the skie.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Sildome vntoucht doth Innocencie escape,
When errour commeth in good counsels shape.
A lawfull title, countercheck proud might,
The weakest things, become strong props to right.

M. Drayton.

Pure Innocence sildome suspecteth ought.

Idem.

A guiltlesse mind doth easily deeme the best.

M. of M.

The lyon licks the sores of silly wounded sheep,
The dead mãs course doth cause the crocodile to weep.
The waues that wast the rocks refresh the rottẽ weeds,
Such ruth the wrack of innocence in cruel creatures breeds.

M. of M.

Well gaue that Iudge his doome vpon the death
Of *Titus Lelius* that in bed was slaine:
When euery wight the cruell murder saith

To his two sonnes that in his chamber laie,
That ludge that by the proofe perceiueth plaine
That they were found fast sleeping in their bed,
Hath deem'd them guiltlesse of this bloudy shed.
He thought it could not be that they which brake
The lawes of God and man in such outrage,
Could so forthwith themselues to rest betake:
He rather thought the horror and the rage
Of such an hainous gilt, could neuer swage,
Nor neuer suffer them to sleepe or rest,
Or dreadlesse breathe one breath out of their brest.

M. Sacknile.

Inconstancie.

Vnto the world such is Inconstancie,
As sappe to tree, as apple to the eie. *D. Lodge.*

Ioye.

All like as sicker as the end of woe is Ioye,
And glorious light to obscure night doth tend,
So extreame Ioy in extreame woe doth end.

M. of M.

For why extreames are haps rackt out of course,
By violent might far swinged forth perforce:
Which as they are piercingst they violentest moue:
For that they are nere to cause that doth them shoue,
So soonest fall from that their highest extreame.
To th'other contrary that doth want of meane,
So laugh'd he erst that laughed out his breath.

Idem.

The pleasing meanes bode not the luckiest ends,
Nor aye, sound treasure to like pleasure tends. Mind

Mirth meanes not mirth alwaies chrice happie lyne
Of witte to shun th'excesse that all desire.

Idem.

Ioy lighteneth woe, woe Ioy doth moderate.

M. Drayton.

Ioy is forgetfull, weale thinkes not of woe.

Idem.

——Ioy ascends, but sorrow sinks below.

Ch. Fitz.

Fruits follow flowers, and sorrow greatest Ioyes.
As sudden griefe, so sudden Ioy doth kill.

Th. Achelly.

The Romane widow died when she beheld
Her sonne who erst she counted slaine in field.

G. Gascoigne.

——Excessiue Ioy
Leapeth and likes finding the *Appian way*
Too strait for her: whose sences all possesse
All wished pleasure, in all plenteousnesse.

I. Sylvester.

Iniustice.

Iniustice neuer yet tooke lasting roote.
Nor held that long, Impietie did winne.

S. Daniell.

So foule a thing, ô thou Iniustice art,
That torment st both the doer and distrest;
For when a man hath done a wicked part,
O how he striues to excuse, to make the best:
To shift the fault: vnburden his charge hart.
And glad to find the least surmise of rest.

And if he could make his, seeme others sin,
O what repose, what ease he findes therein.

Idem.

Iniustice neuer scapes vnpunisht still,
Though men reuenge not, yet the heauens will.

Idem.

Iustice.

Now when the world with sin gan to abound,
Astrea loathing longer here to space
Mongst wicked men in whom no truth she found,
Returnd to heauen whence she deriu'd her race,
Where she hath now an euerlasting place,
Mongst those twelue signes which rightly we do see,
The heauens bright shining bawdrick to inchace:
And is the virgin sixt in her degree,
And next her self, her righteous ballance hanging bee.

Ed. Spencer.

Then iustice comes the last of all the gods,
That left her residence here on the earth:
For lacke of whom the world grew all at ods,
And man to man curses each others birth.
For then vsurping wrong succeeded straight,
That no man knew how long to hold his rights
Then calls the world for Iustice back againe,
Complaining how they now were ouerrunne,
And they would suffer any scourging paine,
In pennance for those sinnes themselues had donne,
For that their wickednesse did force that power
To leaue the seate whereas she sate before,
Whereas the Gods did in their courts decree,
Iustice should be transformed to the starres:

Where

There foolish men might euery minute see
Her that should helpe these miseries of theirs,
But stand like *Tantalus* within those brinkes,
Where he sees water, but yet neuer drinkes.

Ch. Middleton.

--- Faire *Astrea* of the *Titans* line,
Whom equitie and iustice made diuine.

Mi. Drayton.

---- Well did the Anticke world inuent,
That Iustice was a God of soueraigne grace,
And Altars vnto him and temples lent,
And heauenly honours in the highest place.
Calling him, great *Osyris* of the race,
Of th'old Ægyptian Kings, that whilome were,
With fained colours shading a true case:
For that *Osyris* whilst he liued here,
The iustest man aliue and truest did aspire.
His wife was *Isis*, whom they likewise made
A goddesse of great power and soueraignetie:
And in her person cunningly did shade,
That part of Iustice which is equitie.

Ed. Spencer.

Vntill the world from his perfection fell,
Into all filth and foule iniquitie:
Astrea here mongst earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of iustice then and stumbled well.

Idem.

Where Iustice growes, there growes eke quiet grace,
The which doth quench the brand of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.

Idem.

---Sparing

—Sparing Iustice, feeds iniquitie.

W. Shakespeare.

The first was *Bacchus*, that with furious might,
All th'east before vntam'de did ouerrunne,
And wrong repressed and establisht right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly foredone,
Their iustice forc't her princely rule begunne.
Next *Hercules*, his like ensample shewed,
Who all the west with equall conquest wonne.
And monstrous Tirants with his club subdued,
The club of Iustice dread, with kingly power endued.

Ed. Spencer.

Who so vpon himselfe will take the skill,
And Iustice vnto people to deuide,
Had need of mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth, with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride.
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And make wrong doers Iustice to deride
Vnlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might,
For power is the right-hand of iustice truly hight.

Idem.

Offences vrg'd in publike, are made worse,
The shew of Iustice aggrauates despight:
The multitude that looke not to the cause,
Rest satisfied, so it be done by lawes.

S. *Daniel.*

It often falles in course of common life,
That right long time is ouerborne of wrong,
Through auarice or power, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her partie strong,

But

But Iustice though her doome she do prolong,
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right.

Ed. Spencer.

Good causes need not curious termes, & equall Iudges beare
The equitie, not eloquence.

W. Warner.

Who passeth iudgement for his priuate gaine,
He well may iudge he is adiudg'd to paine.

R. Greene.

Kings.

Kings are the Gods vicegerents on the earth,
The Gods haue power, Kings from that power haue (might:
Kings should excell in vertue and in birth:
Gods punish wrongs, & kings should maintaine right,
They be the sunnes from which we borrow light,
And they as Kings, should still in iustice striue
With Gods, from whom their beings they deriue.

M. Drayton.

The baser is he comming from a King,
To shame his hopes with deeds degenerate:
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing,
That makes him honoured, or begets him hate:
For greater scandall waits on greater state.
The Moone being clouded, presently is mist,
But litle starres may hide them where they list.
The Crowe may bathe his cole-blacke wing in mire,
And vnperceiu'd, flie with the filth away,
But if she like the snow white swan desire,
The staine vpon his siluer downe will stay,
Poore groomes are sightles nights, kings glorious day.

Gnats

Gnats are vnnoted wherefoeuer they flie,
But Eagles are gaz'd vpon with euery eie.

W. Shakespeare.

--- Since the heauens strong arms teach Kings, to stãd,
Angells are plac't about the glorious throne,
To gard it from the stroakes of traitrous hand.

Th. Dekker.

When thou becom'st an earthly God, mens faults to ouersee,
Forget not that eternall God, that ouerlooketh thee.

W. Warner.

The least part of a King is allowing him, and none
Lesse priuate then a Prince, the weale or woe of euery one.

Idem.

He and his people make but one, a body, weake or strong,
As doth the head, the limbs, or limbs the head assist, or wrõg.

Idem.

Kings, Lords of times and of occasions,
May take th'aduantage when and how they list.

S. Daniell.

Kings will be alone, Competitors must downe.
Neare death he stands, that stands to weare a crowne.

Idem.

--- It is a daungerous thing
In rule of loue, but once to crosse a King.

M. Drayton.

Endles cares concur with crowns, a bitter sweeting is raign.

W. Warner.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balme from an anoynted King:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputie elected by the Lord.

W. Shakespeare.

He

He knowes not what it is to be a King,
That thinkes a Scepter is a pleasant thing.

R. Greene.

A glittering Crowne doth make the haire soone gray,
Within whose circle, a king is but arrested,
In all his feasts hee's but with sorrow feasted,
And when his feete disdaine to touch the mold,
His head's a prisoner in a laile of Gold.

M. Drayton.

Vnhappy Kings that neuer can be taught,
To know themselues, or to discerne their fault.

S. Daniell.

---No outragious thing
From vassall actors can be wipte away,
The Kings misdeeds can not be hid in clay.

W. Shakespeare.

No Scepter serues dishonour to excuse,
Nor kingly vaile can couer villainie,
Fame is not subiect to authoritie.

M. Drayton.

---Thinke not, but Kings are men, and as the rest miserie,
Saue that their fame and infamy continually doth tarry.

VV. VVarner.

Kings want no meanes to accomplish what they will.

M. Drayton.

Mislikes are silly lets where Kings resolue them,
Where counsell chasing will hath emperie,
Deeds are too prest for reason to dissolue them,
In mightie mindes a grounded vanitie,
Like springs that ceaslesse neuer stoppeth,
Vntill her neighbour Oake she ouertoppeth.

D. Lodge.

---Great

----Great men too well grac'd, much rigor vse,
Presuming fauorites mischiefe euer bring:
So that concluding, I may boldly speake,
Minions too great, argue a king too weake.

S. Daniell.

New kings do feare when old kings farther straine,
Establisht state to all things will consent.

Idem.

----Good from kings must not be drawne by force.

Idem.

A Scepter like a pillar of great height,
Whereon a mightie building doth depend:
Which when the same is ouer-prest with waight,
And past his compasse forc't thereby to bend.
His massie roofe downe to the ground doth send.
Crushing the lesser part, and murthering all
Which stand within the compasse of his fall.

M. Drayton.

Too true that tyrant *Dyonisius*
Did picture out the image of a king:
When *Damocles* was placed in his throne,
And ore his head a threatning sword did hang,
Fastened vp only by a horses haire.

R. Greene.

Kingdomes.

A rule there is, not failing but most sure,
Kingdome no kin doth know, ne can endure.

M. of M.

Thebes, Babell, Rome, these proud heauē daring wonders
Loe vnder ground in dust and ashes lie,

For

For earthly kingdomes, euen as men do die.

A. Sylueſter. Tranſl.

If thou wilt mightie be, flie from the rage
Of cruell will, and ſee thou keep thee free
From the fowle yoake of ſenſuall bondage:
For though thy Empire ſtretcheth to *Indian* ſea,
And for thy feare trembleth the farthest *Thule*,
If thy deſire haue ouer thee the power,
Subiect then art thou, and no gouernour.

E. of Surrey.

Knowledge.

Through knowledge we behold the worlds creation,
How in his cradle first he foſtered was:
And iudge of natures cunning operation,
How things ſhe formed of a formeleſſe maſſe.
By knowledge we do learne our ſelues to [illegible]owe,
And what to man, and what to God we owe:
From hence we mount aloft vnto the skie,
And looke into the chriſtall firmament:
There we behold the heauens great *Hierarchie*.
The ſtarres pure light, the ſpheares ſwift mouement,
The ſpirits and intelligences faire:
And Angels waiting on th'almighties chaire.
And there with humble mind and hie in ſight,
Th'eternall makers maieſtie we viewe,
His loue, his faith, his glory and his might,
And mercy more then mortall men can viewe.

Ed. Spencer.

Soule of the world, knowledge withouten thee,
What hath the earth that's truly glorious.

Why

Why should our pride make such a stirre to bee,
To be forgot? What good is like to this?
To do worthy the writing, and to write,
Worthy the reading, and the worlds delight.

S. Daniell.

What difference twixt man and beast is left,
When th'heauenly light of knowledge is put out,
And the ornaments of wisedome are bereft?
Then wandreth he in errour and in doubt,
Vnweeting of the daunger he is in,
Through fleshlesse frailtie, and deceit of sin.

Ed. Spencer.

—— Our new knowledge hath for tedious traine,
A drouping life, an ouerracked braine:
A face forlorne, a sad and sullen fashion,
A restlesse toyle, and cares selfepining passion.
Knowledge was then euen the soules foule for light,
The spirits calme port, and lanthorne shining bright.
To thait-stept feet cleare knowledge: not confusde,
Not sower but sweete, not gotten, but infusde.

I. Syl. Transl.

—— We see to know, men still are glad,
And yet we see knowledge oft makes men mad.

S. I. H. Transl.

Who so knowes most, the more he knowes to doubt,
The best discourse, is commonly most stout.

S. Daniell.

—— Common is the proofe
That enuying is not cunning if it standeth not aloofe.

W. Warner.

By knowledge thine, thou hast no name,
Least others know, thou know'st the same.

Skill

Skill comes too slow, and life so fast doth flie.
We learne so little, and forget so much. *I. Davies.*

Vid. Learning.

Labour.

Where ease abounds, it's death to do amisse,
But who his limbs with labours, and his minde
Behaues with cares, cannot so easie misse;
Abroad in armes, at home in studious kinde,
Who seekes with painfull toyle, shall honor soonest (finde.

Ed. Spencer.

Learne with the Ant in sommer to prouide,
Driue with the Bee the drone from out the hiue,
Build like the Swallow in the sommer tide.

D. Lodge.

Much labor is too litle, that should houshold charge defraye.

W. Warner.

----Industry well cherisht to his face,
In sun-shine walkes in spight of sower disgrace.

M. Roydon.

The noblest borne dame should industrious bee,
That which doth good, disgraceth no degree.

G. Chapman.

Let Mandeuile *example be to men not to be idle*
In amorous passions: labour is to loue at least a bridle.

W. Warner.

Adams labour in *Eden.*

----*Edens* earth was then so fertill and so fat,
That he made only sweet assaies in that.
Of skilfull industry and naked wrought,
More for delight, then for the gaine he sought,

In briefe, it was a pleasant exercise,
A labour like, a paine much like the guise
Of cunning dauncers, who although they skip
Run, caper, vault, trauerse and turne and trip,
From morne til euen, at night againe full merry
Renew their daunce, of dauncing neuer weary:
Or els of hunters, that with happie lucke,
Rowsing betimes some often breathed bucke
Or goodly stagge, their yelping hounds vncouple,
Wind loud their horns, their hoopes & hallows double
Sputre on and spare not, following their desire:
Themselues vnweary, though their hacknies tire.
But for in th'end of all their iollitie
Their's found much stifnesse, sweat and vanitie;
I rather match it to the pleasing paine
Of Angels pure, who euer sloth disdaine.
Or to the Suns calme course, who plainlesse aye
About the welkin poasteth night and day.

I. Syl. Transl.

Learning.

O blessed letters that combine in one
All ages past, and make one liue with all:
By you we do conferre, with who are gone,
And the dead liuing vnto counsaile call.
By you the vnborne shall haue communion
Of what we feele, and what doth best befall.

S. *Daniell.*

By the cleare beames of learnings light,
We tread the obscure pathes of Sages right. *Idem.*
----But that learning in despight of fate

Will

Will mount aloft and enter heauen gate:
And to the ſeat of *Ioue* it ſelfe aduance,
Hermes had ſlept in hell with ignorance.
Yet as a puniſhment they added this,
That he and pouertie ſhould alwaies kis.
And to this day is euery ſcholler poore,
Groſſe gold from them runnes headlong to the boore.

Ch. Marlowe.

Of little worth is learnings worthy skill,
Where Pilots wiſedome is not perfect ſtill.
Corinnaes praiſe, and *Sapphoes* are diſcerned
Aboue the reſt, becauſe they both were learned.

S. I. Harr. Tranſl.

K. *Cecrops* and his royall ſeed did honor *Athenee* ſo,
As that from thence are ſaid the ſprings of ſciences to (flow.

W. Warner.

Lechery.

Next vnto him rode luſtfull Lechery
Vpon a bearded Goat, whoſe rugged haire
And whally eyes (the ſigne of iealouſie)
Was like the perſons ſelfe whom he did beare,
Who rough and blacke and filthy did appeare:
Vnſeemly man to pleaſe faire Ladies eie,
Yet he of Ladies oft was loued deare,
When fairer faces were bid ſtanden by,
O who doth know the bent of womens fantaſie?

Ed. Spencer.

Incontinence, dull ſleepe, and idle bed,
All vertue from the world haue baniſhed,

The tickling flames which our fond ſoules ſurprize,
(That dead a while in *Epilepſie* lies)
Doth ſtarke our ſinewes all by little and little,
Drawing our reaſon in fowle pleaſure brittle.

I. Syl. Tranſl.

Loue comforteth like ſun-ſhine after raine,
But luſts effect, is tempeſt after ſunne:
Loues gentle ſpring doth alwaies freſh remaine,
Luſts winter comes ere ſommer halfe be donne.
Loue ſurfets not, but like a glutton dies,
Loue is all truth, luſt full of forced lies.

W. Shakeſpeare.

Where whoredome raignes, there murder follows faſt,
As falling leaues before the winters blaſt.

R. Greene.

Luſt is a fire, and for an houre or twaine
Giueth a ſcorching blaze, and then he dies.

H. C.

O deeper ſinne then bottomleſſe conceit
Can comprehend in ſtill imagination:
Drunken deſire muſt vomit his receit,
Ere he can ſee his owne abhomination:
While luſt is in his pride, no exclamation
Can cure his heate, or raigne his raſh deſire,
Till like a Iade, ſelfe-will himſelfe do tire.

W. Shakeſpeare.

Luſt neuer taketh ioy in what is due,
But leaues knowne delights, to ſeeke out new.

S. Daniell.

In chaſtitie is euer proſtitute,
Whoſe trees we loath when we haue pluckt the fruite.

G. Chapman.

Eſchue

Eſchue vile *Venus* toyes, ſhe cuts off age,
And learne this leſſon of (and teach thy friend)
By pocks, death ſudden, begging, harlots end.

M. of M.

The lechars toong is neuer voyd of guile,
Nor Crocodile wants teares to win his praie:
The ſubtilleſt temptor hath the ſweeteſt ſtile,
With rareſt muſicke, Syrens ſoon'ſt betraie.

M. Drayton.

Luſt puts the moſt vnlawfull things in vre,
Nor yet in limits euer could be bounded,
Till he himſelfe himſelfe hath quite confounded.

Idem.

Abandon luſt, if not for ſin, yet to auoyd the ſhame,
So hogs of Ithacus his men the Latian witch did frame.

VV. Warner.

That great Phiſition that had liu'd in helth & age admirde,
Did anſwer askt the cauſe, not he had done, as fleſh deſirde.

Idem.

The Spartans war for rapted queene to Ilions ouerthrow,
The Monarch of Aſſiria chang'd, and Latine kings alſo,
For Tarquins luſt. *Idem.*

Each houſe for luſt a harbor and an Inne,
Each citie is a ſanctuary for ſinne.
And all do pitie beautie in diſtreſſe,
If beautie chaſte, then onely pittileſſe.

M. Drayton.

Lawes.

Deriue thy lawes from wiſeſt heads, to be vpholden ſtill,
Not adding or abſtracting, as conceited tirebrains will.

Encourage good men by thy loue, reforme the bad by lawe,
Reserue an eare for either plea, and borrow leaue of awe.

VV. VVarner.

In vaine be counsells statutes, humaine lawes,
When chiefe of Councells pleades the iustest cause.

M. Drayton.

So constantly the Iudges conster lawes,
That all agree still with the stronger cause.

M. of M.

Pansamias and *Lisander*, by their swords
And warlike vertues made *Lacana* rich,
Fame followed them where they the tents did pitch,
But graue *Licurgus* by his lawes and words,
Did merit more then these renowned Lords.

D. Lodge.

Licurgus for good lawes, lost his owne libertie,
And thought it better to prefer common commoditie.

G. Gascoigne.

That Lawyer though he more by art the right doth ouerthrow
Consents to sin, deceiues the Iudge, wrõg right is iustice foe.

VV. VVarner.

Libertie.

Sweete libertie to vs giues leaue to sing,
What world it was where loue the rule did beare,
How foolish chaunce by lots rul'd euery thing,
How errour was maine saile, each waue a teare.
The Mr. lone himselfe; deepe sighes weare winde,
Cares rowd with vowes, the ship vnmerry minde.
False hope as firme oft turn'd the boate about,
In constant faith stood vp for middle mast,

Dispaire

Dispaire the cable, twisted all with doubt,
Held griping griefe the piked Anchor fast,
Bewtie was all the rockes.

VV. Watson.

O liberty how much is that man blest,
Whose happie fortunes do his fates areede,
That for deserts reioyces to be freede?

Th. Storer.

Sweete libertie the lifes best liuing flame.

I. Markham.

Our lands may come againe, but libertie once lost,
Can neuer find such recōpence as counteruails the cost.

G. Gascoigne.

Learne freedome and felicitie, haukes flying where they list,
Be kindlier & more sound then haukes best tended to the fist.

vv. vvarner.

He liues to die a noble death, that life forefreed once spends.

Idem.

----The name of Libertie,
The watchword of rebellion euer vsde,
The idle Eccho of vncertaintie
That euermore the simple hath abusde.

S. *Daniell.*

Life.

--- All mans life me seemes a Tragedie,
Full of sad sighes and sore *Catastrophes*,
First comming to the world with weeping eie,
Where all his dayes like dolorous *Trophies*,
Are heapt with spoyles of fortune and of feare.
And he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

Ed. Spencer.

Our

Our life is but a ſtep in duſtie way.

S. Phil. Sidney.

This mortall life as death is tride,
And death giues life.

M. Roydon.

What in this life we haue or can deſire,
Hath time of growth and moment of retire.

D. Lodge.

Our bodies, euery foot-ſtep that they make,
March toward death, vntill at laſt they die:
Whether we worke or play, or ſleep or wake,
Our life doth paſſe, and with times wings doth flie.

I. Dauies.

The life of man a warfare right, in body and in ſoule,
Reſignes his robbed carkaſſe to be rolled in the mould.

W. Warner.

----The terme of life is limited.
Ne may a man prolong or ſhorten it,
The ſouldier may not moue from watchfull ſtid,
Nor leaue his ſtand vntill his captaine bid.

Ed. Spencer.

The longer life I wot the greater ſin,
The greater ſin, the greater puniſhment.

Idem.

Thus paſſeth with the ouerplus of life,
The pleaſant ſpring and flower of mortall life:
The Aprils pompe once ſubiect to decay,
Returnes not in the bud that earſt was rife.
Whileſt mornings weepe, the liuely flower doth boſt,
Then pluck the ſtalke, and let not it be loſt.

D. Lodge.

The

The ſunne doth ſet and brings againe the day,
But when our life is gone, we ſleepe for aye.

Th. Ach.

Sunne ſets and riſeth, goes downe and quickly reniueth,
But mans light once out, eternall darkneſſe abideth.

Ab. Fraunce.

All mortall men muſt from this life be gone,
Of life and death, there are more ſoules then one.
The greateſt and moſt glorious thing on ground,
May often need the helpe of weakeſt hand,
So feeble is mans ſtate, and life vnſound,
That in aſſurance it may neuer ſtand,
Till it diſordered be from earthly band.

Ed. Spencer.

--- The reſtleſſe life which men here lead,
May be reſembled to the tender plant:
It ſprings, it ſprouts, as babes in cradle breed,
Flouriſh in May, like youthes that wiſedome want,
In Autumne ripe, and rots leaſt ſtore waxe ſcant.
In winter ſhrinkes and ſhrowdes from euery blaſt,
Like crooked age, when luſtie youth is paſt.

G. Gaſcoigne.

The wicked liuers oftentimes haue wicked ends.

S. I. H.

Life is not loſt ſaid ſhe, for which is bought
Endles renowne, that more then death is to be ſought.

Ed. Spencer.

Better it is for one to liue obſcure,
Then in a publike ſtate to liue vnſure.

D. Lodge.

No life is bleſt that is not grac't with loue.

B. Ihonſon.

They

They double life that dead things griefe sustaine,
They kill, that feele not their friends liuing paine.
G. Chapman.
That life's ill spar'd that's spar'd to cast more bloud.
S. Daniell.

Loue.

Of Loue's perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define:
Indeed doth farre surpasse our reasons reach,
And needs this priest t'expresse his power diuine:
For long before the world he was yborne,
And bred aboue in *Venus* bosome deare,
For by his power the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.
Ed. Spencer.
Loue is the Lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powerfull saw:
All being made the vassalls of his might,
Through secret sence, which thereto doth them draw.
Idem.
Vapour eterne in man, in beast, in tree,
In plant and flower is loue, (and so of might)
For in the world may not contained bee,
Without accord and Loues imperiall right.
Yet wends the foxe in holy hood full oft,
And craft in stead of truth, beares crest aloft.
D. Lodge.
---- That true Loue which dauncing did inuent,
Is he that tun'd the worlds whole harmonie,
And link't all men in sweete societie,

He

He first exaulted from th'earth mingled minde,
That heauenly fier or quintessence diuine,
Which doth such sympathy in bewtie finde,
As is betwixt the Elme and fruitfull Vine,
And so to beautie euer doth encline.
Lifes life it is, and cordiall to the hart,
And of our better part, the better part.

I. Dauies.

Sweete loue is a celestiall harmonie,
Of likely hearts compos'd of hearts consent,
Which ioy together in sweete sympathie,
To worke each others kind and true content,
Which they haue harboured since their first discent,
Out of these heauenly bowers, where they do see
And know each other here belou'd to bee.

Ed. Spencer.

Iron with wearing shines, rust wasteth treasure
On earth, but Loue there is no other pleasure.

H. Constable.

Loue a continuall fornace doth maintaine.

Idem.

Wealth maister is, and porter of the gate,
That lets in loue, when want shall come too late.

Th. Churchyard.

----Loue to heauen is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth vsurpt his name,
Vnder whose simple semblance he hath fled
Vpon fresh bewtie blotting it with blame,
Which the hot tyrant staines, and soone bereaues,
As caterpillers, do the tender leaues.

W. Sh.

Loue

Loue is a ſpirit all compact of fier,
Not groſſe to ſinke, but light and will aſpire.

Idem.

Loue is a golden bubble full of dreames,
That waking breakes, and fills vs with extreames.

G. Chapman.

Loue is a diſcord and a ſtrange diuorce,
Betwixt our ſence and reſt, by whoſe power,
As mad with reaſon, we admit that force,
Which wit or labour neuer may diuorce.
It is a will that brooketh no conſent,
It would refuſe, yet neuer may repent.
--- Loue's a deſire, which for to waight a time,
Doth looſe an age of yeares, and ſo doth paſſe,
As doth the ſhadow ſeuerd from his prime,
Seeming as though it were, yet neuer was.
Leauing behind, nought but repentant thoughts,
Of dayes ill ſpent, of that which profits noughts.
It's now a peace, and then a ſudden warre,
A hope conſumde before it is conceiu'd,
At hand it feares, and menaceth a farre,
And he that gaines, is moſt of all deceiu'd.
Loue whets the dulleſt wits his plagues be ſuch,
But makes the wiſe by pleaſing, dote as much.

E. O.

Loue is a brain-ſicke boy, and fierce by kind,
A wilfull thought, which reaſon cannot moue,
A flattering Sycophant, a murdering theefe,
A poyſoned choaking baite, a ticing greefe.
A Tyrant in his lawes, in ſpeech vnknowne,
A blindfold guide, a feather in the winde:

A right

A right Chamelion for change of hew.
A lame-lime-luſt, a tempeſt of the minde.
A breach of charitie, all vertues foe,
A priuate warre, a toilſome web of woe.
A fearefull iealouſie, a vaine deſire,
A labyrinth, a pleaſing miſerie,
A ſhipwracke of mans life, a ſmoakeleſſe fier,
A ſhip of teares, a laſting lunacie.
A heauie ſeruitude, a dropſie thirſt,
A helliſh Iaile, whoſe captiues are accurſt.

Th. Watſon.

A ſugred harme, a poyſon full of pleaſure,
A painted ſhrine, ful fill'd with rotten treaſure,
An heauen in ſhew, a hell to them that proue,
A broken ſtaffe, which fully doth vphold,
A flower, that fades with euery froſtie cold:
An Orient roſe, ſprung from a withered plant,
A game in ſeeming, ſhadowed ſtill with want.
A minutes ioy to gaine a world of griefe,
A ſubtill net, to ſnare the idle minde,
A ſeeing ſcorpion, yet in ſeeing blinde,
A poore reioyce, a plague without reliefe,

D. Lodge.

Loue is a ſmoake made with fume of ſighes,
Being purg'd, a fier ſparkling in Louers eies,
Being vext, a ſea, nouriſht with louing teares,
What is it elſe? a madneſſe moſt diſtreſt,
A choaking gall, and a preſeruing ſweet,

W. Shakeſpeare.

It is a doubled griefe, a ſparke of pleaſure,
Begot by vaine deſire, and this his loue:

Whom

Whom in our youth, we count our chiefest treasure,
In age for want of power we do reproue,
Yea such a power is Loue, whose losse is paine,
And hauing got him, we repent againe.

D. Lodge.

Loue the Idle bodies worke and surfet of the eye.

W. Warner.

Loue is but a terme, like as is Eccho but a voice,
That this doth babble, that doth breed, or not, is ours the (choice.

W. Warner.

---- Loue is a subtill influence,
Whose finall force still hangeth in suspence.

D. Lodge.

Loue is a wanton famine, rich in foode,
But with a riper appetite controlled,
An argument in figure and in moode:
Yet hates all argument; disputing still,
For sence against reason, with a senceless will.

G. Chapman.

Of euery ill the hatefull father vile,
That doth the world with sorceries beguile,
Cunningly mad, religiously prophane,
Wits monster, reasons canker, sences bane,
Loue taught the mother that vnkind desire,
To wash her hands in her owne Infants blood.
Loue taught the daughter to betray her sire
Into most base and worthy seruitude:
Loue taught the brother to prepare such foode;
To feast his brothers, that all seeing sunne
Wrapt in a cloude that wicked sight did shunne.

I. Dauies.

Loue

Loue is a sowre delight, a sugred griefe,
A liuing death, an euer dying life,
A breach of reasons law, a secret theefe,
A sea of teares, an euerlasting strife.
A baite for fooles, a scourge of noble wits,
A deadly wound, a shot which euer hits,
Loue is a blinded god, and angry boy,
A labyrinth of doubts, an idle lust,
A slaue to bewties will, a witlesse toy.
A rauening bird, a tyrant most vniust,
A burning heate, a cold, a flattering ioy,
A priuate hell, a very world of woe.

Th. Watson.

---- Loue bewitcher of the wit.
The scorne of vertue, vices parasite,
The slaue to weakenesse, friendships false bewraier,
Reasons rebell, fortitudes betraier.
The churchmes staffe, court, camp, & countries guider,
Arts infection, chaste thoughts, and youths defiler.

I. Weeuer.

Controlling Loue, proud fortunes busie factor,
The gall of wit, sad melancholies schoole,
Heart-killing corsiue, golden times detractor,
Life-fretting canker, mischiefes poysoned toole,
The Ideots ydle brother, wise mens foole,
A foe to friendship, enemie to truth,
The wrong misleader of our pleasing youth.

M. Drayton.

---- Loue is roote and onely crop of care, (rare.
The bodies foe, the hearts annoy, & cause of pleasures

The

The sicknesse of the minde, the fountaine of vnrest,
The gulfe of guile, the pit of paine, of griefe the hollow chest:
A fiery frost, a flame that frozen is with Ice,
A heauie burden, light to beare, a vertue fraught with vice.
It is a worldlike peace, a safetie seeing dread,
A deepe dispaire, annext to hope, a fancie that is fed,
Sweete poyson for his taste, a port *Charibdis* like,
Ascylla for his safetie, though a Lyon that is meeke.

Th. Turberuile.

---- O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing of nothing first created:
O heauie lightnesse, serious vanitie,
Mishapen *Chaos* of well seeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fier, sicknes, helth,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is.

W. Shakespeare.

Sight is his roote, in thought is his progression,
His childhood wonder, prentiship attention:
His youth delight, his age the soules opression,
Doubt is his sleepe, he waketh in inuention.
Fancie his foode, his cloathing carefulnesse,
Beautie his booke, his play, Louers discention.
His eies are curious search, but vaild with warefulnesse;
His wings desire, oft clipt with desperation:
Largesse his hands, could neuer skill of sparefulnesse.
But how he doth by might or by perswasion,
To conquer, and his conquest how to ratifie,
Experience doubts, and schooles had disputation.

S, *Ph. Sidney.*

Loue hath two shafts, the one of beaten gold,
By stroake whereof, a swēete effect is wrought:
The other is of lumpish leaden mold; And

And worketh no effect but what is nought.

Th. Watson.

At Venus intreatie for Cupid her sonne,
These arrowes by Vulcan were cunningly done:
The first is Loue, as here you may behold,
His feathers head and body are of gold.
The second shaft is Hate, a foe to loue,
And bitter are his torments for to proue.
The third is Hope, from whence our comfort springs,
His feathers are puld from Fortunes wings.
Fourth, Iealousie in basest mindes doth dwell,
This mettall Vulcans Cyclops sent from hell.

G. Peele.

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of loue together meet:
And do dispart the heart with power extreame,
Whether shall waigh the ballance downe; to weet
The deare affection vnto kindred sweet,
Or raging fier of loue to woman kinde,
Or zeale of friends combinde with vertues meet.
But of them all the band of vertues minde,
Me seemes the gentle heart should most assured finde.

Ed. Spencer.

Of vertue onely, perfect loue doth grow,
Whose first beginning though it be more slow
Then that of lust, and quickens not so fast:
Yet sure it is, and longer time doth last.
The strawe inkindles soone, and slakes againe,
But yron is slow, and long will heat retaine.

Th. Hudson.

Most true it is that true loue hath no power
To looken back, his eyes be fixt before.

W. Sha.

Loue alwaies doth bring forth most bounteous deeds,
And in each gentle heart desire of honor breeds.
True loue is free, and led with selfe delight,
Ne will inforced be with masterdome or might.

Idem.

Loue naked boy hath nothing on his backe,
And though he wanteth neither arme nor legge,
Yet maim'd he is, sith he his sight doth lacke:
And yet (though blind) he bewtie can behold,
And yet though nak'd, he feeles more heat then cold.

H. C.

Loue staies not long, it is but one yeares bird.

Th. Churchyard.

Loue must haue change to season sweet delight.

Idem.

Loue, lawes and Iudges hath in fee,
Nature and vse his iudges bee:
To whom his whole course censures flee,
Since past, and things to come they see.

G. Chapman.

Loue is in power felt of all, in person found of none,
Or rather is not reall but some fancie; If not, then
Fantasticall in women, but essentiall in men.

W. Warner.

Loues eyes in viewing neuer haue their fill.

W. Marlowe.

This

This is the least effect of *Cupids* dart,
To change the mind by wounding of the hart.

Th. Watson.

Vnto the woods runs loue, as well as rides to the pallace,
Neither he beares reuerence to a prince, nor pitie to beggers.
But (like a point amidst of a circle) still of an euennesse,
All to a lesson he drawes, neither hills nor caues can auoyd (him.

S. Phil. Sidney.

The throne of *Cupid* hath an easie staire,
His barke is fit to saile with euery winde:
The breach he makes, no wise man can repaire.

Ed. Fairfax.

---Loue will haue his godhead seene
In famous queenes, and highest princes hearts.---

S. *I. H.*

Loue wants his eyes, yet shootes he passing right,
His shafts our thoughts, his bowe he makes our sight,
His deadly pilles are tempered with such art,
As still directs the arrow to the hart.

M. Drayton.

----Loue doth raigne
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre,
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe:
And yet his peace is but continuall warre,
O miserable men, that to him subiect are.

Ed. Spencer.

First loue is firme and toucheth very neare.

W. Warner.

Loue vnto life this cognizance doth giue,
This badge, this marke, to euery man that minds it:
Loue lendeth life, which liuing cannot die,
Nor liuing, loue.

G. Gascoigne.

Loue is too full of faith, too credulous,
With folly and false hope deluding vs.

Ch. Marlowe.

Loue is not full of mercy as men say,
But deafe and cruell where he meanes to pray.

Idem.

Loue paints his longings in sweet virgins eyes.

G. Chapman.

----Loue gainsaid: growes madder then before.

Th. Watson.

Loue findeth meane, but hatred knowes no measure.

Ed. Spencer.

As *Bacchus* opes dissembled harts,
So loue sets out our better parts.

M. Roydon.

As loue hath wreathes his pretie eyes to seare,
So louers must keep secret what they feare.

D. Lodge.

Loue keeps his reuels where there are but twaine.

W. Shakespeare.

As *Iris* coate in sundry taints doth showe,
So loue is clad in weale, and strait in woe.

D. Lodge.

Loue can abide no law, loue alwaies loues to be lawlesse,
Loue altereth nature, rules reason, mastereth Olympus:
Lawes, edicts, decrees, contemnes Ioue mightily thundring,
Ioue that rules and raigns, that with beck bendeth Olympus.
Loue caried Hippolitus with briars & thorns to be mangled
For that he had the faire foule lusting Phedra refused.
Loue made Absyrtus with sisters hands to be murdred
And in peeces torne, and here and there to be scattered.
Loue forst Pasiphae mans company long to be loathing,
And for a while bulls flesh, bulls company long to be taking.
Loue and luring lookes of louely Polixena caused
Greekish Achilles death when he came to the church to be
Loue made Alcides that most inuincible Heros, (wedded.
Maister of all monsters, at length to be whipt of a monster.
Loue drowned Leander, swimming to the beautifull Hero,
Vnto the towne Cestos, *from towne of cursed* Abydos.
Loue made Ioue that's ruler of earth, and ruler of heauen,
Like to a silly shepheard, and like to the fruitfull Rebidua.
Like to a fish, to a swan, a spaiwne, to a bull, to an eagle:
Sometimes Amphitrio, sometimes Dictinna resembling.

Ab. Fraunce.

Trifling attempts no serious acts aduance,
The fier of loue is blowne by dalliance.

G. Chapman.

----Where there growes a sympathy of harts,
Each passion in the one, the other paineth:
And by euen carryage of the outward parts,
(Wherein the actuall worke of loue remaineth.)
The inward griefes, mislikes and ioyes are taught,
And euery signe bewraies a secret thought.

D. Lodge.

Loue deeply grounded, hardly is dissembled.

Ch. Marlowe.

O bold beleeuing loue, how hote it seemes,
Not to beleeue, and yet too credulous:
Thy weale and woe are both of them extreames,
Dispaire and hope makes thee ridiculous.
The one doth flatter the inthoughts vnlikely,
The likely thoughts the other killeth quickly.

W. Sha.

Loue goes towards loue, as schoole boyes from their (bookes,
But loue from loue toward schoole with heauy lookes.

Idem.

---Loue can comment vpon euery woe.

Idem.

Cupids deep riuers haue their shallow fordes
His griefe bring ioyes, his losse recompences.
He breeds the sore, and cures vs of the paine,
Achilles launce, that wounds and heales againe.

Ed. Fairfax.

Wonder it is to see in diuers mindes,
How diuersly loue doth his pageant play,
And shewes his power in variable kindes:
The baser wit whose idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleaue vnto the lowly clay.
It stirreth vp to sensuall desire,
And in leaud sloth to waste his carelesse day,
But in braue spirits it kindles goodly fire,
That to all hie desert and honour doth aspire.

Ed. Spencer.

Such ones, ill iudge of loue that cannot loue,
Ne in their frozen hearts feele kindly flame:

For

For thy they ought nothing vnknowne reproue,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame.
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious fruites of fame.
That crowne true louers with immortall blisse,
The meed of them that loue, and do not liue amisse.

Idem.

The persons must in passions iumpe else loue is but a game,
Nor thinke I of a womans graunt, but as a wooers game.

W. Warner.

Pure loue said she, the purest grace pursues,
And there is contract not by application:
Of lippes or bodies, but of bodies vertues,
As in our elementall motion.
Starres by their powers, which are their heat and light,
Do heauenly workes, and that which hath probation
By vertue all contract hath the noblest plight,
Both for the lasting and affinitie
It hath with naturall diuinitie.

G. Chapman.

Loue is a lord of truth and loyaltie,
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust:
On golden plumes vp to the purest skie,
Aboue the reach of loathly sinfull lust.
Whose base affect through cowardly distrust
Of his weake wings dare not to heauens flie,
But like a mold warpe in the earth doth lie.

Ed. Spencer.

---One louing howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence,
A dramme of sweet, is worth a pound of sowre.

Idem.

Loue

Loue and maiestie dwell ill together.

S. Daniell.

The ioyes of loue, if they should euer last
Without affliction or disquietnes:
That worldly chaunces do among them cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessednes.
Liker to heauen then mortall wretchednes:
Therefore the winged God to let men weet
That here on earth is no sure happines,
A thousand sowres hath tempered with one sweet,
To make it seeme more deare and daintie as is meet.

Ed. Spencer.

True it is said, what euer man it said,
That loue with gall and hony doth abound:
But if the one be with the other waid,
For euery dramme of hony therein found,
A pound of gall doth ouer it abound.

Idem.

Loue hath delight in sweet delicious fruite,
Loue neuer takes good counsell for his friend.
Loue author is, and cause of idle care.
Loue is destraught of wit, he hath no end.
Loue shooteth shafts of burning hot desire,
Loue burneth more then either flame or fire.
Loue doth much harme through Iealousies assault.
Loue once imbrac't will hardly part againe.
Loue thinkes in breach of faith there is no fault.
Loue makes a sport of others deadly paine.
Loue is a wanton childe, and loues to brall,
Loue with his warre brings many soules to thrall.

Th. Watson.

Gods

---- Gods themselues are chaung'd by Loue,
Ioue steales from skies to lie by *Ledaes* side:
Arcas descends for faire *Aglauraes* sake,
And *Sol* so soone as *Daphne* is espide,
To follow his chariot doth forsake.

Idem.

---- The sweetest honey,
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the tast confounds the appetite,
Therefore Loue moderately long loue doth so,
Too swift arriues as tardie as too slowe.

W. Shakespeare.

---- The rights
In which Loues beautious empresse most delights,
Are banquets, Doricke musicke, midnight reuelling,
Plaies, maskes, and all that sterne age counteth euill.

Ch. Marlowe.

Those easily men credit whom they loue.

S. Daniell.

Play with the fire, yet die not in the flame,
Shew passion in thy words, but not in hart,
Least whē thou think'st to bring thy thoughts in frame
Thou proue thy selfe a prisoner by thy art.
Play with these babes of loue, as Apes with glasses,
And put no trust in feathers, wind or lasses.

D. Lodge.

The greedie moone along her giddie spheare,
Boads not such change in her inconstant course,
No crinite comet in the waine of yeare,
No rising rage nor swelling of sourse.

As Loue in shape, in substance and effect,
But Gods and men with fury doth infect,
A morning starre (that peereth from the pride
Of siluer floate) bedew'd and sparkling bright,
Borne from the second forme of waters glide,
The queene of Loue, the mistresse of delight.
Aye such is loue in semblance at the first,
But his effects are cruell and accurst.

D. Lod.

Albeit bewtie moues to loue, and loue doth make thee fine,
Better at first be nonsuite, then at length not to subdue.

W. Warner.

It hath bene when as heartie loue did treat and tie the knot,
Though now if gold but lacking be, the wedding fadgeth not.

Idem.

Loue learnes rural wits, and hase borne brats to be reading,
Heartburning secrets, and wonders daintily written,
In faire flaming eyes, by the hand of louely Cupido.

A. Fraunce.

Loue nill consent that bewties field lie waste.

Ed. Fairfax.

Tis often seene, Loue workes a man a weake deiected (minde,
For euer seene, a womans loue doth alter as the winde.

W. Warner.

No stile is held for base, where loue well named is,
Each eare suckes vp the words a true loue scattereth.

S. Ph. Sydney.

All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
Then losse of loue to him that loues but one,
Ne may loue be compeld by maisterie,
For as soone as maisterie comes sweete loue anon:

Taketh

Taketh his nimble wings, and soone is gone.

Ed. Spencer.

For euery pleasure that in loue is found,
A thousand woes and more therein abound.

Th. Watson.

Like as a nibling fish that halfe mistrusts
The golden shew of an enticing baite,
Makes many offers for the thing she lusts,
Daring to deale with that she deemes deceite:
So plaies the amorous God with his faire prize,
Whom loue and lust bids board, but shame denies.

Ch. Middleton.

From these hie hills as when a spring doth fall,
It thrilleth downe with still and subtill course,
Of this and that it gathereth aide, and shall
Till wit haue iust done, flowed to streame and force,
Then at the foote, it rageth ouer all:
So fareth Loue when he hath tane a course.
Rage is vaine resistance vaileth none,
The first issue is remedie alone.

E. of Surrey.

Not all the writs Diana hath, can Cupids plaint remoue.

W. Warner.

---- Lordly Loue is such a Tyrant fell,
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.

Ed. Sp.

If Loue compelled be and cannot chuse,
How can it gratefull or thanke worthy proue?
Loue must free harted be and voluntary,

And

And not enchaunted or by fate constrain'd,
Nor like that loue which did *Vlisses* carry,
To *Circes* Ile with mightie charmes.

I. Dauies.

Where heate of Loue doth once possesse the hart,
There cares oppresse the minde, with wondrous ill,
Wit runnes awrie, not fearing subtill smart,
And fond desire doth euer maister will.
The belly neither cares for meate nor drinke,
Nor ouerwatched eyes desire to winke.
Footesteps are false, and wauering too and fro,
The brightsome flower of beautie fades away,
Reason retires, and pleasure brings in woe,
And wisedome yeeldeth place to blacke decay.
Councell and fame, and friendship are condemned,
And bashful shame, and Gods themselues contẽned.
Watchfull suspect is kindled with dispaire,
Inconstant hope is often drownd in feares:
What folly hurts not, fortune can repaire,
And miserie doth swim in seas of teares.
Long vse of life is but a liuing foe,
As gentle death is onely end of woe.

Th. Watson.

Vnlawfull meanes doth make loue lawfull gaine,
He speakes most true when he the most doth faine.

M. Drayton.

As many bees, as *Hybla* daily sheelds,
As many frie as fleet in Oceans face,
As many heards as on the earth do trace,
As many flowers as deckt the fragrant fields,
As many starres as glorious heauen containes,

As

As many cloudes as wayward winter weepes,
As many plagues as hell enclosed keepes.
So many griefes in Loue, so many paines,
Suspicions, thoughts, desires, opinions, praiers,
Mislikes, misdeeds, fond ioyes, and fained peace,
Illusions, dreames, great paines, and small encrease,
Vowes, hope, acceptance scornes and deepe dispaires.

D. Lodge.

The gnawing enuie, the heartfretting feare,
The vaine surmises, the distinctfull shewes,
The false reports that flying tales do beare,
The doubts, the dangers, the delaies, the woes,
The fained friends, the vnexpected foes,
With thousand more then any tongue can tell,
Do make a Louers life a wretches hell.

Ed. Spencer.

Tis folly by our wisest worldlings prou'd,
(If not to gaine by loue) to be belou'd,

B. Ihonson.

Against Loues fier feares frost hath dissolution.

W. ShakeSpeare.

--- Greater conquest of hard Loue he gaines,
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

Ed. Spencer.

Vnto a Knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnes and inconstancie in loue.

Idem.

Loues weeping flames, by reason do subdue
Before their rage grow to so great vnrest,
As miserable louers vse to rue,
Which stil wax old in woes whil'st woestil waxeth new

Ed. Spencer.

Old

Old Loue is litle worth when new is more preferd.

Idem.

Who can shew all his loue, can loue but lightly.

S. Daniell.

No man from the monarch loue by wit or weapō flies.

W. Warner.

---Loftie Loue doth loathe a lowly eye.

Ed. Spencer.

Loue thriues not in the heart, that shadowes dreadeth.

W. Shakespeare.

Gather I say, the Rose while it is time,
For soone comes age that will her pride deflame:
Gather the Rose of Loue while yet is time,
Whil'st louing, thou mai'st loued be with equall aime.

Ed. Sp.

O learne to loue, the lesson is but plaine,
And once made perfect, neuer lost againe.

W. Shakespeare.

Louers their loued Ladies loues to gaine
Promise, protest and sweare without regard,
That God doth see and know their falshood still,
And can and shall reuenge it at his will.
Their oathes but words, their words are all but wind,
Vttered in heart, and with like heart forgotten,
As bundles are trust vp coards all rotten.
Coinesse is nought, but worst to be too kind;
Men care not for the good that soone is gotten:
But women of their wits may chiefly boast,
That are made wiser by an others cost.

S. I. H.

He

He that bindes himselfe in worthy bands,
Although his shew but grace him small:
Although he finde no fauour at her hands,
Sharp words, coy lookes, small thanks, hope none at all,
Though more and more, aloofe from him she stands;
Yet for his heart and thoughts be highly placed,
He must not mourne, although he die disgraced.

Idem.

Dumbe Swans, not chattering Pies do Louers proue,
They loue indeed, who dare not say they loue.

S. *Ph. Sydney.*

The Louer and beloued are not tied to one Loue.

VV. Sh.

He that on Loues blind snares once sets his foote,
Seemeth to draw it backe, but findes it caught,
And madnesse meere in Loue to ouershoote,
The foole hath felt, the wise hath euer taught.
And though in all alike it take not roote,
Yet all shall finde, Loue is a thing of nought.
For sure it is, an open signe of madnesse,
To haue an others pleasure breed thy sadnesse.

S. *I. Harrington.*

The birds their beake, the lion hath his taile,
And louers nought but sighes and bitter moane,
The spotlesse force of fancie to assaile.

D. Lodge.

Sweete are the kisses, the embracements sweete,
When like desires, and affections meete:
For from the earth to heauen is *Cupid* raised,
Where fancie is in equall ballance peized.

Ch. Marlowe.

Foul

Foule words and frownes must not repell a Louer,
What though the Rose hath prickles, yet tis pluckt,
Were bewtie vnder twentie locks kept fast,
Yet Loue breakes through, and breakes them all at last.

W. *Shakespeare.*

--- Louers houres are long, though seeming short,
If pleasde themselues, others they delight:
In such like circumstance, with such like sport,
Their copious stories oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are neuer done.

Idem.

A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,
That Idles in the wanton sommer aire,
And yet not full so light is vanitie.

Idem.

The Dutch in loue is proude, Italians enuious,
The French man full of mirth, the Spanyard furious.

Magicke.

Three kindes there are for natures skill:
The first they naturall do name,
In which by hearbes and stones they will
Worke wondrous things, and worthy fame.
The next is Mathematicall,
Where Magicke workes by nature so,
That brazen heads make speake it shall,
Of woods, birds, bodies, flie and go,
The third Veneficall, by right
Is named, for by it they make
The shape of bodies chang'd in sight
And their formes on them to take. *M. of M.*

The

---Oh who can tell
The hidden power of hearbes, and might of magicke (skill?

Ed. Spencer.

Man.

In time conuenient this world Almightie created,
And it a large theater to behold, his glory appointed:
Which whē he had with ſtore of treaſures richly repleniſht,
And with aboundant grace caus'd euery part to be furniſht,
Man was made at length, Adam was quickly created
Moſt perfect creature, and like to the mightie Creator,
Good wit, immortall, of mankind only beginner.
But proud ambition the ſerpent craftily cloaking,
With curſt and bitter ſweete, his cankred poyſon abounding.
Adam diſpoſſeſt of pleaſant beautifull harbors.
Adams heart poſſeſt with moſt vnſpeakable horror.
Man was mard at length, Adam was fouly defaced.
Laſt worke and loſt worke, Adam was filthily fowled:
Moſt curſed creature, vnlike to the mightie Creator,
Bad, fooliſh, mortall, of mankind only the murderer.

A. France.

---Vile man begot of clay, and borne of duſt.

Ed. Fairfax.

Man compoſed firſt of ſlime,
Doth liue to lead his daies in ſtrife:
And as the heauens do that diſpoſe,
So ſhuts and ſpreads he with the roſe.

D. Lodge.

Time ouer old and yoong is ſtill reuolued,
Within it ſelfe, and neuer taſteth end:
But mankind is to nought for aye reſerued,

The filthy ſnake her aged coat can mend.
And getting youth againe, in youth doth flouriſh:
But vnto man age euer death doth ſend.
The very trees with grafting we can cheriſh:
So that we can long time produce their time,
But man which helpeth them, helpleſſe muſt periſh.

S. Phil. Sidney.

O truſtleſſe ſtate of miſerable men,
That build your bliſſe on hope of earthly thing:
And vainly thinke your ſelues halfe happie then,
When painted faces with ſmooth flattering
Do fawne on you, and your wide praiſes ſing.
And when the courting masker louteth low,
Him free in heart, and truſtie too you know.

Ed. Spencer.

He that comparde mans body to a hoaſte,
Said that the hands were ſcouts diſcouering harmes:
The feet were horſemen thundering on the coaſte.
The breſt and ſtomacke foe-men, huge in ſwarmes,
But for the head in ſoueraignrie did boaſt,
It captaine was, directer of alarmes.
Whoſe raſhneſſe if it hazarded any ill,
Not he alone, but all the hoaſt did ſpill.

I. Markeham.

Each creature not grudging at mans glorie,
Vnto his life becomes contributorie. *Idem.*
Like flouds in ſommer, or flowing ſprings in the winter,
So man conſumeth:
No truſt or firmeneſſe in life, that flies like a ſhadow?
What then alas is man
That ſo preſumeth?

D. Lodge.

The

The ſhadow of the clocke by motion wends,
We ſee it paſſe, yet marke not when it parts:
So what is mans declines, and ſudden ends,
Each thing begins, continues and conuerts.

Idem.

----Man to woman giueth all perfection,
And as our chiefe Philoſophers do ſay,
Woman by man is perfect made each way.

I. VVeeuer.

----Man is loaden with ten thouſand languors.
All other creatures only feele the angors
Of fewe diſeaſes; as the gleaming quaile,
Only the falling ſicknes doth aſſaile.
The turne-about and murraine trouble cattle,
Madneſſe and quincie bid the maſtife battle.

I. Silueſter.

It doth exceed mans thought to thinke how hie
God hath raiſd man, ſince God a man became:
The Angels do admire this myſterie,
And are aſtoniſht when they view the ſame.

I. Danies.

Men do not know what they themſelues will bee,
When as more then themſelues, themſelues they ſee.

S. *Daniell.*

Like as the fatall rauen that in his voyce
Carries the dreadfull ſummons of our deaths,
Flies by the faire Arabian ſpiceries,
Her pleaſant gardens and delightfull parts,
Seeming to curſe them with his hoarſe exclaimes:
And yet doth ſtoupe with hungry violence,
Vpon a peece of hatefull carrion.

So wretched man displeas'd with those delights,
Would yeeld a quickning fauour to his soule,
Pursues with eager and vnstanched thirst,
The greedy-longings of his loathsome flesh.

G. Peele.

Man is a little world, and beares the face
And picture of the vniuersitie:
All but resembleth God, all but is glasse,
All but the picture of his maiestie.
Man is the little world (so we him call)
The world the little God, God the great all.

Th. Bastard.

The gallant courser in his full carrire
Is made by man to stoppe with slender raine:
But man himselfe his lust and fond desire
Is sildome drawne by reason to refraine.
Tis hard to stop, but harder to retire,
When youthfull course ensueth pleasure vaine.
As beares do breake the hiues and weake defences,
When smell of hony commeth to their sences.

S. I. H.

Great *Pompey* in the midst of victorie,
All vnexpected happened to his end:
And *Cæsar* in his greatest maiestie
Vntimely murdered by his dearest friend.
Such are mens best estates, more wretched they,
In greatest pompe most subiect to decay.

Ch. Midleton.

What doth make men without the parts of men,
Or in their manhoods lesse then children
But manlesse natures? all this world was namd'd

A world

A world of him for whom it first was framde
(Who like a tender cheuerell shrunke with fire
Of base ambition, and of selfe desire)
His armes into his shoulders crept, for feare
Bountie should vse them, and fierce rape forbeare,
His legs into his greedy belly runne,
The charge of hospitalitie to shunne)
In him the world is to a lumpe reuerst:
That shrunke from forme that was by forme dispersst,
And in nought more then thankless auarice,
Not rendring vertue her deserued price.

G. Chapman.

Like as rude Painters that contend to showe
Beasts, fowles, or fish, all artlesse to bestowe
On euery side his natiue counterfet,
Aboue his head his name had need to set,
So men that will be men in more then fate
(As in their forheads) should in actions place
More perfect characters to proue they be
No mockers of their first nobilitie.
Els may they easily passe for beasts or foules,
Soules praise our shapes, and not our shapes our soules.

Idem.

When as men all do know, then nothing know.

S. Daniell.

---The milder passions doth show man.
For as the leafe doth bewtifie the tree,
The pleasant flowers bedeck the flourishing spring,
Euen so in men of greatest reach and power,
A mild and piteous thought augments renowne.

D. Lodge.

No man before his end is truly blest.

T. Dekkar.

--Man to man, as beast to beast, holds ciuil duties vain.

W. Warner.

Mans inward parts are colder and the nummer,
When outwardly they feele a boyling sommer.
Mans voyce in euery ones opinion, is but an airie
(repercussion.

D. Lodge.

Marriage.

Hymen that now is god of nuptiall rights,
And crownes with honor loue and his delights.

G. Chapman.

Before them on an altar he presented
Both fire and water, which was first inuented:
Since to ingenerate euery humane creature
And euery other birth produc'st by nature,
Moysture and heare, must mix, so man and wife
For humane race, must ioyne in nuptiall life.

Idem.

----In *Athence*

The custome was, that euery mayd did weare
During her maydenhead, a silken sphearet
About her waste aboue her inmost weed
Knit with Mineruaes knot, and that was freed
By the faire bridegroome on the mariage night,
With many ceremonies of delight.

Idem.

(liue a maid,
Shouldst thou but dream what mariage is, thou wouldst not
One hart of two, two soules of one, by wedlocke is connaid.

VV. VVarner.

Beleeue me man, there is no greater blisse, Then

Then is the quiet ioy of louing wife:
Which who so wants, halfe of himselfe doth misse.
Friend without change, play-fellow without strife.
Food without fulnesse, counsaile without pride,
Is this sweet doubling of our single life.

S. Phil. Sidney.

In choyce of wife, preferre the modest chaste,
Lillies are faire in shew, but foule in smell:
The sweetest lookes by age are soone defaste,
Then choose thy wife by wit and louing well.
Who brings thee wealth, and many faults withall,
Presents thee hony mixt with bitter gall.

D. Lodge.

Wild sauages that drinkes of running springs,
Thinkes water faire, exceeds all other things.
But they that daily taste meate, nere despise it,
Virginitie, al be some highly prise it,
Compar'd with marriage, had you tride them both,
Differs as much, as wine and water doth.

Ch. Marlow.

All touch sweet, tast sweet, eie sweet, eare sweet, sweet sence,
A vertuous match, but vicious loue in all contrary this.

W. Warner.

One is no number, maides are nothing then
Without the sweet societie of men.

Ch. Marlow.

---Marriage will soone destroy
Those passions which to youthfull head do clime,
Mothers and nurses of all vaine annoy. *Idem.*

---Wretched wedlock breeds but hated heat,
Where no loue seemes so sweet, as stolen and secret.

D. Lodge.

Offer

Offer no loue rights, but let wiues still seeke them,
For when they come vnsought, they seldom like them.
B. Iohnson.
---Euen as *Adam* wrote his ouerthrow
By tasting fruite that God did him forbid,
So he that curiously will search to know
All that his wife hath said, or what she did,
May fortune at the last himselfe beshrow. *S. I. H.*
Let him that his wife to his bent will drawe,
Match with a virgin and keepe her in awe.
To loue, and wed for loue, is perfit blisse.
G. Turb.
His be the hurt that lookes not ere he wed.
The husband may the woman make or marre.
Idem.
We are not male nor female borne, that we should fruitlesse (die.
W. Warner.
---*Experience bidding vs, doth bid vs lay to thrine.*
The first degree to which say some, is warily to wine:
But wife if shrow or saint become (as not vnlike) a shrow,
Then is that first degree to thrift, the third degree in woe.
Idem.
Let nothing seuere those whom God doth linke.
S. I. H.
---The chance that once befell
To wandring *Dina*, may be witnesse well
That secret mariage that to fewe is kend,
Doth neuer lead the louers to good end.
For of our bodies we no power may claime,
Except our parents do confirme the same. *Th. Hud.*
We worldly folkes account him very wise,
That hath the wit most worthily to wed,
By

By all meanes therefore, alwaies we deuise
To see our issue rich in spousall fed,
We buy and sell rich Orphans; babes scant bred
Must match, ere they do know what marriage meanes:
Boyes marrie old trots, old fooles wed yoong queanes.
We call this wedding, which in any wise
Can be no marriage, but pollution plaine:
A new found trade of humaine marchandize,
The diuells net, a filthy fleshly gaine,
Of kind and nature, an vnnaturall staine:
A foule abuse of Gods most holy order,
And yet allow'd almost in euery border.

M. of M.

A filthy trull, is irksome to the eie,
A gallant gyrle allures the lookers mind:
A wanton wench will haue the head to die,
An aged trot to like, is hard to find.
A bearing wife with brats, will cloy the store,
A greater care then childrens care is none:
A barren beast will grieue thee ten times more,
No ioy remaines when sappe of fruite is gone.
Wherefore let wiuing goe liue single aye,
A shrew we see is wedded on a day,
But ere a man can shift his hands tis long.

G. Turb.

Maladie.

Fast by old age pale Maladie was plac't,
Sore sicke in bed her colour all forgone,
Bereft of stomacke, sauour, and of taste,
Ne could she brook no meate but broaths alone.

Abhorring

Abhorring her, her sicknesse past recure,
Detesting phisicke, and all phisicks cure.

M. Sackuill.

Sicknesse the herauld of armes, hearts, and all.

Th. Storer.

Th'humorous sicke, remouing, find no ease,
When chaunged chambers helpe not the disease.

S. Dauiell.

---- O sicknesse thou art oft beside,
When death hath many woes to come beside.

Idem.

Might.

The meanest fault is hie offence, vrg'd of a mighty foe.

W. Warner.

To shadow sinne Might can the more pretend.

M. Dr.

--- Might is euer absolute alone,
When of two powers ther's true coniunctione.

Idem.

Power constrain'd is but a glorious slaue.

Ed. Fairfax.

---- Slight, force, are mightie things,
From which, much, if not most, earths glory springs:
If vertues selfe were clad in humaine shape,
Vertue without these, might go beg and scrape.

I. Marston.

Vnited powers, makes each the stronger proue.

S. Ph. Sydney.

--- Honey words make foolishnesse,
And power the greatest wit with error blinds.

D. Lodge.

All

All as the highest trees do sheeld the shrubs,
From posting *Phlegons* warmth, and warming fier,
So mightie men obscure each others fame,
And make the best deseruer fortunes game.

Idem.

--- Excellencie neuer beares this minde,
By no inferiour skill to be definde.

Th. Storer.

Where power decreed hath to find th' offence,
The cause is better still, then the defence.

S. Daniell.

Miserie.

His face was leane and some deale pinde away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone:
But what his body was I cannot say,
For on his carkasse, rayment had he none.
Saue cloutes and patches peeced one by one,
With staffe in hand, and scrippe on shoulder cast,
His chiefe defence against the winters blast.
His food for most, was wilde fruites of the tree,
Vnlesse sometimes, some crummes fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God-wot kept he,
As one the which full daintily would fare:
His drinke the running streame his cup, the bare
Of his palme clozd, his bed the hard cold ground,
To this poore life, was Miserie ybound.

M. Sackuill.

---- This Iron world
Brings downe the stoutest hearts to lowest state,
For Miserie doth brauest minds abate,

And

And makes them seeke for that they wont to scorne,
Of fortune and of hope, at once forlorne.

Ed. Spencer.

---- He hath a foolish fantasie,
That thinkes to find a friend in miserie.

G. Gascoigne.

O Miserie, where once thou art possest,
How soone thy faint infection alters kind,
And like a *Circe*, turnest man to beast,
And with the body dost transforme the mind,
That can in fetters our affection bind.

M. Drayton.

---- Miserie is troden on by many,
But being lowe, neuer relieu'd by any.

W. Shakespeare.

---- The mightiest that haue liu'd,
Haue falne and headlong too, in Miserie.
It is some comfort to haue companie.

G. Peele.

Men flie from foes, but not from Miserie.

M. Drayton.

Let him that sees his priuate Miserie
Auoyd the prospect of prosperitie:
It breeds pale enuie, and sad discontent
Procures offence before a profered wrong.
Torments it selfe till all conceits are spent,
And thoughts deliuered by malitious tongue,
Then rapt with violent fury goes so strong,
That it enuenomes all our humaine parts,
Blind judging in eyes, and sence confounding harts.

Th. Storer.

Melancholy.

Melancholy.

--- Melancholy from the ſplene begunne,
By paſſion mou'd, into the vaines doth runne:
Which when this humour as a ſwelling floud,
By vigour is infuſed in the bloud,
The vitall ſpirits doth mightily appall,
And weakeneth ſo the parts Organicall,
And when the ſences are diſturb'd and tir'd,
With what the heart inceſſantly deſir'd
Like trauellers with labour long oppreſt,
Finding reliefe, eftſoones they fall to reſt.

M. Drayton.

Thou nurſing mother of faire wiſedomes lore,
Ingenious Melancholy.

I. Marſton.

Thoſe men to Melancholy giuen, we Saturniſts do call.

VV. Warner.

Memorie.

This Lidger booke lies in the braine behinde,
Like *Ianus* eye which in his poll was ſet:
The lay mans table, Storehouſe of the minde,
Which doth remember much, and much forget.

I. Daniel.

Here ſences apprehenſions end doth take,
As when a ſtone is into water caſt:
One circle, doth an other circle make,
Till the laſt circle touch the banke at laſt,

Idem.

Remẽbrance is the life of grief, his graue forgetfulnes.

Ed. Fairfax.

Remem-

Remembrance fresh, makes weakened sorrows strong.

Idem.

Mischiefe.

The cause once gone, th'effects thereof surcease,
And mischiefes being preuented whil'st they are yong
Cannot braunch forth themselues to do that hurt,
That time, their natures, and bad men would worke.

Ch. Middleton.

A Mischife seene may easily be preuented,
But being hapt, not helpt, yet still lamented.

M. Drayton.

Faire goodnesse is foule ill, if mischiefes wit,
Be not represt from leaud corrupting it.

Idem.

Mischiefe is oft made good by speeding well.

S. Daniell.

Mercie.

Some Clarkes do doubt in their deuisefull art,
Whether this heauenly thing whereof I treat,
To weeten Mercie be of Iustice part,
Or drawne forth from her by diuine extreat.
This well I wot, that sure she as great,
And meriteth to haue so hie a place:
She first was bred and borne of heauenly race,
From thence powr'd downe of men by influence of (grace.

Ed. Spencer.

O who shall shew the countenance and gestures
Of Mercie and iustice; which faire sacred sisters,
With equall poize do euer ballance euen,

Th'vn-

Th'vnchaunging proiects of the King of heauen.
Th'one sterne of looke, th'other mild aspecting,
The'one pleasd with teares, th'other bloud affecting:
Th'one beares the sword of vengeance vnrelenting,
Th'other brings pardon for the true repenting.

I. Sylueſter.

--- Still as rage kindleth the fire of wrath,
Mercie to quench it, store of water hath.

S. I. Harrington.

--- This noble vertue and diuine,
Doth chiefly make a man so rare and od,
As in that one, he most resembleth God.

Idem.

Then come we nearest to the Gods on hie,
When we are fartheſt from extremitie,
Giuing forth sentence of our Lawes with Mercie.

Tho. Achely.

Mercie may mend whom malice made offend,
Death giues no thankes, but checks authoritie,
So Rulers mildnesse, subiects loue do nourish.

S. Daniell.

Soft pittie enters at an Iron gate. *VV. Sh.*
Mercie but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Idem.

Pittie drawes loue bloud-shed, as natures griefe,
Compassion, followeth the vnfortunate.

S. D.

VVhen pittie runneth afore, loue alwaies followeth after.

A. Fraunce.

As it is greater praise to saue then spill,
So better to reforme, then to cut off the ill.

Ed. Spencer.

How

How deare is mercie hauing power and will,
When pittie helpes where equitie doth kill?

M. Drayton.

Minde.

The Minde hath in it selfe a deitie,
And in the stretching circle of her eie,
All things are compast, all things present still
Will fram'd to power, doth make vs what we will.

G. Chapman.

It is the minde that maketh good or ill,
That makes a wretch, or happie, rich or poore,
For some that haue a boundance at their will,
Haue not inough, but want in greatest store.
An other that hath little, askes no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise.

Ed. Spencer.

The Minde is free what ere afflict the man,
A King's a King, do fortune what she can.

M. Drayton.

---- The Minde times enemie, obliuions foe,
Disposer true of each note worthy thing.

Ed. Fairfax.

Our mindes discerne where eies could neuer see.

M. Draiton.

---- That Minde most is bewtifull and hie,
And nearest comes to a diuinitie,
That farthest is from spots of earthes delight,
Pleasures that loose their substance with their sight,
Such one *Saturnius* rauisheth to loue,
And fills the cup of all content to *Ioue*.

G. Chapman.

The

The setled mind is free from fortunes power,
They need not feare who looke not vpaloft:
But they that are too carefull euery hower,
For when they fall they light not very soft.

M. of M.

What plague is greater then the griefe of minde?
The griefe of mind that eates in euery vaine:
In euery vaine that leaues such clods behinde,
Such clods behind as breed such bitter paine,
So bitter paine that none shall euer finde
What plague is greater then the griefe of minde.

E. of Ox.

Ill mind, to mind so much of others ill,
As to become vnmindfull of his owne.

Ed. Spencer.

Into our minds let vs a little fall,
And we shall finde more spots then leopards haue.

S. Phil. Sidney.

O vanitie of mans vnstable minde,
Puft vp with euery blast of friendly winde.

Ed. Fairfax.

In base minds no friendship dwels, nor emnitie.

Ed. Spencer.

Oft times we see that sorrowes of the minde
Finde remedie vnsought, which seeking cannot finde.

Ed. Spencer.

Weak body wel is chang'd, for minds redoubled force.

Idem.

So moue our minds, as motions moue the aire.

M. of M.

Nor is it but our minds that make our native homes our (graue,

As we to ours, others to theirs, like parciall fancie haue.
Transmut we but our minds, and then all one an alien is,
As if a native once resolu'd, makes euery country his.
W. Warner.

Monarchs.

Augustus quailing Anthony, was Emperour alone,
In whose vnfoed Monarchy our common health was knowne
W. Warner.

A mighty monarch must whilest greening youth doth (flowe,
Make one or two or three proofes of his peerles power:
For valour is the gate of honour beautified,
The first starre step it is, wherby good hap doth guide,
Our feete to glories mount; and nothing hurtens so
The men of armes to fight, as valiant prince (we know)
But afterward he must with wary wisedome warre:
More ofren with his wit, then with his weapon farre.
And feeding so his spirit with sweet sharpe easie paine
Not keep a souldiers place, but captains roome retaine.
I. Syluester.

Mildnesse fitteth maiestie, hie minds are disalowed.
W. Warner.

No man from the Monarch loue by wealth, or weapon flies.
Idem.

Mildnesse would better suite with maiestie
Then rash reuenge and rough seueritie. *M. Dray.*

Murder.

Black hell-bred humor of fier-venging sin,
By whose inticements murders we commit:
The end vnthought of, rashly we begin,
Letting our passion ouerwhelme our wit,

Who

Who may and will not, murder in truth committeth.

S. *Phil. Sidney.*

Vnpunisht scapes, from hainous crime some one,
But vnreueng'd, in mind and body none.

Idem.

The cruell man a cruell death shall tast,
And blood with blood be venged at the last.

I. Syl.

Those that in blood such violent pleasure haue,
Seldome descend but bleeding to their graue.

B. Iohnson.

Vengeance on minde the fretting furies take,
The sinfull corps like earth-quake agues shake.
Their frowning lookes, their troubled minds bewray,
In hast they run, and midst their race they stay.
As gidded Doe: amidst their speech they whist,
At meate they muse; no where they may persist.
But some feare netleth them, aye hang they so,
So neuer wants the wicked murderer woe.

M. of M.

Muses.

Imps of K. *Ioue*, and Queen remembrance loe,
The Sisters nine, the Poets pleasant pheers:
Calliope doth stately style bestowe,
And worthy praises paints of princely peers.
Clio in sullen songs reneweth all day,
With present yeares conioyning age by past,
Delightfull talke, loues comicall *Thalia*,
In fresh green youth, who doth lawrell tast.
With voyces tragicall sounds *Melpomen*,

And as with chaines th'allured eares she binds,
Her strings when *Terpsichore* doth touch, euen then
She toucheth hearts, aud raigneth in mens minds,
Fond *Erato*, whose looke a louely cheare
Presents in dauncing, beares a comely grace,
With seemly gesture doth *Polhymnie* stirre place.
Whose words whole routs of rankes doo rule,
Vraine her globes to view are bent,
The nine-fold heauen obserues with fixed face,
The blessed *Eutrope* tunes her instrument
With solace sweete, hence heauy dumps to chace,
Lord *Phœbus* in the midst, whose heauenly spirit
These Ladies doth inspire.

E. of Surrey.

The golden brood of great *Apolloes* witte.

Ed. Spencer.

Sweet Lady Muses, Ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light.

Idem.

Then followed on the Muses sacred nine,
With the first number equally diuine:
In virgins white, whose liuely mayden browes
Were couered with tryumphant lawrell browes:
And on their garments painted out in glory,
Their offices and functions in a story:
Imblazoning the fury and conceat
VVhich on their sacred company await.

M. Drayton.

From these the Muses only are deriu'd,

VVhich

VVhich of the Angels were in nine contriu'd,
These heauenly inspired babes of memory,
VVhich by a like attracting sympathy
Apolloes prophets in their furies wrought,
And in their spirit inchaunting numbers taught,
To teach such as at poesie repine,
That it is only heauenly and diuine,
And manifest her intellectuall parts,
Sucking the purest of the purest arts.
And vnto these as by a sweet consent,
The sphery circles are æquiualent:
From the first mouer and the starry heauen,
To glorious *Phœbe*, lowest of the seuen.
Which *Ioue* in tunefull Diapazons framde,
Of heauenly musicke of the Muses namde:
To which the soule in her diuinitie
By her Creator made of harmonie,
Whilest she in fraile and mortall flesh doth liue,
To her nine sundry offices do giue:
Which offices vnited are in three,
Which like the orders of the Angels bee,
Prefiguring thus by the number nine
The soule like to the Angels is diuine.

Idem.

---Prouide ye Princes whilest ye liue,
That of the Muses ye be friended be:
Which vnto men eternitie doth giue,
For they be daughters of dame memorie,
And *Ioue*, the father of Eternitie.
And do those men in golden thrones repose,
Whose merits they to glorifie do choose?

The seuenfold yron gates of grisly hell,
And horrid house of sad *Proserpina*,
They able are with power of mighty spell,
To breake, and thence the soules to bring away
Out of dread darknesse to eternall day.
And them immortall make which els would die
In fowle forgetfulnesse, and namelesse lie.

Ed. Spencer.

---Wise words taught in numbers for to runne
Recorded by the Muses liue for aye,
Ne may with storming showers be washt away.
Ne bitter breathing windes with harmfull blast,
Nor age nor enuie shall them euer last.

Idem.

The Muses not long since intrapping loue
In chaines of Roses linked all aray:
Gaue bewtie charge to watch in their behoue
With Graces three, least he should wend away.
Who fearing yet he would escape at last,
On hie *Parnassus* top they clapt him fast.
When *Venus* vnderstood her soone was thrall,
She made post-haste to haue god *Vulcans* aide:
Sold him her Iemmes and Ceston therewithall,
To raunsome home her sonne that was betraid.
But all in vaine, the Muses made no store
Of gold, but bound him faster then before.

Th. VVatson.

The Muses basely beg or bibbe, or both, and must, for why
They find as bad Bestoe, as is their portly beggery.

vv' vvarner.

Musicke.

Musicke.

---Thou sweet Musicke, dauncings only life,
The eares sole happinesse, the aires best speech:
Load-stone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
The soft minds paradize, the sicke mans leech.
With their own tongue that trees & stones canst teach.
That when the aire doth daunce her finest measure,
Then art thou borne, the gods and mens sweet plea-
I. Davies. (sure.

As without breath no pipe doth moue,
No Musicke kindly without loue.
S. *Phil. Sidney.*

Esclepiad did cure with Trompets sound,
Such men as first had lost their hearing quite:
And many such as in their drinke lay drownd,
Damon reuiu'd with tunes of graue delight.
And *Theophrast* when ought his mind oppreft,
Vsde Musicke sound to bring himselfe to rest.
With sound of Harpe *Thales* did make recure
Of such as laie with pestilence forlorne:
With Organ pipes *Xenocrates* made pure
Their wittes, whose minds long lunacy had worne.
Th. Watson.

Some that report great *Alexanders* life,
They say that harmony so mou'd his minde:
That oft he rose from meate to warlike strife,
At sound of Trompe, or noyse of battell kinde.
And then that Musicks force of softer vaine,
Caus'd him returne from strokes to meate againe.
Idem.

Nature.

Nature in which diuinitie doth ſhine,
Liuely preſenting vnborne deitie:
Is that ſame ſpirit of reaſon moſt diuine,
Which cauſeth euery naturall worke to be.
All things ſhe doth preſerue, and can refine
Muddy pollutions from impietie.
Philoſophy can teach no art nor ground,
Which Nature (elder borne) had not firſt found.

I. Markham.

---Nature in mans heart her lawes doth pen,
Preſcribing truth to wit, and good to will,
Which do accuſe, or els excuſe all men,
For euery thought or practiſe good or ill.

I. Dauies.

Nature aboue all things requireth this,
That we our kind do labour to maintaine.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Nature which headlong into life doth throng vs
With our feete forward to our graue doth bring vs:
What is leſſe ours, then this our borrowed breath?
We ſtumble into life, we go to death.

Th. Baſtard.

Inexplicable nature by the God of nature wroght, (thought.
Makes things ſeeme miracles to ſome, to ſome not wonders
And euery climates people both as they are men and liue,
Do differ: if obſeru'd, ſhe not admir'd doth giue
The workman rather thē the work extoll we, though in her
Not curiouſly, and all things to his prouidence refer.

W. Warner.

Nature

Nature hath powr'd inough in each mans lappe,
Could each man learne to vse his priuate happe.

Th. Storer.

--- Markes descried in mens natiuitie,
Are natures faults, not their owne infamie.

VV. Shakespeare.

Nature is Learnings eyes, she natures thought,
Vse wanting either, is imperfect made,
They without vse, no better then a shade.

I. Markham.

--- Nature seemeth onely faire in chaunge.

D. Lodge.

--- Where nature failes in strength she addes in wit.

W. W.

Nature giues bewtie, fortune wealth in vaine.

Ed. Fairfax.

--- The desire of nature is not vaine,
She couets not impossibilities,
Fond thoughts may fall into some Idle braine,
But one assent of all is euer wise.

I. Danies.

Nature doth hate and shunne her contrarie.

Idem.

--- Nature teacheth euer
Who loues preferment, needs must loue the giuer.

Th. Storer.

Nobilitie.

If to be noble and hie thy mind be moued,
Consider well the ground and thy beginning,
For he that hath each starre in heauen fixed,

And

And giues the moone her hornes and her eclipsing,
Alike hath made the noble in his working:
So that wretched no way mayst thou bee,
Except foule lust and vice do conquer thee.

E. of Surrey.

Let each man cracke of that which was his owne,
Our present vertues are theirs, and no whit ours:
Who therefore will of noble birth be knowne,
Ought shine in vertue like his auncestors.
Gentry consisteth not in lands and townes,
He is a churle though all the world were his,
Yea *Arthurs* heire if that he liu'd amis,

M. of M.

Behold of nobles new the diuerse sourse,
Some vertue raiseth, some climbe by sluttish sorts:
The first though onely of themselues begunne,
Yet circle-wise into themselues do runne.
Within themselues therefore vnited so,
Both endlesse is, and stronger gainst their foe:
For when ends it that neuer hath begunne?
Or how may that hath not end, be vndone?
The other as by wicked meanes they grew,
And raignd by flatterie, or violence; so soone rue.
First stumbling step from honours old is vice,
Which once stept downe, some linger, none arise
To former Type: but they catch vertues spray,
Which raiseth them that climbe by lawfull way.
Beware to rise by seruing princely lust,
Surely to stand on mean, is rising iust.

M. of M.

The

The Rose although in thornie shrubs she spread,
Is still the Rose, her bewties waxe not dead.
And noble mindes, although the court be bare,
Are by resemblance knowne how great they are.

R. Greene.

A noble minde disdaineth seruitude.

Th. Kyd.

True noblenesse neuer doth the thing it should not.

Idem.

The noble heart that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with childe with glories great intent:
Can neuer rest vntill it forth haue brought
Th'eternall broode of glory excellent.

Ed. Spencer.

Old Age.

--- Next in order, sad old Age we found,
His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blinde,
With drouping cheere still poaring on the ground
As on the the place where valour him assign'd
To rest, when as the sisters had vntwind
His vitall thred, and ended with their knife,
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

M. Sackuill.

Crookt backt he was, tooth-shaken and bleare eide,
Went on three feete, and sometime crept on foure,
With old lame bones that ratled by his side,
His scalpe all pild, and he with eld forlore,
His withered fist still knocking at deaths dore,
Fumbling and driueling as he drawes his breath,
In breese, the shape and messenger of death.

G. Gascoigne. Transl.

Old

Old age and winter do accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that awrie.

Ed. Spencer.

--- He that plies the laps and lips of Ladies all his time,
And fals to arms when age fails arms, then also looseth time:
As if a beare in Moone-shine, should attempt the Moone to (clime.

W. Warner.

Our infancie is feeble, and our lustie youth vnstaid,
Our manhood carking, and our age more loathed then obaid.

Idem.

Our heires wax sickish of our health, too long our here abode
Mean while the nerer to our graues, the farther we frõ God
Gripple in works, testie in words, loathsom for most at lẽgth,
And such at foure score, as at foure, for maners wit and (strength.

Idem.

Eld is ordaind to counsell, youth to fight,
Age to foresee, yoong courage to inact.

D. Lodge.

Skill and experience good companions beene,
Age knoweth whatsoeuer youth hath seene.

S. I. H.

Decrepit age and hoary siluer haires,
Still craueth helpe of lustie youthfull yeares.

G. Gascoigne.

It is a common point whereon the aged grosly runne,
Once to haue dared said, & seene, more then was euer done.

W. Warner.

---The equall age doth equall life desire.

S. Daniel.

Small drops God knowes do quench age heatlesse fire,
When all the strength is onely in desire.

M. Drayton.

Opinion.

Opinion.

O male-content ſeducing ghueſt,
Contriuer of our greateſt woes:
Which borne of winde and fed with ſhowes,
Doſt nurſe thy ſelfe in thine vnreſt,
Iudging vngotten things the beſt,
Or what thou in conceit deſigneſt.

S. *Daniell.*

Thou all things in the world doſt deeme,
Not as they are, but as they ſeeme, *Idem.*
Thou ſoule of pleaſure, houres onely ſubſtance,
Great arbitrator, vmpire of the earth,
Whom fleſhly Epicures call vertues eſſence
Thou mouing Orator, whoſe powerfull breath
Swaies all mens iudgements. Great Opinion,

I. Marſton.

Opinion is as various as light chaunge,
Now ſpeaking courtlike friendly, ſtraight as ſtrange,
Shee's any humours perfect paraſite,
Diſpleaſd with her, and pleaſd with her delight.
Shee is the Eccho of inconſtancie,
Soothing her no with nay, her I with yea.

E. Guilpin.

This ſyren or Opinion, wind-borne lame,
Seeking to eaſe vs, brings vs to vnreſt:
For it adiudgeth nothing it doth ſee,
By what it is, but what it ſeemes bee.

I. Markham.

We muſt in matters morall, quite reiect
Vulgar Opinion, euer led amiſſe;

And

And let autenticke reason be our guide,
The wise of truth, and wisedomes gouernesse.

G. Chapman.

Opportunitie.

Opportunitie thy guilt is great,
Tis thou that execut'st the traitors treason,
Thou setst the wolfe where he the lambe may get,
Who euer plots the sinne, thou points the season.
Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at lawiers reason:
And in thy shady Cell where none may spie him,
Sits sinne, to feare each soule that wanders by him.

W. Shakespeare.

Faire Opportunitie can winne the coyest she that is, (art,
Then he that rules her gamesome vaine, & tẽpers toies with
Brings loue that swimmeth in her eyes, to diue into her hart.

W. Warner.

When loue hath knit two parts in perfect vnitie,
They seldome faile to finde th'opportunitie.

S. I. Harrington.

Occasion.

Occasion's wingd, and euer flyeth fast,
Comming she smiles, and frownes once being past.

M. Drayton.

Now by the forehead let vs take Occasion,
Least after all our trauell and expence,
He hide away his haire, and turne his balld,
And we vnprouident bethought and calld.

S. I. H.

If luſt or age doth minde aſſaile,
Subdue Occaſion, ſo thou ſhalt preuaile.

Idem.

True iudgement ſleight regards Opinion.

I. Marſton.

Opinion how doſt thou moleſt
Th'affected mind of reſtleſſ man?
Who following thee neuer can,
Nor euer ſhall attaine to reſt,
Forgetting what thou ſaiſt is beſt,
Yet loe, that beſt he findes farre wide,
Of what thou promiſeſt before,
For in the ſame he look't for more,
Which proues but ſmall when once is tried.

S. Daniell.

He onely treads the ſure and perfect path
To greatneſſe, who loue and opinion hath.

Idem.

Let vs eſteeme Opinion as ſhe is
Fooles bable, Innouations miſtris.
The *Proteus Robin* good fellow of change,
Smithfield of iaded fancies, and th'exchange
Of fleeting cenſures, nurſe of hereſie,
Begot by nature on inconſtancie,
Its but the kiſſe of griefe, the peoples noiſe,
The tongue of humors and fantaſtick voice,
Of hair obraind apprehenſion: it reſpects
With all due ſiles, and that due neglects
Euen in one inſtant.

Ed. Guilpin.

Patience,

Patience.

Patience doth beare a neuer pierced sheeld,
Whose brightnesse hath enforc't more monsters yeeld,
Then that of vgly *Gorgons* head was made.

I. Syluister.

Patience is angers subiect, and controll'd
With euery fury, which men would redresse,
But cannot do it, for she is gentle milde,
Orecome and kept downe like a strengthlesse childe.

Ch. Middleton.

Patience a praise, forbearance is a treasure,
Sufferance an angell, a monster rage.

Ed. Fairfax.

Let gentle Patience profit thee, for Patience is a thing,
Whereby a begger gaineth of a discontented King.

W. Warner.

Man in himselfe a litle world doth beare,
His soule the Monarch euer ruling there,
Where euer then his body do remaine,
He is a King that in himselfe doth raigne,
And neuer feareth fortunes hot'st alarmes,
That beares against her Patience for her armes.

M. Drayton.

The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chief.

Ed. Sp.

What fortune hurts, let Patience onely heale,
No wisedome with extremities to deale.

M. Dr.

By patient sufferance could we mildly beare
With fortune, yet we equally might share,
And ouercomming that which all do feare,

By

By present cure, preuent ensuing care. *Idem.*
Who in distresse from resolution flies,
Is rightly said to yeeld to miseries.
That life is only miserable and vile,
From which faire Patience doth it selfe exile. *Idem.*
Though eyes want sight of that they would see faine,
The thought yet sees, and heart with patience likes it:
Long absence greeues thee when they meet againe,
Absence delights, and doth more pleasant make it
To serue and sue long time for little gaine.
(So that all hope do not quite forsake it)
One may endure, for when the paine is past
Reward though long it staie, yet comes at last.

S. I. H.

Let *Brontes* and blacke *Sterope*s
Sweat at the Forge their hammers beating:
An houre will come, they must affect their ease,
Though but while mettall's heating.
And after all their *Etnean* ire,
„Gold that is perfect will out-liue the fire.
„For Fury wasteth,
„As Patienc lasteth.
„No armor to the Mind: „He is shoot-fire
From Iniury,
That is not hurt; not hee, that is not hit:
So Fooles we see,
Oft scape their Imputation, more through luck, then (wit.

B. Iohnson.

Passion.

Passion deuours, but time digests our woe.

Passion beares hie, when puffing wits do blowe:
But is indeed a toy, if not a toy,
True cause of euils, and cause of cause doth showe.

S. Phil. Sid.

They only aptest are for to reueale
Their priuate passions who the same do feele.

D. Lodge.

None doth liue not passionate of loue, ire, mirth or griefe.

W. Warner.

A man may not of passions iudge aright,
Except his mind be from all passions free:
Nor can a Iudge his office well acquite,
If he possest of either partie bee.

I. Davies.

Parents.

It is as common as vnkind a fault
In youth (too subiect to this worlds assault)
To imitate, admit, and daily chuse
Those errors which their lawlesse parents vse.

D. Lodge.

If damned dice the father doth affect,
The selfe-like folly doth his heire infect.
If lust, to lust the sonne is to procliue,
If fraud, by fraud his wanton race will thriue.
If surfit, surfit is esteem'd no sin,
For youth perseuers as he doth begin.

Idem.

----From damned deeds abstaine,
From lawlesse riots and from pleasures vaine,
If not regarding of thy owne degree,

Yet

Yet in behalfe of thy posteritie,
For we are docible to imitate
Depraued pleasures, though degenerate.
Be carefull therefore least thy sonne admit
By eare or eye things filthy or vnfit. *Idem.*
The Babe is blest that godly parents bred,
And sharpe-sweet tutors traine in louing dred:
But chiefly that (in tender cradle bed)
With sincere milke of pietie is fed. *I. Syl.*

----*Charitable, godly, wise and continent were fit*
Should parents be; so prosper they, theirs, and whom they (beget.
W. Warner.

----Oft we see men so fond and blinde
To carry to their sonnes too much affection:
That when they seeme to loue they are vnkinde:
For they do hate a childe that spare correction.
S. I. H.

----Parents thoughts in loue, oft steppe awry.
G. Peele.

Our parents age worse then our graund-syres bee,
We worse, beget our children worse then wee.
Th. Storer.

Peace.

----Mother of the liuing, second nature
Of th'elements, fire, water, earth and aire:
The grace whereby men clime the heauenly chaire,
Whence voyd, this world harbors no happie creature.
Piller of lawes, religions pedestall,
Hope of the glory, glory of the immortall.
Honor of cities, pearle of kingdomes all,

The nurse of vertues, Muses chiefe supportall.
Patron of arts, of good the speciall spring.

I. Sylvester.

Heauens sacred nymph, faire goddesse that renuest
The golden age, and brightly now reueweest,
Our cloudy skie, making our fields to smile,
Hope of the vertuous, horror of the vile.
Virgin vnseene, in *France* this many a yeare,
O blessed peace, we bid thee welcome heere.

Idem.

O holy peace by thee are only found,
The passing ioyes that euery where abound.

G. Gascoigne. Transl.

----Most sacred peace
Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds,
Weak she makes strong, & strong things does increase
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds.
Braue be her warres, and honorable deeds,
By which she tryumphs ouer ire and pride,
And wins an Olive garland for their meeds.

Ed. Spencer.

Peace doth depend on reason, warre on force,
The one is humane, honest and vpright:
The other brutish, fostered by despight.
The one extreame, concluded with remorse,
The other all iniustice doth diuorce.

D. Lodge.

Peace brings in pleasure, pleasure breeds excesse,
Excesse procureth want, want worse distresse.
Distresse contempt, contempt is not repaired,
Till liuelesse death determine hope dispaired. *Idem.*
Warres greatest woes, and miseries increase, Flowes

Flowes frō the surfets which we take in pegce. *B. Iohn.*

Pleasure.

Physche in stedfast loue and happie state
With *Cupid* liues, and hath him borne a childe,
Pleasure that doth both Gods and men aggrate.

Ed. Spencer.

Most easie is the way and passage plaine,
To Pleasures pallace; it may soone be spide,
And day and night her doores to all stand open wide.

Idem.

Her face was wan, a leane and withered skin,
Her stature scant three horsloaues did exceed:
Her haire was gray of hue, and very thin,
Her teeth were gone, her gummes seru'd in their steed.
No space there was betweene her nose and chin.
Her noysome breath contagion would breed.
In fine, of her it might haue well bene said,
In *Nestors* youth she was a pretrie maid.

S. I. Harr.

O poysoned hooke that lurkes in sugred bait
O Pleasures vaine, that in this world are found:
Which like a subtill theefe do lie in wait
To swallow man in sinke of sin profound.

Idem.

--Reuels, daunces, maskes and merry howres,
Forerun faire loue, strowing her way with flowers.

W. Sha.

O Pleasure thou the very lure of sin,
The roote of woe, our youth is deceitfull guide:
A shop where all infected persons bin,
The bait of lust, the instrument of pride.

Inchan-

Inchaunting *Circes* smoothing couert guile,
Alluring *Syren*, flattering Crocodile.

M. Drayton.

Pleasures be poore, and our delights be dead,
When as a man doth not enioy the head.

Idem.

Neuer haue vniust pleasures bene compleat
In ioyes intire; but still feare kept the dore:
And held backe something from that hell of sweet,
To inter sowre vnsure delights the more.
For neuer did all circumstances meet
With those desires which were conceiu'd before.
Something must still be left to cheare our sin,
And giue a touch of what should not haue bin.

S. *Daniell.*

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceiu'd.

Idem.

In feare her arts are learned now a daies,
To counterfait their haire and paint their skin:
But reasons ring their craft and guile bewraies,
No wise men of their paintings passe a pin.

S. *I. H.*

Too much desire to please, pleasure diuorces,
Attempts, and not intreat, get Ladies larges.

G. Chapman.

Our fond preferments are but childrens toyes,
And as a shadow all our pleasures passe:
As yeares increase, so waining are our ioyes,
And beautie crazed like a broken glasse,
A prettie tale of that which neuer was.

M. Drayton.

Pleasures

---Pleasures neuer dine but on excesse,
Whose diet made to draw on all delight:
And ouercome in that sweet drunkennesse,
His appetite maintained by his sight,
Strengtheneth desire, but euer weakeneth might,
Vntill this vleer ripening to an head,
Vomits the poyson which it nourished.

Idem.

Short houres worke long effects minutes haue change,
While pleasure ioyeth, paine more ripe doth growe.

Idem.

The secret sweet is sweetest, sweet to fall.

Th. Achilley.

---To them that know not pleasures price,
Alls one, a prison, or a paradice.

M. Drayton.

Poesie.

All art is learnd by art, this art alone
It is a heauenly gift: no flesh nor bone
Can preise the hony we from *Pind* distill,
Except with holy fier his breft we fill.
From that spring flowes, that men of speciall choose
Consum'd in learning and perfit in prose?
For to make verse in vaine dois trauell take,
When as a prentise faiter words will make.

K. of S.

Whilome in ages past none might professe
But princes and hie priests that sacred skill:
The sacred lawes wherein they wont expresse,
And with deepe oracles their verses fill,
Then was he held in soueraigne dignitie,

And made the nourslling of nobilitie,
But now not Prince nor Priest doth her maintaine,
But suffer her prophaned for to bee,
Of the base vulgar that with hands vncleane
Dares to pollute her hidden misterie,
And treadeth vnderfoote her holy things,
Which was the care of *Keysars* and of Kings.

Ed. Spencer.

Those numbers wherwith heauen & earth are mou'd,
Shew, weaknes speaks in prose, but power in verse.

S. Daniell.

----Man from man must holy parted bee,
If with his age his verse do well agree.
Amongst our hands, he must his wits resing,
A holy traunce to highest heauen him bring.
For euen as humane fury makes the man
Lesse then the man: so heauenly fury can
Make man passe man, and wander in holy mist
Vpon the fiery heauen to walke at list.
Within that place the heauenly Poets sought
Their learning, sin to vs here downe it brought.
With verse that ought to *Atropos* no due,
Dame Natures trunchmen, heauens interpret true,

K. of Scots.

The vaunted verse a vacant head demaunds,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell,
Vnwisely weaues that takes two webbes in hand.

Ed. Spenser.

O peerlesse Poesie, where is then thy place?
If not in princes pallace thou doest sit,
And yet is princes pallace the most fit.

Or breach of baser birth doth thee embrace,
Then make thee wings of thy aspiring wit,
And whence thou cam'st fly backe to heauen apace.

Idem.

All art is learn'd by art, but poesie
It is a gift diuine, and cannot die. *Idem.*
Like as into the waxe the seales imprent,
Is like a seale: right so the Poet gent,
Doth graue so viue in vs his passions strange,
As makes the reader halfe in author change,
For Verses force is like that softly slides,
Through secret poris, and in our sences bides,
As make them haue both good and ill imprented,
Which by the learned worke is represented.

K. of Scots.

Onely he of Lawrell is condigne,
Who wisely can with profit pleasure minge,
The fairest walking on the sea coast beene,
And surest swimming where the braes are greene,
So wise is he who in his verse can haue
Skill mixt with pleasure sports, with doctrine graue.

Idem.

Who euer casts to compasse waightie prise,
And thinks to throw out thundering words of threats
Let power in latiish cups and thriftie bits of meat,
For *Bacchus* fruite is friend to *Phœbus* wise,
And when with wine the braine begins to sweat,
The numbers flowe, as freely spring doth rise.

Ed. Spencer.

Ridled poesies and those significantly flowe,
Differ in eares, as do in mouths the apricocke and sloe.

W. Warner.

What

What reason mou'd the golden *Augustine*
To name our Poetrie vaine errors wine?
Or *Hieronme* deeply sighted in their euills,
To tearme it nothing but the foode of deuils:
Nought but the misimployment of our gifts,
Ordaind for Art, but spent in shamlesse shifts.

D. Lodge.

Looke as the sun-beame in a burning glasse,
Doth kindle fier where euer it doth passe,
But freely spread vpon th'engendring earth,
Egges on the spring, and bils the cause of dearth,
So Poesie restraind in errors bounds,
With poisoned words and sinfull sweetnesse wounds,
But cloathing vertue and adorning it,
Wit shines in vertue, vertue shines in it.

Idem.

Poets.

The Greekes do paint the Poets office whole,
In *Pegasus* their fained horse, with wings,
Whom shaped so, *Medusaes* bloud did foyle,
Who with his feete strake out the Muses springs
Fro flintie rocks to *Helicon* that clings,
And then flew vp into the starry skie,
And there abides among the Gods on hie:
For who that will a perfect Poet bee,
He must be bred out of *Medusaes* blood,
He must be chaste and vertuous as was shee,
Who to her power, the *Ocean* God withstood.
To th'end also his doombe be iust and good,
He must as she, looke rightly with one eie,

Truth

Truth to regard, ne write one thing awrie.
In courage eke, he must be like a horse,
He may not feare to register the right.
What though some frowne? thereof he may not force
No bit, ne raine his tender iawes may twight,
He must be arm'd with strength of wit and sprite,
To dash the rocks, darke causes and obscure,
Till he attaine the springs of truth most pure.
His houes also must pliant be and strong,
To riue the rocks of lust and errors blind,
In braineleſſe heads that alwaies wander wrong,
These must be bruis'd with reasons plaine and kind,
Till springs of grace do gush out of thy minds
For till affections fond be from thee driuen,
In vaine is truth told, or good counsell giuen.
Like *Pegasus*, a Poet must haue wings,
To flie to heauen, or where him liketh best,
He must haue knowledge of eternall things,
Almightie *Ione* must harbour in his breſt,
With worldly cares he may not be oppreſt.
The wings of wit and skill must heaue him hier,
With great delight to ratifie desier.
He must also be lustie, free, and swift,
To trauell farre to view the trades of men.
Great knowledge oft is gotten by the shift,
Things that import he must be quicke to pen,
Reprouing vices sharply now and then.
He must be swift when touched tyrants chafe,
To gallope thence, to keepe his carkas safe.

M. of M.

A Poet

A Poet must be pleasant, not too plaine,
Faults to controll, ne yet to flatter vice,
But sound and sweete, in all things ware and wise.

Idem.

--- Poets onely pride,
Is vertue to aduance, and vice deride.

Ed. Spencer.

--- Poets right are like the pipe alway,
Who full doth sound, and emptie, staies to play:
Euen so their fury lasting, lasts their tone,
Their fury ceast, their muse doth stay anone.

K. of Scots.

When heauen would striue to doo the best she can,
And put an Angels spirit into a man,
Then all her powers she in that worke doth spend,
When she a Poet to the world doth send.
The difference onely twixt the Gods and vs,
Allowd by them, is but distinguisht thus.
They giue men breath, men by their powers ate born,
That life they giue, the Poet doth adorne:
And from the world when they dissolue mans breath,
They in the world do giue man life in death.

M. Drayton.

--- Who so will with vertues deeds assay
To mount to heauen, on *Pegasus* must ride,
And with sweete Poets verse be glorifide,
For not to haue bene dipt in *Lethe* Lake,
Could saue the sonne of *Thetis* for to die,
But that blind bard did him immortall make,
With Verses dipt, in deaw of *Castalie*,
Which made the Easterne Emperour to crie.
O fortunate yoong man whose vertue found

So

So braue a trumpe thy vertues to resound.

Ed. Spencer.

Phisitions bills not patients but Apothecaries learnes,
Some moderne Poets be hardly inwardse,
Not intellectually to write, is learnedly they trowe,
Whereby they bit capacities, as blind men bit the crowe.

W. Warner.

As now by melancholy walks, and shredbare coats we gesse,
At clients and at Poets none worke more, and profit lesse:
None make to more vnmade of more, the good of other men
For those enrich the gownists, these eternize with their pen.
Yet soothly nods to Poets now, are largesse and but lost,
For Pallas *hermits liue secure, obscure in roofes embost.*

Idem.

The world and they so ill according bee,
That wealth and Poets hardly can agree:
Fewe liue in court, that of their good do care,
The muses friends are euery where so rare.

M. Drayton.

He giues a Poet that his verses heares. *Idem.*
But oh *Mecenas* is yclad in clay,
And great *Augustus* long ago is dead,
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for Poets on to play
For euer, who in dorring do, were dead,
The loftie verse of them was loued aye:
But after vertue, gan for age to stoupe,
And mightie manhood brought to bed of ease,
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in preaze among the learned troope,
Tho gan the streames of flowing wits to cease,

And

And sun-bright honour pend in shamefull coope.

Ed. Spencer.

--- These frugall patrons who begin
To scantle learning with a seruile pay,
Make Poets thinke their negligence no sin,
The cold conceit of recompence doth slay,
Their fiery furie when they should begin,
The Priest vnpaid, can neither sing nor say,
Nor Poets sweetly write, except they meete
With some rewards for sermoning so sweete.

D. Lodge.

--- *Plato* Common-weale did packe
None of those Poets, who by Verse did make,
The good men euill, and the wicked worse,
Whose pleasant words betraid the publike curse,
Nor those who in their songs good termes, alwaies
Ioynd with faire theames: whil'st thundring on the
Of God, iust thunderer; whiles this holy speach, (praise
Like *Hermes* did the way to strayers teach.

K. of Scots.

Plentie.

--- Such is th'effect of two much store,
It makes them loathe that which they lou'd before.

Ch. Middleton.

The stately Eagle on his pitch doth stand
And from the maine the fearefull foule doth suit,
Yet scornes to touch them lying on the land,
When he hath felt the sweete of his delight,
But leaues the same a pray to euery Kite,
With much we surfet, Plentie makes vs poore,

The

The wretched Indian scorns the golden Oare.

M. Drayton.

Pollicie.

O pollicie scarce knowne in times that's past,
Or being knowne, yet least of most esteemd,
Thy prouidence most worthily shall last,
And in these latter dayes be better deemd.

I. Markham.

--- Warre, honour doth deserue,
Yet counsell in all Kingdomes pollicied,
Is farre more worthy and more dignified:
For armes but in extreames do neuer serue,
To reconcile and punish such as swerue.

D. Lodge.

He that will gaine what pollicie doth heed,
By *Mercurie* must deale, or neuer speed.

M. Drayton.

Grounded aduice in daunger seldome trips
The deadliest poyson still can safely drinke:
Foresight, stands fast where giddie rashnes slides,
Wisedome seemes blind, when eyed as a Linx
Preuention speaketh ill, but what he thinkes,
The deadliest hate which smiles securely stands.

Idem.

---- Pollicie religious habit weares.

Idem.

No *Pollicie* to silence now adaies.

Th. Storer.

Our troubles kept abroad, although to cost,
Are well bought out, for least by them is lost.

D. Lodge.

This

Tis better farre thy enemy to aband
Quite from thy bowers to a ſtranger ſoyle,
Then he at home thee and thy country ſoyle,

M. of M.

The head that deemes to ouertop the skie,
Shall periſh in his humane pollicie.

R. Greene.

How oft haue watching pollicie deuizde
A cunning clauſe which hath himſelfe ſurprizde?
How often hath leaud fraud bene ſet a flote
Of purpoſe that his goods might cut his throte?
Who builds on ſtrength by pollicie is ſtript,
Who hurts his wit by wit, is ſooneſt tript.

D. Lodge.

Endeuours polliticke take ſmall effect,
That wants aſſiſtance from the heauenly word:
Beſide ſome helpe muſt wealth and ſtate afford.
For iudgement vttered by the mouth of want,
Is either partiall or admired ſcant.

Th. Storer.

A Clergie man his calling much impaires,
To meddle with the polliticke affaires.

Idem.

Though *Marius* could begin and make the fray,
Yet *Sciurus* pollicie deſerues the baye.

D. Lodge.

Let *Catulus* with *Pompey* be comparde,
Or wittie *Cicero* with *Cateline*:
And to preuent with pollicie diuine,
That which the other ouer-raſhly darde,
Deſerues ſuch fame as may not be imparde.

Idem.

Say

Say military vertues do require
A valiant heart, great strength and constancie;
The selfe like gifts in ciuil policie,
Are requisite for such as do aspire
To gaine renowne by counsell for their hire.

Idem.

A little harme done to a great good end,
For lawfull policie remaines mated,
The poysonous simple sometime is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied
His venome in effect is purified.

W. Sha.

Pouertie.

O pouertie, chiefe of the heauenly broode.

Ed. Fairfax.

----Such is the world, this crost-blis world of ours,
That vertue hardly hides her self in poore & desart bowers.
And such be best as seeme not best, consent exceeds a crowne.

VV. Warner.

----Powerfull need (arts auncient dame, and keeper)
The early watch clocke of the slothfull sleeper.

I. Syluester.

----Lacke is thrall and slaue to every thing.

Th. Churchyard.

Need is mistresse of all exercise.

Th. Bastard.

A schollers want exceeds a clownes content.

Idem.

No danger but in hie estate, none errt in meane degree.

W. Warner.

—Where imperious need doth tyrannize,
The holy heate through worldly cares doth pawse
Its soild with earthly thoughts and downward drawes.
Hence come those dull conceits among the wise,
Which coy eard readers censure to proceed
From ignorance, whereas they grow by need.

D. Lodge.

The citizens like pouned pikes, the lesser feeds the great,
The rich for meat seek stomachs, and the pore for stomach meat.

W. Warner.

Be as thou art, not as thou wouldst it will be as it is,
Learne them to lack, and learn to liue, for crosses neuer misse.

Idem.

Prayer.

Prayers heart and sides, and feet, are full of wings
(Like to th' Arcadian which *Ioues* arrand brings)
Her body burning, from her lips doth come
The smoake of Incense, and of sweet *Amome.*

I. Sylvester.

Heauens are propitious vnto fearfull prayers.

R. Greene.

Fasting (though faint) her face with ioy she cheares,
In weaknes strong, and young in aged yeares.
Quicke health preserues, curbing *Cupids* fits,
Watchfull, purge humors, and refining wits. *I. Syl.*

Praise.

This false painted deitie called *Laude,*
Which makes vs thirst for vaine eternitie:
Twixt our desires and hope, a cunning band

Vshe

Vshers the soule vnto extremities,
And helps by slye insinuating fraud,
Couers her deeds in scrowles of pietie.

I. Markham.

The hope of praise makes men no travell shunne,
To say an other day this haue we donne.

S. I. H.

Who rightly climes the top of endlesse praise,
Regards not what the wise discourser saies.

The Storer.

----From praise takes enuie cause. *W. W.*

The chiefest praise is to imbrace the man
In wealth and woe, with whom our loue began.

G. Turb.

The greatest praise, in greatest perils wonne.

Ed. Fairfax.

The looser wantons sild are praisde of many,
Vice oft findes friendes, but vertue sildome any.

M. Dray.

In *Athence* where *Themistocles* remaind,
Though much he conquered by his regiments,
Yet *Solon* was more praised for his ornaments.

D. Lodge.

Praise not the heyre of thy wife, though thy fame be spred,
For Gyges monarch, had graceless Candales his bed.

V. Warner.

Prouidence.

O Prouidence the conduct to our life,
The ground of vertue, hostile foe to sin,
That rearest Towers, and appeasest strife.

Thou gatherest all dispearsed exiles in.
Thou that inuentest lawes gainst man and wife.
Thou mistresse vnto ancient discipline.
Thou that bear'st heauen and nature round about thee
That makest all things, nothing being without thee.

I. Markham.

Pride.

Of grisly *Pluto* she the daughter was,
And sad *Proserpina* the queene of hell:
Yet doth she thinke her peerlesse worth to passe,
That parentage with pride so doth she swell,
And thundering *Ioue* that high in heauen doth dwell;
And weeld the world, she claimed for her sire.
Or if that any els doth *Ioue* excell,
For to the highest she doth still aspire,
Or if ought higher were, then that doth it desire.
----And proud *Lucifera* men did her call.

Ed. Spencer.

O pride, the shelfe close shrowded in the pore
Of this lifes Ocean, drowning all resort.

D. Lodge.

Pride makes her rounds, for she hath neuer end,
And sonnets, for she neuer leaues her noyse:
She makes her dumps if any thing offend,
And to her Idoll-selfe with warbling voyce
Sings Hymnes and Anthems of especiall choyce.
And yet pride's quiuer's put to silence cleane,
Wanting a base, a tenor, and a meane.

Th. Storer.

Th

The winged giant lofte staring pride,
That in the cloudes her brauing breast doth hide.

I. Sy.

Pride is the roote of ill in euery state,
The sourse of sin, the very fiend his fee;
The head of hell, the bough, the braunch, the tree,
From which do spring and sprout such fleshly seeds,
As nothing els but moane and mischiefe breeds.

G. Gascoigne.

Pride drawes on vengeance, vengeance hath no mean.
----*Nemesis* hath euery howre reseru'd
A plague for pride that hath from iustice swerv'd.

D. Lodge.

----Such is the nature still of haughte pride,
Can nothing lesse then others praise abide.

Ad. of M.

---When once pride but poinseth toward his fall,
He beares a sword to wound himselfe withall.

M. Drayton.

----Lofte pride that dwells
In towred courts, is oft in shepheards cells.

Ch. Marlowe.

A proud man may his owne tuition bee,
His heads deuise makes paules to the hart;
This heare with lippes and pleasures dauncetb free,
All but the measures framing euery part
Like organs worthy of so sweete an art.
His thoughts plaies matches to his vaulting minde,
And memorie his Recorder stands behinde.

Th. Storer.

Gay without good, is good hearts greatest loathing.

Ed. Spenser. *Princes.*

Princes.

The very place wherein a Prince appeares
Discernes his presence, makes his chamber blest:
Like Planets are they knowne within their spheares,
Or as *Halcion* with her luring breast
Demonstrates winde from winde, and East from West.
This is a certaine nature of estate,
It cannot masked be, nor chaunge his gate.

Th. Stoner.

A Princes safetie lies in louing people,
His fortis lusus (free from stratagems)
Without the which strong citadels are feeble,
The subiects loue is wonne by louing them.
Of louing them no oppression is the tryall,
And no oppression makes them euer loyall.

I. Syl.

To be a Prince, is more then be a man.

S. Daniell.

---Princes are the glasse, the schoole, the booke,
vvhere subiects vsed to liue, do read, do looke.

vv. Warner.

Howbeit subiects (alas) under their Princes blessed are,
vvhen both of peace and warre they certaine the commoditie.
And yet for this they grudging, from pay do a penny spare.

Idem.

Princes in subiects wrongs, must deare themselues abuse.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Priuate men sound not the hearts of Princes,
Whose actions oft beare contrary pretences.

S. Daniell.

Princes

Princes like Lyons neuer will be tamde,
A priuate man may yeeld and dare not howe,
But greater hearts will breake before they bowe.

Idem.

The Princes armes are stretcht from shore to shore.

M. Drayton.

—As the pawnce doth circle with the Sunne,
So to the vice, or vertue of the Prince, are people monne.

W. Warner.

Good Princes sorrow more in punishing,
Then euil subiects in committing sin.

Ch. Mid.

Euen as defaults will more conspicuous be
How much the offender greater is esteemde:
So vertue in a princely body seene,
Lamp-like and far more excellently deemd,
That in such vnitie its seldome seene:
In mutuall approach of highest blisse,
Whether more graced each by other is.

The Stofer.

O happie Princes whose foresight and care
Can winne the loue of writers in such sort
As *Cæsars* did, so as you need not dread
The lake of *Lethe* after ye be deid.

S. Ch. Hand.

—Princes neuer do themselues more wrong
Then when they hinder iustice or prolong.

Idem.

In whose high breast may Iustice build her bower
When Princes hearts wide open lye for loue?

G. Gascoigne.

We imitate the greater powers,
The princes manners, fashions ours:
The example of their light regarding,
Vulgar loosenes much incenses,
Vice vncontroll'd, growes wide in langing,
Kings small faults be great offences.

S. Daniell.

Oft for the pleasure of a prince go many things awry.

VV. Warner.

Princes like sinnes be euermore in sight,
Ill see the clouds which do eclipse their light.
Yet they which light all downe from their skies,
See not the clouds offending others eies:
And deeme their noontide is desirde of all,
When all exspect cleare changes by their fall.

M. Dray.

Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honor for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imagination
They often feele a world of restlesse cares.
So that betwixt their titles and low names
Their's nothing differs but the outward fame.

W. Sha.

Seld shall you see the ruine of a prince,
But that the people eke like brutes do Beare:
And old records of auncient times long since:
From age to age, yea almost euery where,
With proofe hath glutted euery yeare.
Thus by the follies of the princes hart,
The bounden subiet still receiues the smart.

G. Gascoigne.

Quietneſſe.

The wind is great vpon the higheſt hills,
The quiet life is in the dale below:
Who tread on yce ſhall ſlide againſt their wills,
They want not cares that curious arts would know.
Who liues at eaſe and can content him ſo
Is perfit wiſe, and ſets vs all to ſchoole:
Who hates this lore, may well be call'd a foole.

M. of M.

---Quietnes the onely nurſe of eaſe.

M. Dray.

Well wot I ſooth they ſay that ſay, more quiet nights and (deies,
The ſhepheard ſleeps & wakes, then he whoſe cattell he doth (graze,

W. Warner.

Reaſon.

----Logicke, reaſon in a daunce
(Reaſon the *Cynoſure* and bright load-ſtarre
In this worlds ſea) t'auoyd the rocke of chaunce,
For with cloſe following and continuance,
One reaſon doth another ſo enſue,
As in concluſion ſtill the daunce is true.

I. Daies.

----Reaſon ſhould haue abilitie
To hold theſe worldly things in ſuch proportion,
As let them come or go with euen facilitie.

S. Phil. Sidney.

----Euery thing that is begun with reaſon
Will come by ready meanes vnto his end,
But things miſcounſelled, muſt needs miſwend.

Ed. Spencer.

Reaſon

Reason by prudence in her function,
Had wont to tutor all out action,
Ayding with precepts of Philosophie
Our feebled nature imbecillitie,
But now affection with concupiscence,
Haue got ore reason chiefe preheminence.

I. Marston.

What warre so cruell, or what siege so sore
As that which strong affections do applie
Against the fort of reason euermore,
To bring the soule into captiuities
Their force is fairer through infirmitie
Of the frale flesh, relenting to their rage,
And exercise most bitter tirannie,
Vpon the parts brought into their bondage;
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull villanie.

Ed. Spencer.

But in a body which doth freely yeeld
His parts to reasons rule obedient,
And letteth not that ought the sceptre weeld,
All happie peace and goodly gouernment
Is seated there in sure establishment.

Idem.

He that is of reasons skill bereft,
And wants the stuffe of wisedome him to stay,
Is like a subiect midst of tempest left,
Withouten helme or pilot her to sway,
Full sad and dreadfull is that ships euent:
So is the man that wante intendment,

Idem.

Reason doth teach vs that the care is vaine,

For

For ill once past which cannot turne againe.

Of Reason.

If reason bandie with opinion,
Opinion winnes in the conclusion:
For if a man be once opinionate,
Millions of reasons will extenuate
His forced malice: conference
Cannot asswage opinions insolence.
But let opinion once lay batterie
To reasons fort, shee will turne heresie
Or superstition, wily politist,
But shee will win those rampires which resist.

Ed. Gilpin.

---Nought can reason auaile in heauenly matters.

S. Phil. Sid.

She whom saun reason men haue reason hight,
Since first in fire the Lord the aire inclosde:
In aire the sea, in sea the earth disposde
Hath with mild faith maintaind continuall fight.

I. Sylvester.

---The eye of reason is with raging ybent. *Ed. Sp.*

Religion.

Sacred Religion, mother of feare and feare.

S. Daniel.

O that this power from euerlasting giuen,
The great alliance made twixt God and vs,
The intelligence that earth doth hold with heauen.
Sacred Religion, O that thou must thus
Be made to smooth our vnruly vneain,
Brought from aboue earths quarrell to discusse.

Must

Must men beguile our soules to win our wills,
And make our zeale the furtherer of ills?

Idem.

No one quailes religion more then sundring parsbiis,
Each sot impugning order, faith and deth his infamie.

W. Warner.

What may not mischiefe of mad man abuse?
Religions cloake some one to vice doth chuse.
And maketh God protector of his crime,
O monstrous world, well ought we mischy fine.

M. of M.

---English men, nay Christian men, not only scorne prophane,
But man to man, as beast to beast hold cruel duties vaine.
Yea pulpits some like prelers packs yeeld forth as men affect:
And what a Synode should conclude, a souter deth correct.
The rude thus hosting fierce at wrangle, one sin begets another (there
And grosly though a schisme, yet hath each Schismatick his bra
Mean while the learned mut their mend, & none with profit (heare.
The tedious dole whose eteleffe tong doth preach to (heare.

VV. Warner. (*vexis eares.*

---Since pure religion doth installe
Learned professors, Prelates of deserts,
Let them aspire and reae instructed harts
Against the base bestowers of church liuings,
That vse their graunts in tellings, not in giuings.

Th. Storer.

Repentance.

Repentance makes two riuers of her eies,
Her humble face dares scant behold the skies:
Her broken breasts is beaten blew and blacke,

Her

Her tender flesh is rent with ragged sacke,
With sorrowes snowes her hoary waxen head,
With ashes pale, and dust is ouerspread.

F. Sylvester.

Repentance, hope, and soft humilitie,
Do stanke the wings of luslus triumphant carre,

Idem.

Repentance,
A salue, a comfort, and a cordiall,
He that hath her, the keies of heaven hath,
This is the guide, this is the port, the path.

M. Drayton.

O happie they that keepe within their measure,
To turne their course in time, and sound retreit,
Before that wit which late Repentance tought,
Were better neuer had then so deare bought.

S. I. H.

Sinnes haue their salues, repentance can do much.

R. Greene.

--- To be penitent for faults, with is a paron beares.

W. W.

Then hope we health when sinne is left repentantly in hart,
Adde then new life, and we to God, God doth to vs conuert.

Idem.

Yet stay thy feete in murders vgly gate,
Ill comes to soone, repentance oft too late. *M. Dr.*
Their liues to man so setled in content,
That hath not daily whereof to repent.

D. Lodge.

We see what's good, and thereto we consent,
But yet we chuse the worse and soone repent.

S. Daniell.

Rest.

Rest.

But wanting rest, will also wane of might?
The sunne that measures heauen all day long,
At night doth bath his steeds, th Ocean waues amongst.

Ed. Spencer.

Vntroubled night they say, giues counsell best.

Idem.

Who long hath rested cannot runne apace,
The fettered horse is hindmost in the chase.

Reuenge.

— Next within the entrie of the gate,
Sate fell reuenge, gnashing her teeth with ire,
Deuising meanes how she may vengeance take,
Neuer in rest till she haue her desire.
But frets within so farre forth with the fier
Of wreaking flames, that now determines shee,
To die by death, or vengd by death to bee.

M. Sackuill.

O searefull frowning *Nemesis*,
Daughter of iustice most seuere,
That art the worlds great arbitresse,
And Queene of causes raigning heere.

S. Damell.

Fierce *Nemesis* mother of fate and change,
Sword bearer of th eternall prouidence.

Idem.

— *Nemesis whose hastie reuenging*
Hands are euer at hand: whose mind is mutable aiwaies,
At miseries laughing, at mens felicitie grudging.

A. Fraunce.

— *Nemesis*

Nemesis his mistrisse of reuenge,
That with the scourge keepes all the world in awe.

Th. Dekker.

The minde by wrong is made a male-content,
And cloudes her shine in pleasllesse melancholy.
Her holy humours are in passion spent,
Till by reuenge shee's set at libertie.
For tis reuenge that satisfaction brings
To inur'd mindes, and to oppressed things.

I. Markham.

The soule is like a boystrous working sea,
Swelling in billowes for disdaine of wrongs,
And tumbling vp and downe from bay to bay,
Proues great with child of indignations.
Yet with reuenge is brought to calme allay,
Disburdend of the paine thereto belongs.
Her bowers are turnd to bright-fac't sunshine braues,
And faire content plaies gently on her waues.

Idem.

Reuenge dies not, rigout begets new wrath,
And bloud hath neuer glory, mercie hath.

S. D.

Reuenge is mine, saith he that sits on hie.

Th. Achelly.

O dire reuenge when thou in time art rakte,
From out the ashes that preserue thee long,
And lightly from thy cinders art awake,
Fuell to freedome, and reuu'd with wrongs
How soone from sparks the greatest flames are sprung?
Which doth by nature so vast aspire,
Whose massy greatnes onte kept downe his fire.

M. Drayton.

Reuenge in tears doth euer wash his hands. *Idem.* Who

Who so doth threat monsters of reuenge doth loose.

S. D.

Had I reuenged bene of every harme,
My coate had neuer kept me halfe so warme.

G. Gascoigne.

Though vengeance come behind, and her foote sore,
She ouertakes th'offender going before.

Riches. Description of Mammon.

At last he came vnto a gloomy glade,
Couered with boughes and shades from heauen light:
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade,
An vncouth, saluage, and vnciuill wight,
Of grisly hue, and foule ilfauoured sight:
His face with smoake was tand, and eies were bleard,
His head and beard with soote were all bedight,
His coale blacke hands did seeme to haue bene seard,
In smith-fiers spitting forge, & nails like claws appeard.
His Iron coate all ouergrowne with rust,
Was vnderneath enneloped with gold,
Whose glittering glose darkened with filthy dust
Well it appeared to haue bene of old,
A worke of rich entraile and curious molde,
Woven with Anticks and wilde Imagerie,
And in his lap a masse of coyne he tolde
And turned vpside downe to feed his eie,
A couetous desire with his huge treasurie:
And round about him lay on every side,
Great heapes of gold that neuer could be spent,
Of Mulcibers deuouring element:
Some peices were nere drissen and distent

Into great Ingoes and to wedges square,
Some in round plates without monument:
But some were stampt, and in their end all bare,
The Anticke shapes of Kings and *Keyssars*, strange and rare.

Ed. Spencer.

Maniman.

----I riches reade
And deeme them roote of all disquietnes:
First got with guile, and then preseru'd with dread,
And after spent with pride and lauishnes:
Leauing behind them griefe and beanines.
Infinit mischiefes of them do arise,
Strife and debate, blood-shead and bitternes,
Outragious wrong, and hellish couetize,
That noble heart as great dishonor doth despise.

Idem.

----It's but a little slide
That doth the house of riches from her mouth diuide.
Before the doore sate selfe-consuming care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward:
For feare least force or fraud should vnaware
Breake in and spoyle the treasure there ingard.
Ne would he suffer sleepe once thitherward
Approach, albe his drowsie den were next,
For next to death is sleepe to be compar'd,
Therefore his house is vnto his annext,
Here sleep, there riches, & hel gate them both betwixt.

Ed. Spencer.

Well may a rich mans hearse want teares, but heires he shall not misse,
To whom that he is dead at length no little ioy it is.

vv. vvarner.

Good is no good, but if it be spend,
God giueth good for no other end.

Ed. Spencer.

Vessels of brasse, oft handled brightly shine,
What difference betweene the richest mine
And basest earth, but vse? for both not vsde
Are of little worth: then treasure is abusde
When misers keepe it, being put to lone,
In time it will returne vs two for one.

Ch. Marlowe.

Gold is a sutor, neuer tooke repulse,
It carries Palme with it, (where e're it goes)
Respect, and obseruation; it vncouers
The knottie heads of the most surly Groomes,
Enforcing yron doores to yeeld it way,
Were they as strong ram'd vp as *Aetna* gates.
It bends the hams of Gossip Vigilance,
And makes her supple feete, as swift as winde.
It thawes the frostiest, and most stiffe disdaine:
Muffles the clearnesse of Election,
Straines fancie vnto foule Apostacie.
And strikes the quickest-sighted Iudgement blinde.
Then why should we dispaire? dispaire? Away:
Where Gold's the Motiue, women haue no Nay.

B. Iohnson.

Wealth in this age will scarcely looke on merit.

Idem.

---Gentry doth small auaile,
And vertue lesse, if lands and riches faile. S. *I. H.*

Sacriledge.

The common text shall haue a common glosse, Re-

Receits in parcels, shall be paid in grosse.
This doctrine preach'd who from the church doth take
At last shall trebble restitution make. *M. Dray.*

Secrecie.

----Secrecie the crowne of a true Louer.
M. Drayton.

----Hard it is to proue
By sight or speech, what bides in secret brest.
S. I. H.

----What can so secret bee,
But out of it will when we do least suspect?
For posts haue eares, and walles haue eyes to see,
Dumbe beasts and birds haue toongs ill to detect.
Idem.

Silence.

Dumbe Silence, sworne attendant on black night,
Thou that hast power to close vp murmures iawe:
To stop the barking of the watchfull hound,
And charme the gagling of those waking fowle,
That sau'd *Ioues* Capitoll, milde Queene of rest.
Th. Dekkar.

Soft Silence, and submisse obedience,
Both linkt together neuer do depart:
Both gifts of God, nor gotten but from thence,
Both girlonds of his saints, against their foes offence.
Ed. Spencer.

----Silence wisedomes mother.
S. Phil. Sidney.

Silence doth seem the maske of base oppression. *Idem.*

Sences.

Although things sensible be numberlesse,
But only fiue the Sences organs bee:
And in those fiue all things their formes expresse,
Which we can touch, taste, feele, or heare or see.

I. Danies.

Mans eye makes what is seene to seeme so faire,
Mans eare makes what is heard to sound so sweete:
His touch by softnesse euery sence is meete
For his owne obiect.

Idem.

Sight.

---The two eyes which haue the seeing power,
Stand as one watchman, spie, or Sentinell:
Being plac'd aloft within the heads hie tower,
And though both seeing, yet both but one thing tell.

Idem.

---Nine things to sight required are,
The power to see, the light, the visible thing:
Being not too small, too thin, too nigh, too farre,
Cleare space; and time the forme distinct to bring.

Idem.

Like as a glasse is an inanimate eye,
And outward formes imbraceth outwardly,
So is the eye an animate glasse that showes
In formes without vs.

G. Chapman.

What we behold is censured by the eyes,
Where both deliberate the loue is slight:

Who

Who euer lou'd, that lou'd not at first sight?

Ch. Marlowe.

I trow that countenance cannot lye,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

M. Roydon.

Often the eye mistakes, the braine being troubled.

W. Sha.

All amorous eyes obserning forme, thinks parts obscured (best.

vv. vvarner.

A greedy eye will haue a greedy hand.

D. Lodge.

---A monstrous rabblement
Of fowle misshapen wights, of which some were
Headed like Owles, with beakes vncomely bent:
Others like dogs, others like gryphons dreare,
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare.
And euery one of them had Linceus eies,
And euery one did bowes and arrowes beare.
All those were lawlesse lusts, corrupt enuie,
And couetous aspects, all cruell enemies.
Those same against the bulwarke of the sight
Did laie strange siege and battailous assault,
Ne once did yeeld it respit day or night,
But soone as *Titan* gan his head exault,
And soone againe as he his light withhaule
Their wicked engines they against it bent:
That is each thing by which the eyes may fau'lt.
But to them all more huge and violent,
Bewtie and money; they that bulwarke shroudly rent.

Ed. Spencer.

Hearing.

Eares office is the troubled aire to take,
Which in their mazes formes a ſound or noyſe,
Whereof her ſelfe doth true diſtinction make.
The wickets of the ſoule are plac'd on hie,
Becauſe all ſounds do lightly mount aloft:
And that they may not pierce too violently,
They are delaid with turnes and windings oft.

I. Danies.

As ſtreames which with their winding bankes do play,
Stopt by their creekes runne ſoftly through the plaine:
So in the eares labyrinth the voyce doth ſtay,
And doth with eaſie notice touch the braine.

Idem.

It is the ſlow'ſt yet the daintieſt ſence,
For euen the eares of ſuch as haue no skill,
Perceiue a diſcord and conceiue offence,
And knowing not what's good, yet finde the ill.

Idem.

Theſe conduit pipes of knowledge the minde,
But th'other three attend the body ſtill:
For by their ſeruices the ſoule doth finde
What things are to the body good or ill.

I. Danies.

The ſecond bulwarke was the hearing ſence,
Gainſt which the ſecond troupe deſignment makes
Deformed creatures, in ſtraunge difference,
Some hauing heads like harts, ſome like to ſnakes,
Some wild like boares, late rowz'd out of the brakes.
Slaunderous reproaches and foule infamies,

Leaſings,

Leasings, backbitings, and vaine-glorious crake.
Bad counsels, praises and false flatteries,
All those against that first did send their batteries.

Ed. Spencer.

Smelling.

Next, in the nosthrils she doth vse the Smell,
As God the breath of life in them did giue:
So makes he now his power in them to dwell,
To iudge all aires whereby we breathe and liue.
This sence is also mistresse of an art,
Which to soft people sweet perfumes doth sell:
Through this deare art doth little good impart,
Since they smell best that doth of nothing smell.
And ye good sents do purifie the braine,
Awake the fancie, and the wittes refine:
Hence old deuotion in aduise did ordaine,
To make mens spirits more apt to thoughts diuine.

I. Daues.

Likewise that same third fort that is the smell,
Of that third troupe was cruelly assaide:
Whose hideous shapes were like to fiends of hell.
Some like to hounds, some like to apes dismaide.
Some like to puttocks allan plumes arraide,
All shapte according their conditions,
For by those ougly formes werren portraide
Foolish delights and fond abusions,
Which do that sence besiege with light illusiõs. *Ed. Sp.*

Tasting

The bodies life with meates and aire is fed,
Therefore the soule doth vse the tasting power,
In vaines which through the tong & pallat spred. Dis-

Distinguish euery rellish sweet and sower.
This is the bodies nurse: but since mans wit
Found the Art of cookery to delight his sence,
More bodies are consumde and kild with it,
Then with the sword, famine, or pestilence.

I. Davies.

---That fourth band which cruell battery bent
Against the fourth bulwarke, that is the taste:
Was as the rest, a grisly rabblement,
Some mouth like greedy Estriges, some fac'st
Like loathly Toades, some fashioned in the waste
Like swine, for so deseru'd his luxurie,
Surfet, misdiet, and vnthriftie warke,
Vaine feasts, and idle superfluitie,
All those this sences fort assaile incessantly. *Ed. Sp.*

Feeling.

Lastly, the feeling power which is lifes roote,
Through euery liuing part it selfe doth shed,
By sinewes which extend from head to foote,
And like a net all ouer the body spred.
Much like a subtill spider which doth sit
In middle of her web which spreddeth wide:
If ought do touth the outmost thred of it,
She feeles it instantly on euery side.

I. Davies.

By touch the first pure qualities we learne,
Which quicken all things, hot, cold, moist, and drie:
By touch, hard, soft, rough, swoot, we do discerne,
By touch, sweet pleasure and sharpe paine we trie,
These are the outward instruments of sence,

These

Theſe are the guardes which euery one muſt paſſe,
Ere it approach the mindes intelligence,
Or touch the phantaſie, wits looking glaſſe.

Idem.

But the fift troupe moſt horrible of hue,
And fierce of force was dreadfull to report:
For ſome like snailes, some did like ſpiders ſhewe,
And some like ougly vrchins thicke and ſhort,
Cruelly they aſſailed that fift fort,
Armed with darts of ſenſuall delight,
With ſtrings of carnall luſt and ſtrong effect,
Of feeling pleaſures, with which day and night
Againſt the ſame fift bulwarke they continued fight.

Ed. Spenser.

Sinne.

Firſt we do taſte the fruite, then ſee our ſin.

S. Daniell.

Shame followes ſin, diſgrace is daily giuen,
Impietie will out, neuer ſo cloſely donne,
No walles can hide vs from the eye of heauen,
For ſhame muſt end what wickednes begun,
Forth breakes reproach when we leaſt thinke thereon.

Idem.

Like as diſeaſes common cauſe of death,
Bring daunger moſt when leaſt they pricke and ſmart:
Which is a ſigne they haue expulſt the breath
Of liuely heate which doth defend the hart,
Euen ſo ſuch ſinnes as felt are on no part,
Haue conquered grace, and by their wicked vre,
So kild the ſoule that it can haue no cure.

I. Hig. M. of M.

Sinnes harueſt neuer failes, but grace hath death.

D. Lodge.

Couer thou fier neuer ſo cloſe within,
Yet out it will, and ſo will ſecret ſin.

M. of M.

It doubles ſinne if ſinely ſinne we practiſe to preuent.

W. W.

Man may ſecurely ſinne, but ſafely neuer.

B. Ihonſon.

What wight on earth can voyd of fault be found?
What Saint is that who doth not ſinne ſometime?
Tweene good and bad this difference ſole is found,
That good men ſinne but ſeld, and mend betime.
The bad man (making ſcruple none nor queſtion)
Yeelds willingly to euery leaud ſuggeſtion.

S. I. H.

Sinnes oft aſſaid, ere thought to be no ſin,
So ſoileth ſinne, the ſoule it ſinketh in.

M. of M.

Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at firſt comming,
For nature checks a new offence with loathing,
But vſe of ſinne doth make it ſeeme as nothing.

S. Daniell.

What though our ſinnes go braue and better clad?
They are as thoſe in rags, as baſe, as bad.

Idem.

The ſpot is foule, though by a Monarch made,
Kings cannot priuiledge a ſinne forbade.

Idem.

Sinne euer muſt
Be torturde with the racke of his owne frame,

For

For he that holds no faith, shall finde no trust,
But sowing wrong, is sure to reape the same.

Idem.

---- Cunning sinne being clad in vertues shape,
Flies much reproofe, and many stormes doth scape.

D. Lodge.

---- *Place for people, people place, and all for sinne decay.*

Ed. Warner.

To punish sinne is good, it is no nay,
They wrecke not sinne, but merit wrecke for sinne
The fathers fault that wreake vpon the kin.

M. of M.

The sinne to which a man by loue is driuen,
So much the rather ought to be forgiuen.

S. I. H.

Slaunder.

Her face was vgly, and her mouth distort,
Foming with poyson round about her gils,
In which her cursed tongue full sharpe and short,
Appeard like *Aspes* sting, that closely kils,
Or cruelly does wound, whom so she wils,
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Vpon the which she litle spins but spils,
And faine to weaue false tales and leasings bad---
To throw amongst the gods which others had dispred.

Ed. Sp.

Her nature is, all goodnesse to abuse,
And causelesse crimes continually to frame:
With which she guiltlesse persons may abuse,

And

And stole away the crowne of her good name,
Ne euer knight so bold, ne euer dame
So chaste and loyall liu'd, but she would striue
With forged cause, them falsly to defame.
Ne euer thing was done so well aliue,
But she with blame would blot, and of due praise de-
(priue.

Idem.

All like the stings of Asps, that kill with smart,
Her spightfull words do pierce and wound the inner
(part.

Idem.

Foule canker of faire vertuous action,
Vile blaster of the fresh bloomes here on earth,
Enuies abhorred child detraction.

I. Marston.

Happie is he that liues in such a sort,
That need not feare the tongues of false report.

E. of S.

The vulgar tongues are armed euermore
With slaunderous brute, to blemish the renowne
Of vertuous dames, which though at first it spring,
Of slender cause, yet doth it swell so fast,
As in short space it filleth euery eare
With swift report of vndeserued blame.

G. Gascoigne.

---It euer hath bene knowne,
They other vertues scorne that doubt their owne.

S. Daniell.

No plaister heales a deadly poysoned sore,
No secret hid where slaunder keepes the dore.

M. Drayton.

Against bad tongues, goodnesse cannot defend her,
Those be most free from faults, they least will spare,
But prate of them whom they haue scantly knowne,
Iudging their humours to be like their owne.

S. I. H.

Slaunder once set on foot though false, is talkt in euery street.

VV. VVarner.

No wound with warlike hand of enemie
Inflict with dint of sword so sore doth light,
As doth the poysonous sting which infamie
Infuseth in the name of noble wight.
It neuer can recured be againe,
Ne all the skill which that immortall spright
Of *Podalyrius* did in it retaine,
Can remedie such hurts: such hurts are hellish paine.

Ed. Sp.

A sprightly wit disdaines detraction.

I. Marston.

Backbiting pens, and pens that sooth vp sinne,
Enuious the one, th'other clawbacks binne. *I. Syl.*

Sleepe.

Amidst a darke thicke wood there is a caue,
Whose entrance is with Iuie ouerspread,
They haue no light within, nor none they craue,
Here Sleepe doth couch her ouerdrowsie head,
And sloath lies by that seemes the goute to haue,
And Idlenes not so well taught as fed,
They point forgetfulnes the gate to keepe,
That none come out or in to hinder Sleepe.
She knowes no meanes of men, ne none will learne,
Their messages she list not vnderstand: Shee

She knowes no busines doth her concerne,
Silence is Sentinell of all this band,
And vnto those he comming doth discerne
To come too neere, he beckens with his hand,
He treadeth soft, his shooes are made of felt,
His garment short, and girded with a belt.

S. I. H.

By care lay heauie sleepe, the couzen of death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone:
A very corps, saue yeelding forth a breath,
Small keepe tooke he whom fortune frownd on,
Or whom she lifted vp into the throne
Of high renowne: but as a liuing death,
So dead aliue, of life he drew the breath. *M. Sack.*

A drowsie head to earth by dull desire
Draws downe the soule that should to heauen aspire.
Writing these later lines, wearie well-nie
Of sacred *Pallas*, pleasing labour deare,
Mine humble chin saluteth oft my brest,
With an Ambrosian deawe mine eies possest
By peece-meale close; all mooving powers die still,
From my dull fingers drops my fainting quill.
Downe in my sloath-bound bed againe I shrinke,
And in darke *Lethe* all deepe cares I sinke. *I. Syl.*

Solitarinesse.

Sweete solitarie life thou true repose,
Wherein the wise contemplate heauen aright,
In thee no dread of warre or worldly foes,
In thee no pompe seduceth mortall sight.
In thee no wanton cares to winne with words,
Nor lurking toies which silly life affords. *D. L. Soul.*

Souldiers.

--- O Souldiers enuie neere ally to Kings
Maiesticke humour, carefull iealous thought:
Thou, which awak'st vs from ignoble things,
A passion nearest to a godhead brought.
Onely indefinite: to whom none brings
Limit or bound, thou greater then our thought,
Who holds thee, holds a power to make him able,
Who looses then, becomes most miserable. *I. Mark.*
None is so poore of sence and eine,
To whom a souldier doth not shine. *G. Chap.*
No elegancie can bewtifie
A shamelesse lumpe of gluttonie:
His heart sweete *Cupids* tents reiects,
That onely meate and drinke affects.
O *Flora* all mens intellects,
Know souldiers power such respects,
Meere helpes for need his minde sufficeth,
Dull sleepe and surfets he despiseth:
Loues trumpe his temples exerciseth,
Courage and loue his life compriseth. *Idem.*

Soule.

--- He that spread the skies
And fixt the earth, first form'd the soule in man,
This true *Prometheus* first made men of earth,
And shead in him a beame of heauenly fier,
Now in their mothers wombes before their birth,
Doth in all sonnes of men their soules inspire.
And as *Minerua* is in fables fainde
From *Ioue*, without an other to proceed,
So our true *Ioue* without an others aide,

Doth

Doth daily millions of *Minerues* breed.

I Davies.

Like as the sunne aboue the light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the aire belowe,
So from the eternall light the soule doth spring,
Though in the body she her powers do showe.

Idem.

The soule a substance and a body is,
Which God himselfe doth in the body make,
Which makes the man; or euery man from this
The nature of a man and name doth take.
And though the spirit be to the body knit,
As an apt meane her power to exercise:
Which are, life, motion, sense, and will and wit,
Yet she suruiues, although the body dies.
Shee is a substance and a reall thing,
Which hath it selfe an actuall working might,
Which neither from the senses power doth spring,
Nor from the bodies humours tempered right.
She is a vine which doth no propping need,
To make her spread her selfe, or spring vpright,
She is a starre whose beames do not proceed
From any sinne, but from a natiue light.

Idem.

She is a spirit and an heauenly influence,
Which from the fountaine of Gods spirit doth flowe,
Shee's a spirit, yet not like aire nor winde,
Nor like the spirits about the heart or braine,
Nor like the spirits which Alchimists definde,
When they in euery thing seeke gold in vaine.

Idem.

And

——— To shew her powerfull deitie,
Her sweete *Endimion* more to beautifie,
Into his soule the goddesse doth infuse,
The fierie Nature of an heauenly Muse:
Which the spirit labouring by the mind,
Partaketh of celestiall things by kind.
For why the soule being diuine alone,
Exempt from grosse and vild corruption,
Of heauenly secrets incomprehensible,
Of which the dull flesh is not sensible;
And by one onely powerfull faculties,
Yet gouerneth a multiplicitie,
Being essentiall, vniforme in all,
Not to be seuered or diuiduall:
But in her function holdeth her estate,
By powers diuine in her ingenerate,
And so by inspiration conceiueth,
What heauen to her by diuination breatheth.

Mr. Drayton.

Like as the soule doth rule the earthlie masse,
And all the seruice of the body frame,
So loue of soule doth loue of body passe,
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meanest brasse.

Ed. Spencer.

Euerie good motion that the soule awakes,
A heauenly figure sees from whence it takes,
That sweetelesse bloome which by power of kinde,
Formes like it selfe an image of the mind,
And in our faith the operations be,
Of that diuinesse which by fayth wee see,

Which neuer erres but accidentally,
By our fraile flesshes imbecilitie,
By each temptation ouer-apt to slide,
Except our spirit becomes our bodyes guide.
For as our bodyes prisons bee the towres,
So to our soules these bodyes be of ours,
Whose fleshly walles hinder that heauenly light,
As these stone walles deprive our wished sight.

Idem.

——— As Phœbus throwes
His beames abroade, though hee in clouds bee clos'd
Still glauncing by them till shee finde oppos'd
A loose and rorid vapour, that is fit
To euent his searching beames, and vseth it
To forme a twentie coloured eie,
Cast in a circle round about the skie.
So when our fierie soule, our bodies starre,
(That euer is in motion circular)
Conceiues a form in seeking to display it,
Through all our cloudy parts it doth conuey it:
Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.

Idem.

Like as the moysture which the thirstie earth
Sucks from the Sea to fill her emptie vaines,
From out her wombe at last doth take a birth,
And runnes a nymph along the grassie plaines:
Long doth shee stay, as loth to leaue the land,
From whose soft side she first did issue make,
She tasts all places, turnes to euerie hand,
Her flowing bankes vnwilling to forsake,

Yet

Yet nature so her streames doth leade and carrie,
As that her course doth make no finall stay,
Till shee her selfe vnto the Ocean marrie,
Within whose warrie bosome first shee lay.
Euen so our soule within this earthly mould,
The spirit doth secretly infuse,
Because at first shee doth the earth behold,
And onely this materiall world shee viewes.
At first our mother earth shee holdeth deere,
And doth imbrace the world and worldly things,
She flies close to the ground and houers heere,
And mounts not vp with her celestiall wings.
Yet vnder heauen shee cannot light on ought,
That with her heauenly nature doth agree,
She cannot rest, she cannot fixe her thought,
She cannot in this world cofitented bee.

I. Davies.

When the soule finides heere no true content,
And like *Noah's* Doue, can no sure footing take,
She doth returne from whence shee first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

Idem.

Heauen waxeth old, and all the spheares aboue
Shall one day fayne, and their swift motion stay,
And time it selfe shall cease in time to moue,
Onely the soule suruiues and liues for aye.

Idem.

When as the soule is drowned once in vice,
The sweete of sinne makes hell a Paradice.

M. Drayton.

This is the fable of the Lady faire,

VVhich for her lust was turnde into a cow,
VVhen thirstie to a streame she did repaire,
And saw her selfe transformde she knew not how,
At first she startles, and she stands amazd,
And loathes the watry glasse wherein she gazd:
At last for terror she from thence doth flie,
And shunnes it still, though she for thirst doe die.
Euen so mans soule, which did Gods image beare,
And was at first faire, good, and spotlesse pure,
Since with her sinnes her beauties blotted were,
Doth of all sights her owne sight least indure:
For euen at first reflecting she espies
Such strange *Chimeraes* and such monsters there,
Such toyes, such antickes, and such vanities,
As she retyres, and shrinks for shame and feare.

I. Davis.

Euen as the man loues least at home to bee,
That hath a sluttish house haunted with spirits,
So she impatient her owne faults to see,
Turnes from her selfe, and in strange things delights.

Idem.

——— Tis a sacred cure
To salue the soules dread wounds, omnipotent
That nature is, that cures the impotent
Euen in a moment, sure grace is infusde
By diuine fauour, not by actions vsde:
Which is as permanent as heauens blisse,
To them that haue it, then no habit is.

I. Marston.

That learned Father which so firmely prooues
The soule of man immortall and diuine,

And doth the ſeuerall offices define.

Anima.

Giues her that name as ſhe the body moues,

Amor.

Then is ſhee loue imbracing charitie.

Animus.

Mouing a will in vs, it is the mind.

Mens.

Retaining knowledge ſtill the ſame in kind.

Memoria.

As intellectuall it is the memorie.

Ratio.

In iudging, Reaſon onely is her name.

Senſus.

In ſpeedie apprehenſion it is Sence.

Conſcientia.

In right or wrong men call her Conſcience.

Spiritus.

The Spirit, when to Godward it doth inflame.
Theſe of the ſoule the ſeuerall functions bee.

M. Drayton.

Like as two bellowes blowne turne by turne,
By little and little make cold coles to burne,
And then their fire inflamde with glowing heate,
An iron barre which on the Anuile beate,
Seemes no more yron, but flies almoſt all,
In hiſsing ſparkles and quicke-bright cinders ſmall.
So the worlds ſoule ſhould in our ſoule inſpire,
Th'eternall force of an eternall fire.
And then our ſoule (as forme) breathe in our corſe,
Her countleſſe numbers, and heauens turned force,

Wherewith our bodyes beautie beautified,
Should like our (deathlesse soule) haue neuer died.

I. Sylvester.

Of Sorrow.

In blacke all clad there fell before my face,
A pitieous wight whom woe had all forewast,
Forth on her eyes the cristall teares out brast,
And sighing sore her hands shee wrung and fold,
Tare all her haire, that ruth was to behold;
Her body small, sore withered and sore spent,
As is the stalke that summers drought oppreſt,
Her welked face with wofull teares besprent:
Her colour pale (as it seemed) her best,
In woe and plaint reposed was her rest:
And as the stone that drops of water weares,
So dented were her cheekes with fall of teares:
Her eyes swollen with flowing streames afloate,
Wherewith her lookes throwne vp full pitiously,
Her forceleſſe handes together oft she smote,
With dolefull shrikes that ecchoed in the skie,
Whose plaints such sighs did strait accompanie,
That in my doome was neuer man did see
A wight but halfe so woe-begone as shee.
Sorrow I am, in endlesse sorrowes pained,
Among the furies in the infernall lake,
Where *Pluto* God of hell so grisly blacke,
Doth hold his throne and *Lethes* deadly taste,
Doth riue remembrance of each thing fore-past.

M. Sackuile.

Sorrows first leader of this furious crowde,

Muffled all ouer in a ſable clowde,
Olde before age, afflicted night and day,
*H*er face with wrinkles warped euerie way,
Creeping in corners, where ſhee ſits and vies,
Sighs from her heart, teares for her blubbered eies,
Accompanied with ſelfe-conſuming care,
*W*ith weeping pittie, thought, and mad diſpayre.
*T*hat beares about her burning coles and cords,
Aſpes, poyſons, piſtols, haulters, kniues, and ſwords,
Foule ſquinting enuie, that ſelfe-eating elfe,
*T*hrough others leanneſſe fatting vp her ſelfe,
Ioyning in miſchiefe, feeding but with langour,
And bitter teares, her toad-like ſwelling anger,
And iealouſie that neuer ſleepes for feare,
(Suſpitious flea ſtill nibling in her eare)
*T*hat leaues repaſt and reſt, neere pinde and blinde,
With ſeeking what ſhee would bee loth to finde.

I. Silueſter.

Two inward vulturs, ſorrow and diſdaine.
Sorow miſſortunes ſonne, diſpayres foule ſire.

Ed. Fairfax.

Sorrow breakes ſeaſons and repoſing howres,
Makes the night morning, and the noone tide night.

W. Shakeſpeare.

Sorrow is ſtill vnwilling to giue ouer.

S. Daniell.

Sorrow grows ſenceleſſe when too much ſhe beares.

M. Dr.

Sad ſorrow like a heauie ringing bell,
Once ſet in ringing, with his owne weight goes,
Then little ſtrength rings out the doleſull knel.

It is some ease our sorrowes to reveale,
If they to whome we shall impart our woes,
Seeme but to feele a part of what we feele.
And meete vs with a sigh but at a close.

S. Daniell.

Sighes are the ease calamitie afoords,
Which serue for speech when sorrow wanteth words.

Idem.

Fell sorrowes tooth neuer ranckles more,
Then when it bites, but launcheth not the sore.

Idem.

——— Sorrow close shrouded in the heart,
I know to keep, it is a wondrous smart,
Each thing imparted, is more ease to beare,
When the raine is fallen, the cloudes waxe cleere.

Ed. Spencer.

——— Sorrow ne neede be hastened on,
For he will come without calling anon.

Idem.

——— Snarling sorrow hath lesse powre to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Ed. Spencer.

He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
And his foe fettered would release againe,
Deserues to tast his follies fruit, repented paine.

Ed. Spencer.

——— Mirth doth search the bottom of annoy,
Sad soules are slaine in mirthie companie,
Greefe best is pleasde with grieses societie:
True sorrow then is feelingly suffizde,

VVhen

When with like sorrow it is sympathizde,
True sorrow hath not euer a wet eye.

Th. Dekker.

Sad sorrow euer ioyes to heare her worst.

S. D.

Suspition.

—— False suspition of another is
A sure condemning of our owne amis.

Edw. Gdpin.

Mistrust doth treason in the truest raise,
Suspitious *Romulus* stain'd his walles first rear'd
VVith brothers bloud, whom for light leape he feard.
The iealous cuckold weares th'infamous horne,
So not in brotherhood, iealousie may bee borne.

M. of M.

Riualles in loue will be suspitious quickly.

I. Weeuer.

The Marchant traffiking abroad, suspects his wife at (home
A youth wil play the wanton, & a wanton proue a meme.

W. Warner.

Teares.

—— These two parts belong
Vnto true knowledge, words and teares haue force,
To moeue compassion in the sauage mindes
Of brutish people reason wanting kindes.

Tho. Middleton.

Teares, vows, and prayers gaine the hardest hearts.

S. Daniell.

Teares worke no truce, but where the heart is tender.

D. Lodge.

Teares harden lust, though marble weare with raine,
W. Sh.

Seld speaketh loue, but sighes his secret paines, (ble,
Teares are his truch-men, words do make him trem-
R. Greene.

Teares cannot soften flint, nor vowes conuert,
S. D.

A dolefull case desires a dolefull song,
Without vaine art, or curious complement,
And squallid fortune into basenesse flung,
Doth scorne the pride of wonted ornament,
Ed. Spencer.

Temperance.

——Temperance which golden squire,
Betwixt these two can measure out a meane,
Neither to melt in pleasures hot desire,
Nor frie in heartlesse greefe and dolefull teene,
Thrise happie man who faires them both a tweene.
Ed. Spencer.

Who euer doth to Temperance applie
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust mee shall finde no greater enemie,
Then stubburne perturbation to the same:
To which right well the wise doe giue that name:
For it the goodly peace of stayed mindes
Does ouerthrew, and troublous warre proclaime,
His owne woes author, who so bound it finds,
As did *Pyrrhocles*, and it wilfully vnbinde.
Idem.

A harder lesson to learne continence,

In

In ioyous pleasure then in greeuous paine,
For sweeteneſſe doth allure the weakeſt ſence,
So ſtrongly that vnneath it can refraine,
From that which feeble nature couers faine,
But greeſe and wrath that bee her enemies
And foes of life ſhee better can reſtraine,
Yet vertue vaunts in both theyr victories.

Idem.

O in what ſafetie Temperance doth reſt,
VVhen it findes harbour in a kingly breſt.

M. Drayton.

Of all Gods works which do this world adorne,
There is none more fayre and excellent
Then is mans body, both for power and forme,
VVhilst it is kept in ſober gouernement:
But none then it more foule and indecent,
Diſtempered through miſrules, and paſsions baſe,
It growes a monſter, and incontinent,
Doth looſe his dignitie and native grace.

Ed. Spencer.

Thoughts.

Thoughts are the ſlaues of life, and life times foole,
And time that takes ſurvey of all the world
Muſt haue a ſtop. *W. Shakeſpeare.*
Thoughts are but dreames, till their effects be tried.

Idem.

Who ſo thinkes many things, brings few to a fortunate ending.

A. Fraunce.

The feeble eyes of our aſpring thoughts,
Behold things preſent, and record things paſt,

But

But things to come exceede our humane reach.

G. Peele.

Vnfained thoughts do ſeldome dreame on euil.
Birdes neuer limde no ſecret buſhes feare.

W. Sh.

If all mens thoughts were written in their face,
Some one that now the reſt doth ouercrow,
Some others ebbe that wants his ſoueraignes grace,
VVhen as the Prince their inwarde thoughts ſhould know
The meaner then ſhould take the better place,
The greateſt man might ſtoope and ſit below.

S. I. Harrington.

Time.

Beauties great enemie, and to all the reſt
That in the garden of *Adonis* ſprings,
Is wicked Time, who with his ſithe addreſt,
Does mow the flowing herbes and goodly things,
And all their glorie to the earth downe flings,
VVhere they do wither, and are fouly marde,
He flies about, and with his flaggie wings,
Beates downe both leaues and buds without regard.
Ne euer pittie may relent his malice hard.

E. Spencer.

Miſhapen Time, coapſmate of vgly might,
Swift ſubtill poaſt, carrier of griſlie care,
Eater of youth, falſe ſlaue to falſe delight,
Baſe watch of woes, ſinnes packhorſe, vertues ſnare,
Thou nurſeſt all, and murtherest all that are.

W. Shakeſpeare.

Stealing Time the ſubiect to delay.

S. Ph. Sydney.

——— Times

——— Times golden thigh
Vpholdes the flowrie body of the earth,
In ſacred harmonie and euerie birth
Of men, audacious makes legitimate,
Being vſde aright, the vſe of times is fate.

G. Chapman.

No mortall forme that vnder moone remaines,
Exempt from traiterons Time, continueth one.
Now mountes the floud, and ſtraight his waues re-(ſtrains
Now flowes the tyde, and ſtrait the ſourſe is gone.
VVho toyles by Sea, muſt chooſe the fayreſt gale,
For time abodes our good or badde auaile.

D. Lodge.

Al thoſe that liue and thinke themſelues but ſlime,
Muſt chooſe and thriue by fauour of the time.

Idem.

Swift ſpeedie Time, feathered with flying howres,
Diſſolues the beautie of the fayreſt browe.

S. Daniell.

Time doth conſume fame, honour, wit, & ſtrength,
Time roots out youth and beauties looke at length.

Tho. Watſon.

Time wanting bonds, ſtill wanteth certaintie.

M. Dr.

To Fames rich treaſure Time vnlocks the doore,
Which angrie ſorrow had ſhut vp before.

Idem.

Time is a bondſlaue to eternitie.

Tho. Kyd.

All that doth liue is ſubiect to his law.

All

All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

Ed. Spencer.

What wrong hath not continuance out-worne,
Yeares makes that right that neuer was so borne.

S. Daniell.

Good time is blest, badde time wee hold accurst,
Time hurts them oft that he did helpe at first.

T. Churchyard.

Times glory is to calme contending kings,
To vnmaske falshood, and bring truth to light,
To stampe the seale of time in aged things,
To wake the morne, and sentinell the night,
To wrong the wronger till hee render right:
To ruinate proude buildings with his howres,
And mixe with dust their glittering golden (towres,
To fill with worm holes stately monuments,
To feede oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old Bookes, and alter their contents,
To pull the quilles from ancient Rauens wings,
To drie the old okes sappe, and cherish springs:
To spoyle antiquities of hammered steele,
And turne the giddie round of fortunes wheele,
To shew the Beldame daughters of her daughters,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tyger that doth liuely slaughter,
To tame the vnicorne and the lyon wilde,
To make the subtill in themselues beguild,
To cheere the plow-man with increasefull crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

W. Shakespeare.

Truth

Truth.

The Truth doth doth dwell within the holy tables,
Of Gods liue word, not in our wanton braine,
Which dayly coyning ſome ſtrange error vaine,
For gold takes lead, for truth electeth Fables.

I. Silueſter.

Truth is no harauld, nor no ſofophiſt ſure,
She noteth not mens names, their ſheelds or creſts,
Though ſhee compare them vnto birds and beaſts,
But whom ſhee doth fore-ſhew ſhall raigne by force,
Shee tearmes a woolfe, a dragon, or a beare,
A wilfull Prince, a raigneleſſe raging horſe,
A boare, a lion, a coward much in feare,
A hare or hart, a craftie pricked eare,
A lecherous, a bull, a goate, a foale,
An vnderminer, a mould-warpe, or a moale.

M. of M.

——— Tried truth
Doth beſt beſeeme a ſimple naked tale,
Ne needes to bee with paynted proceſſe prickt,
That in her ſelfe hath no diuerſitie,
But alwayes ſhewes one vndiſguiſed face,
VVhere deepe deceit and lies muſt ſeeke her ſhade,
And wrappe their words in guilefull eloquence,
As euer fraught with contrarietie.

G. Gaſcoigne.

The truth hath certaine bounds, but falſhood none.

S. Daniell.

——— The naked truth is a well-clothed lie,
A nimble quicke pate mounts to dignitie

By force or fraud, that matters not a iot,
So massie wealth may fall vnto thy lot.

I. Marston.

Treason.

Conspiracie gainst the person of a Prince,
Is treason gainst the deitie of heauen.

Th. Achellye.

——— Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who nere so tamde, so cherisht, and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his auncetors.

W. Sh.

No vertue merits prayse once touchtwith blot of treason.

S. Ph. Sydney.

VVho fayleth one is false, though trusty to another.

Idem.

There is no treason woundeth halfe so deepe,
As that which doth in Princes bosome sleepe.

M. Drayton.

VVho that resisteth his dread soueraigne Lord,
Doth damne his soule by Gods owne verie word,
A Christian subiect should with honour due,
Obey his soueraigne though he were a Iew,
VVhereby assured when subiects do rebell,
Gods wrath is kindled, threatning fire and hell.

M. of M.

Was neuer rebell before the world and since,
That could or should preuaile against his Prince.

Idem.

Reuolted subiects of themselues will quaile.

I. Sylvester.

Tyrannie.

Tyrannie.

——— Next to Tyrannie
Comes warres, discention, ciuill mutinie.

Ch. Middl.

In greatest wants t'inflict the greatest woe,
This is the worst that tyrannie can show.

Idem.

Hell haleth tyrants downe to death amaine,
Was neuer yet, nor shall bee cruell deede
Vnquited left, but had as cruell meed.

M. of M.

——— No tyrant commonly
Liuing ill can kindly die,
But either trayterously surprizde
Doth coward poyson quayle their breath,
Or their people haue deuizde,
Or theyr Guard to seeke their death.

Tho. Kyd.

It is an hell in hatefull vassallage,
Vnder a tyrant to consume ones age,
A selfe-shauen *Dennis*, or an *Nero* fell,
Whose cursed Courts with bloud and incest swell.
An Owle that flyes the light of Parliaments
And state assemblies, iealous of th'intents
Of Priuate tongues, who for a pastime sets
His Peeres at oddes, and on their furie whets,
Who neither fayth, honour, nor right respects.

Idem.

Vertue.

What one art thou thus in torne weede yclad?
Vertue, in price, whom auncient sages had:
Why poorely clad? for fading goods past care;
Why double fac'd? I marke each fortunes rare;
This bridle what? mindes rages to restraine:
VVhy beare you tooles? I loue to take great paine;
Why wings? I teach aboue the starres to flie:
Why treade you death? I onely cannot die.

S. Th. Wiat.

The path that leades to Vertues Court is narrow,
Thornie, and vp a hill, a bitter iourney:
But being gone through, you find al heauenly sweet,
Th'entrance is all flintie, but at th'end
Two Towres of pearles and cristall you ascend.

Th. Dekkar.

Vertue is fayrest in a poore art aye.

Idem.

Vertue abhorres too weare a borrowed face.

Idem.

The wisest scholler of the wight most wise,
By Phœbus doome, with sugred sentence saies,
That vertue If it once meete with our eyes,
Strange flames of loue it in our soules would raise.

S. Ph. Sydney.

That growes apace, that vertue helps t'aspire.

M. Raydon.

When vertue riseth, base affections fall.

Ed. Fairfax.

Like as the horse well mand abides the bit,

And learnes his stoppe by raine in riders hand,
Where mountaine colt that is not sadled yet,
Runnes headlong on amidst the fallowed land,
Whose fierce resist scarce bendes with any band.
So men reclaim'd by vertue tread aright,
Where ledde by follies, mischiefes on them light.

Dr. Lodge.

Vertue doth curb affection, and for conscience flieth sin,
To leaue for imperfection feare or shame no praise doth winne.

W. Warner.

Vertue it selfe turnes vice, being misapplyed,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

W. Shakespeare.

Vertue in greatest daunger is most showne,
And though oppreſt, yet nere is ouerthrowne.

S. Daniell.

In vertue it is said, that men themselues suruie.

W. W.

Honour indeede, and all things yeeld to death,
(Vertue excepted) which alone suruiues,
And liuing toyleth in an earthlie gaile,
At last to be extol'd in heauens high ioyes. *T. Kyd.*
All thingsdecay, yet vertue shall not die,
This onely giues vs immortallitie.

M. Drayton.

Whence is it that the flower of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in winters base,
Yet soon as spring his mantle doth display,
It flowreth fresh, as it should neuer faile,
But thing on earth that is of most auaile,
As vertues and beauties bud,

Releeuen not for any good,
The branch once dead, the bud needes eke must quaile.

Ed. Spencer.

All that wee had, or mortall men can haue,
Seemes onely but a shadow from the graue,
Vertue alone liues still.

Th. Dekkar.

Vertue is more amiable and more sweete,
When vertue and true maiestie doe meete.

E. Spencer.

——All the sorow in the world is lesse
Then vertues might and valures confidence,
For who will bide the burden of distresse,
Must not heere thinke to liue, for life is wretchednes.

Idem.

Vertue makes honour, as the soule doth sence,
And merit, farre exceedes inheritance.

G. Chapman.

——Vertue of the auncient bloud and kin,
Doth onely please the parties shee is in.

M. of M.

——Onely vertue nobleness doth dignifie,
And vicious life a linage base doth signifie.

S. I. Harrington.

The simple vertue may consist alone,
But better are two vertues ioynd in one.

D. Lodge.

What vertue gets, once got doth neuer waste,
And hauing this, this thou for euer haste.

M. Dryaton.

Ioy grauen in sence, like snow in water wasts,

VVithout

Without preserue of vertue nothings lasts.

G. Chapman.

Vertue obscurde yeeldes small and happie gaines,
But actiuely imployed, shee worth retaines.

D. Lodge.

VVhat vertue breedes, iniquitie deuours,
VVe haue no good at all that we can say is ours,
But ill annexed oportunitie,
Or killes his life or else his qualitie.

W. Sh.

Vertue dies not, her tomb we need not rayle, (praise.
Let them trust tombs which haue out-liu'd their

Th. Bastard.

Vice.

Vice rides a horseback; Vertue doth from em the saddle.

W. Warner.

What licour first the earthen pot doth take,
It keepeth still the sauour of the same,
Full hard it is a camocke straight to make,
Or crooked logges with wainscot fine to frame,
Tis hard to make the cruell Tyger tame:
And so it fares with those haue vices caught,
Nought (once they say) and euer after nought.

M. of M.

Although that vertue oft wants due reward,
Yet seldome vice wants due deserued blame.

S. I. H.

Where vice is countenanc'd with Nobilitie,
Art cleane excluded, ignorance held in,
Blinding the world with meere hypocrisie,

Yet must beesought in all their slauish sinne,
Great malcontents to grow they then beginne,
Nursing vild wittes to make their factious tooles,
Thus mightie men oft prooue the mightiest fooles.

M. Drayton.

Victory.

With victorie reuenge doth euer cease.

S. I. H.

Hee liueth long that liues victorious.

Th. Kyd.

The victor can no honour iustly claime,
To loose the men who should aduaunce the same.

That fisher is not fine,
Who for a frogge will loose a golden line:
The holy head band seemes not to attyre
The head of him, who in his furious ire,
Preferres the paine of those that haue him to end,
Before the health and safetie of one friend.

Tho. Hudson.

Vaine is the vaunt and victorie vniust,
That more to mightie hands then rightful cause doth trust.

Edw. Spencer.

Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe,
But to be lesser then himselfe, doth marre
Both loosers lotte, and victors prayse also,
Vaine others ouerthrowes, who self doth ouerthrow.

Idem.

Vnder-

Vnderstanding.

Most miserable creature vnder skie
Man without vnderstanding doth appeare,
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
And fortunes freates is wisely taught to beare.
Of wretched life the onely ioy shee is,
And th'onely comfort in calamitie,
She armes the breast with constant patience,
Against the bitter throwes of dolours darts,
She solaceth with rules of sapience,
The gentle mindes in midst of worldly smarts,
When hee is sadde, she seekes to make him merie,
And doth refresh his spirits when they hee wearie.

Ed. Spencer.

Vowes.

Good vowes are neuer broken with good deedes,
For then good deedes were bad: vowes are but seeds,
And good deedes fruits.

G. Chapman.

Wee know not how to vow, till loue vnblind vs,
And vowes made ignorantly neuer binde vs.

Idem.

Our vowes must bee perform'd to God and King.

M. Drayton.

——— A promise made for feare is voyde.

S. I. H.

——— A man such promise must forsake,
As at the first vnlawfull was to make.

Idem.

Virginitie.

Like to the Rose I count the virgin pure,
That groweth on natiue stemme in garden fayre,
Which whiles it stands with walles enuiron'd sure,
VVhere herd-men with their heids cannot repayre
To sauour it, it seemeth to allure
The morning dew, the heate, the earthly ayre,
Gallant young men and louely dames delight
By their sweete sent, and in their pleasing sight.
But when that once its gathered and gone
From proper stalke, where late before it grew,
The loue the liking little is or none,
Fauour, and grace, beautie and all adue:
So when a virgin graunts to one alone,
The precious flower for which so many sue:
VVell hee that getteth it may loue her best,
But shee forgoes the loue of all the rest.

S. I. H.

Iewels being lost, are found againe, this neuer,
Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost for euer.

Ch. Marlow.

Virginitie though prayse dis like a bird, for why,
As much the flesh is frayle therein, as in the feare to die,
What was it sayd to all but vs increase and multiplie?

W. Warner.

Virginitie
Is neither essence subiect to the eye,
No nor to any one exterior sence,
Nor hath it any place of residence,
Nor i'st of earth or mould celestiall,

Or capable of any forme at all.

Ch. Marlow.

I know not her that willingly with maiden-heart would

W. W.

Vse.

*V*se make things nothing huge, and huge things nothing.

G. Chapman.

Foule cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold thats put to vse, more gold begets.

W. Sh.

Warre.

Lastly stood warre in glistering armes yclad,
With visage grimme, sterne lookes and gastly hood,
In his right hand a naked sword hee had,
That to the hilts was all with bloud imbrude,
And in his left that kings and kingdomes rued,
Famine and fire he had, and therewithall
Hee rased townes, and threw downe towres and all,
Cities hee sackt, and realmes that whilome flowred
In honour, glorie, and rule aboue the best,
Hee ouerwhhlm'd, and all their fame deuoured,
Consumde, destroyde, wasted, and neuer ceast,
Till hee therewith their name and all oppresst,
His face forhued with woundes, and by his side,
There hung his targe with gashes deepe and wide,
In midst of which depainted there wee finde
Deadly debate, all full of snakie hayre,
That with a bloudy fillet was ybound,

Our

Out-breathing noght, but discord euerie where,

M. Sackville.

The Poets old in their fond fables faind,
That mightie *Mars* is God of warre and strife:
Th'Astronomers think that wheras *Mars* doth raign
That all debate and discord must bee rife:
Some thinke *Bellona*, Goddesse of that life,
Among the rest that Painter had some skill,
*W*hich thus in armes did once set out the same,
A field of gules, and on a golden hill,
A stately towne consumed all with flame,
On chiefe of sable taken from the dame,
A sucking babe (*O*) borne to hide mischance,
Begoard with bloud, and pierced with a launce.
On high the Helme, I beare it well in mind,
The wreath was silver powdred all with shoe,
About the which (*comite du sang*) did wind,
A rowle of sable blacke, and sable bebloe,
The crest two hands, which may not bee forgot,
For in the right a trenchand blade did stand,
And in the left a fierie burning brand.

G. Gascoigne.

——— *W*arre the mistresse of enormitie,
Mother of mischiefe, monster of deformitie, (chaces,
Lawes, manners, arts, shee breakes, shee marres, shee
Bloud, teares, bowres, towres, she spils, smites, burns,
Her brasen teeth shake al the earth asunder: (& races,
Her mouth a fire-brand, and her voyce a thunder,
Her lookes are lightning, euerie glaunce a flash,
*H*er fingers guns, that all to powder pash,
Feare and dispayre, flight and disorder, coast

*W*ith

With hastie march before her murderous hoast,
As burning, waste, rape, wrong, impietie,
Rage, ruines, discord, horror, cruelties,
Sacke, sacriledge, impunitie, pride,
Are still sterne consorts by her barbarous side,
And pouertie, sorrow, and desolation,
Follow her armies bloudie transmigration.

I. Silvester.

O warre begot in pride and luxurie,
The child of wrath and of dissention,
Horrible good, mischiefe necessarie,
The foule reformer of confusion:
Vniust iust, scourge for our iniquitie,
Cruell recurer of corruption.

Sir Daniell.

O goodly vsage of those antricke times,
In which the sword was seruant vnto right,
When not for malice and contentious crimes,
But all for praise, and proofe of manly might,
The martiall broode accustomed to fight:
Then honour was the meede of victorie,
And yet the vanquished had no dispight,
Let later age, that now the vse enuie,
Vild rancour so auoyd and cruell furie.

Ed. Spencer.

Warre rightly handled is most excellent,
And easie makes impossibilities
It mounts the Alps, and through the seas doth rent,
By it in bloud a way to heauen wee see.

I. Markham.

Vader warres brazen feete stoopes all the earth,

His mouth a flaming brand, his voyce a thunder.

Idem.

No warre is right, but that which needfull is,

S. Daniell.

The God of warre hath many men in store,
Which wait alwaies to keepe his kingdome vp,
Of whom no one doth shew his seruice more,
Then lingring hope, which still doth beare the cup,
And flatteringly lendes euerie man a sup,
Which haunts his course, or in his progresse passe,
Hope brings the bowle wherin they all must quaffe.

G. Gascoigne.

Warre seemeth sweete to such as range it not,

Idem.

Men know not Warre, nor rightly how to deeme it,
That first by Warr haue not been taught to deeme it.

Sam. H.

——Wise men euer haue preferred farre,
Th'vniustest peace, before the iustest Warre.

Sr. Daniell.

——Time obseruing prouidence and Warre,
Still makes their foes farre stronger than they are.

Idem.

Sad be the sights and bitter fruits of Warre,
And thousande furies wait on wrathfull sword,
Ne ought the prayse of prowesse more doth marre,
Then foule reuenging rage and proud contentious (iarre,

Ed. Spencer.

——Great reason ew
The chiefest sinew vnto Warre affoords.

D. Lodge.

Warre

Warres that publike good pretend,
Worke most in iustice being doone for spight,
For th'agreued euermore doe bend,
Against those whom they see of greatest might,
Who though themselues are wronged and often forst,
Yet though they can doe most are thought the worst.

S. Daniell.

Mars is Cupidoes friend
And is for *Venus* loue renouned more,
Then al the wars and spoiles the which he did before.

Ed. Spencer.

Will.

From idle witte, there springs a braine-sicke will,
With wise men lust, which foolish make a God,
This in the shape of vertue raigneth still.

D. Lodge.

Will puts in practise what the wit deuiseth,
Will euer acts, and wit contemplates still,
And as from witte the power of wisedome riseth,
All other vertues d aughters are of will.

Idem.

Will is the Prince, and wit the counsellor,
Which doth for common good in councell sit,
And when witte is resolu'd, will lends her power,
To execute what is deuis'd by witte.

I. Davies.

Will is as free as any Emperour,
Nought can restraine her gentle libertie,
No tyrant nor no torrent hath the power

To

To make vs will when wee vnwilling bee.

Idem.

Euen as the will should goodnesse truely know,
We haue a will which that true good should choose
Although will oft, when wit false formes doth show,
Take ill for good, and good for ill refuse.

Idem.

It liues not in our power to loue or hate,
For will in vs is ouer-rul'd by fate.

Ch. Marlow.

A stronger hand restraines our wilfull powers,
A will must rule aboue this will of ours,
Not following what our vaine desires doe woe,
For vertues sake, but what wee onely doe.

M. Dr.

—— Headlesse will true iudgement doth ensnare.

Idem.

Selfe-will doth frowne, when honest zeale reproues.

Idem.

Whereas our actions measure no regard,
Our lawlesse will is made his owne reward.

M. Dra.

—— With a world of mischiefes and offence,
Vnbridled will rebelles against the sence.

D. Lodge.

Hee least should list that may doe what he will.

S. Dan.

Wisedome.

Our God himselfe for wisedome most is prayſed,

And

And men to God thereby are nighest rayſed.

Ed. Spencer.

Wiſedome doth warne, whilſt foe is in the gate,
To ſtay the ſtep, ere forced to retreate.

Idem.

VViſedome muſt iudge twixt men apt to amend,
And mindes incurable borne to offend.

S. D.

——— In daunger wiſedome doth aduiſe,
In humble termes to reconcile our foes. *D. Lodge.*

——— *Wiſedome* and the ſight of heauenly things,
Shines not ſo cleere as earthly vanities.

G. Chapman.

Tis ſayd a wiſe man all miſhaps withſtands,
For though by ſtarres wee borne to miſchiefes are,
Yet prudence bailes vs quite from carefull bands.

M. of M.

Fore-ſight doth ſtill on all aduantage lie.
*W*iſe men muſt giue place to neceſsitie.

M. Dr.

——— A wiſeman poore
Is like a ſacred Booke that's neuer read,
T'himſelfe hee liues, and to all elſe ſeemes dead:
This age thinkes better of a gilded foole,
Then of thred-bare ſaint in wiſedomes ſchoole.

Th. Dekkar.

*VV*iſe men let faults ore-paſſe, they cannot mend.

Ch. Middle.

VVho can themſelues beware by others coſts,
May bee accounted well among the wiſe.

S. I. H.

——— *VV*hat

——Whatsoeuer Starres seeme to importune,
Wisedome predominates both fate and fortune.

Ch. Fitz. Griffon.

VVit.

The witte the pupill of the soules cleere eye,
And in mans world the onely shining starre,
Lookes in the mirror of the phantasie,
Where all the gathering of the sences are,
From thence this power the shape of things abstracts
And them within her passiue part receiues,
Which are inlightened by that part which acts,
And so the forme of single things receiues:
But after by discoursing to and fro,
Anticipating and comparing things
She doth all vniuersall natures know,
And all effects into their causes bring.
Our witte is giuen Almightie God to know,
Our will is giuen to loue him being knowne,
But God could not bee knowne to vs below,
But by his works, which through the sence are (knowne.

I. Dauis.

Wit is the mindes cheefe iudge, which doth controle,
Of fancies Court the iudgements false and vaine,
Will, holdes the royall scepter in the soule,
And on the passions of the heart doth raigne.

Idem.

Emulation the proud nurse of witte.

S. D.

——Wit and learning are two Angelles wings,

By

By which meane men soare vp to mightie things.

Ch. Middl.

Wit is with boldnesse prompt, with terror daunted,
And grace is sooner got of dames then graunted.

Ed. Spencer.

Some loose their wit with loue, some with ambition
Some running to the sea great wealth to get.
Some following Lords and men of high condition,
Some in fayre iewelles, rich and costly set,
One hath desire to procure a rare magician,
Others with Poetrie their witte forget:
Another thinkes to bee an Alchimist,
Till all hee spent, and hee his number mist.

S. I. H.

Mans wit is monstrous, when he same from vertue doth declinc.

W. Warner.

Mans witte doth build for time but to deuoure,
But Vertue's free from time and fortunes power.

M. Dr.

The wit not butt, because not vsed more,
Growes dull and farre lesse toward then before.
——Wits ambition longeth to the best,
For it desires in endlesse blisse to dwell.

I. Davis.

Best loues are lost for wit, when men blame fortune.

G. Chapman.

——Carelesse wit is wanton bewties page.

D. Lodge.

The finest wittes are soonest inarde with loue.

Th. Achellye.

A ſettled braine is worth a world of witte.

Th. Storer.

Wits want makes men deſirous to ſeeme wiſe.

Woe.

Woe all in blacke within her hands did beare,
The fatall torches of a funerall,
Her cheekes were wet, diſperſed was her hayre,
Her voyce was ſhrill (yet lothſome therewithal)

D. Lodge.

Short time ſeemes long in ſorrowes ſharp ſuſtaining,
Though woe bee heauie, yet it ſeldome ſleepes,
And they that watch ſee time how ſlow it creepes.

W. Shakeſpeare.

——— Fellowſhip in woe, doth woe aſſwage,
As palmers that make ſhort their pilgrimage.

Idem.

Tis double death to drowne in ken of ſhore,
He ten times pines, that pines behoulding food:
To ſee the ſalue doth make the wound ake more,
Great griefes greeue moſt at that would doe it good,
Deere woes rowle forwarde like a gentle flood:
Who being ſtopt, the bounden bankes ore flowes,
Greefe dallied with, nor law nor limmit knowes.

Idem.

Diſtreſſe likes dumps, when time is kept with teares.

Idem.

For ſtronger woe we hardly long may wreſt,
The depth of griefe with words is ſounded leaſt.

M. Dra.

Who

——— The Painter.

VVho thought his colours pale could not declare,
The speciall woe King *Agamemnon* bare,
When sacrificed was his onely rage,
With bend of blacke he bound the fathers face.

Th. Hudson.

Words.

——— Words

Windie atturnies of our clyent woes;
Avery succeeders of intestate ioyes,
Poore breathing Orators of miseries;
Let them haue scope, though what it doth impart
Helpe not at all, yet doth it ease the heart.

VV. Sh.

Words are the tennants of an itching toy.

D. Lodge.

Allusion of words is no sure ground,
For one thereon a stedd e worke to found.
One word of woe another after traineth, ———

S. Ph. Sydney.

———Few words shall fit the trespasse best,
Where no excuse can giue the fault amending.

W. Sh.

Deepe sounds make better noyse then shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbes being blown with wind of words.

W. Sh.

Words are but winde, why cost they then so much,
The giltie kicke when they too smartly touch.

Idem.

Forth irreturnable flies the spoken word,

Bee it in feoffe, in earnest, or in bourd,
VVithout returne and vnreceiu'd it hangs,
And at the takers mercie or rigor stands:
Which if hee sowrely wrest, with wrathfull cheare,
The shiuering word turnes to the hearers feare:
If friendly courtesie doe the word expound,
To th'speakers comfort quickly it doth redound.

Idem.

Smoothe words dissolue hard stones, faire words in-
Pittie in flintie hearts. (force

Ch. Middl.

Through the world if it were sought,
Faire words enow a man should finde,
They bee good cheape, they cost right nought,
Their substance is but onely winde:
But well to say, and so to meane,
That sweete accord is seldome seene.

S. Th. W.

—— Words well plac't moue things were neuer
G. Chapman. (thought.

Euen as the vapour which the fire repelles,
Turnes not to earth, but in mid-ayre dwelles,
Where while it hangs, if Boreas frostie flawes,
With rigor rattle it: not to raine it thawes,
But thunder, lightning, ratling, hayle, or snow,
Sends downe to earth, whence first it rose below.
But if faire *Phebus* with his countenance sweete
Resolue it, downe the dew or Manna sleete:
The Manna dew that in the Esterne lands,
Excelles the labour of the Bees small hands,

Also

Else for her *Memnon*, gray *Auroraes* teares,
On the earth it stilleth the partner of her feares,
Or sendeth sweet showres to glad their mother earth
Whence first they tooke their first in constant birth.
To those great greefes ill taken words do grow,
Of words well taken such delights do flow.

M. of M.

—— Men do foulest when they finest speake.

S. Daniell.

They wash a Moore, they striue to drie the seas,
And plaine proude *Atlas*, that intend to please
By filthy woords, by rayling, and detraction,
Proper to Momus, and his hatefull fashion:
For when they thinke they haue deserued most,
Alas sayth wisedome, all the toyle is lost.

D. Lodge.

Few words well coucht, doe most content the wise.

R. Greene.

Rash words flow from an vnaduised mind.
Who once hath past the boundes of honestie
In earnest deedes, may passe it well in words.

G. G.

(speech be true
Haue care to whom, of whom, and what to speake, though
That misse made Phœbus *contrarie his rauns swan-like*
(hue.

W. W.

If so the crow would feast him without prate,
More meate hee should receiue, lesse brawle and hate
A foole hee is that comes to preach and prate,
When men with swords their right & wrong debate.

—— Words well disposed,
Haue secret power t'appease inflamed rage. *Ed. Sp.*

Women.

Women bee
Framde with the same pares of the mind as we,
Nay nature triumpht in their beauties birth,
And women made the glorie of the earth:
The life of bewtie, in whose supple breasts,
And in her fairest lodging vertue rests,
VVhose towring thoughts attended with remorse,
Do make their fairenesse be of greater force.

I, Weeum.

What are so deepe, what science is so hie,
Vnto the which women haue not attain'd,
Who list in stories old to looke, may trie
And find my speech herein not false nor fain'd,
And though of late they seeme not to come nie
The praise their sex in former times haue gain'd,
Doubtlesse the fault is either in back-biters,
Or want of skill or iudgement in their writers.

Idem.

Among the many rare and speciall gifts,
That in the female sexe are found to sitte,
This one is chiefe, that they at meerest shifts,
Giue best aduise, and shew most readie witte,
But man except hee chewes and thinks, and sifts,
How euerie part may answere to their fit,
By rash aduise doth often ouer-shoote him,
And doth accept the things that doe not boote him.

Idem.

Those vertues that in women merit prayse,
Are sober showes without, chaste thoughts within,

Truth,

Truth sayth, and due obedience to their make,
And of their children honest care to take.

S. I. H.

Let woolues and beasts be cruel in their kind,
But women meeke, and haue relenting mindes.

M. Drayton.

Not women, but our wilfulnesse doth work our woe vnrest
Though beautie, loue, and they beare fault, we may abuse (the best.

W. W.

——— Men haue Marble, women waxen minds
And therefore are they form'd as Marble will,
The weake oppreſt, th'impreſſion of ſtrange kindes,
Is form'd in them by force, by fraude, or skill,
Then call not them the Authors of their ill,
No more then waxe ſhall bee accounted euill,
Wherein is ſtampt the ſemblance of the diuell.
Their ſmootheneſſe like a goodly champaine plaine,
Laies open all the little wormes that creepe,
In men as in a rough growen groue remaine,
Caue-keeping euilles, that obſcurely ſleepe,
Through criſtall walles each little moule will peepe,
Though men can couer minds with bold ſtern looks
Pale womens faces are their owne faults Bookes,
No man inueyes againſt the withered flower,
But chides rough winter that the flower hath kild,
Not that deuourd, but that which doth deuour,
Is woorthie blame, O let it not be hild,
Poore womens faults, that they are ſo fulfil'd,
With mens abuſes thoſe proude lores to blame,
Make weake-made women tenants to their ſhame.

W. Shakeſpeare.

Bee not therefore too proude and full of scorne,
O women-kind, that men come of your seede,
The fragrant Rose growes on the pricking thorne,
The Lillie sayre comes of a filthie weede,
In loathsome soyle men sow the wholsome corne,
The basest mould the fairest flower doth breede,
Vngratefull, false, crafte you are, and cruell,
Borne of our burning hell to bee the fuell.

S. I. H.

Base bullion for the stampe sake wee allow,
Euen so for mens impression doe wee you,
By which alone our reuerend fathers say,
Women receiue perfection euerie way.

Ch. Marlow.

Their Vertues mount like billowes to the skies,
And vanish straight out of the gazers eyes,
Hate and disdaine is painted in theyr eyes,
Deceit and treason in their bosome lies.

G. Chapman.

Women were made for this intent, to put vs vnto paine,
Yet sure I thinke they are a pleasure to the mind,
A ioy which man can neuer want, as nature hath assign'd.

Idem.

Extreamely mad the man I surely deeme,
That weenes with watch and hard restraint to stay
A womans will, which is dispos'd to goe astray.

Ed. Spencer.

In vaine hee feares that which hee cannot shunne,
For who wots not that womens subtilties
Can gnilen *Argus*, when shee list misdeone,
It is not iron bands nor hundred eyes,

Nor

Nor brazen walles, nor many wakefull spyes,
That can with-hold her wilfull wandring feete,
But fast good will with gentle curtesies,
And timely seruice to her pleasures meeke,
May her perhaps containe that else would algates fleete.

Idem.

Such is the crueltie of women-kind,
When they haue shaken off the shame-fac't band,
With which wise nature did them strongly bind,
To obey the hests of mans wel-ruling hand,
That then all rule and reason they withstand,
To purchase a licencious libertie.
But vertuous women wisely vnderstand,
That they were borne to base humilitie,
Vnlesse the heauens them lift to lawfull soueraintie.

S. Ph. Sydney.

Why? what be women? women, geld the latter syllable,
Then are they nothing more then woe, their names say (maine doth sell,

W. W.

Take away weakenesse, and take women too,

S. D.

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

W. Sh.

They melt with words, as waxe against the sunne,
So weake is many womens modestie,
For what somtimes they most would seeme to sheeld
Another time vnaskte poore soules they yeeld.

Ch. Middleton.

A woman (woman

Loues to be wood of a man, than knowst well Thirsis, a
Runs, and yet so runs, as though she desir' dte be out-run

Saies

Saies no, no, yet so as no no, seems to be no, no, (quisit.
Strives, & yet so strives, as though she desirâ to be va-
Woman's like to a shade, that flies, yet lies by the subiect,
Like to a Bee, that neuer strives if sting be remooued.

A. Prancke.

In womens mouthes no is no negatiue. *I. W.* (most,
Their yea, or no, when as they swear they loue or loue vs
Beleeue who list, soone be they got, as soddainely are lost.

W. W. (flow.

A womans loue is riuer-like, which stopt will ouer-
And when the current finds no let, it often falles too

Idem. (low.

Varietie of men to court a woman is her pride,
Then which the vanity of men is nothing lesse espide
What are to vs but common hurts,
Those common hopes they giue,
If then their loue doth die to vs,
When ours to them doth liue. *Idem.*

——— *Women* neuer
Loue beautie in their sexe, but enuie euer.

G. Chapman.

There cannot bee a greater clogge to man,
Then to be wearie of a wanton woman.

S. I. H.

——— *What* more spight can be a woman told,
Then one should say she looketh foule and old.

Idem.

——— Bee shee base or hie,
A womans eye doth guide her wit, & not her wit her

W. W. (eye.

Women are most wonne, as when men merit least,

If

If men look not well, loue bids stand by,
Loues proper lesson is to please the eye.

G. Ch.

He water plowes, and soweth in the sand
And hopes the flickering wind with net to hold,
Who hath his hopes layd on a womans hand. *S. P. S*

Women by kind are mutable euer,
Soone hot, and soone cold, like, and mislike in a moment,
Change as a weather-cocke, and all as light as a feather.

A. F.

Women haue tongues of craft, and hearts of guile,
They will, they will not, fooles that on them rule,
For in their speech is death, hell in their smile.

Ed. Fairfax.

One woman with another may do much. *Th. Ach.*
Like vntund golden strings all wo men are,
Which long time lie vntouch't, will hardly iarre.

Ch. Marlow.

Discurteous women natures fairest ill,
The woe of man, that first createst curse,
Base female sexe, sprung from blacke *Ates* loynes,
Prouide, disdainefull, cruell, and vnkind,
Whose words are shaded with inchaunting wiles,
Worse then *Medusa*, mateth all our mindes,
And in their hearts sits shamelesse trecherie,
Turning a truthlesse vile circumference,
O could my fury paint their furies forth,
For hell, no hell compared to their hearts,
Too simple diuelles, to conceiue their arts:
Borne to be plagues vnto the thoughts of men,
Brought for eternall pestilence to the worlde.

R. Greene.

VVith

with womē is too vsual now theirs & thēselues to sel
For iointures by indēture with imperious mē to dwe
And hee doth her, and she doth him with his and her
W. VV. (vpbraid

Women are kind by kind, and coy for fashion.
H. C.

Of Wrath.

——Fierce reuenging wrath
Rides on a Lyon, loth for to bee led,
And in his stand a burning brand hee had,
The which hee brandished about his head,
His eyes did hurle foorth sparkles fierie redde,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming dead,
And on his dagger still his hand hee held,
Trembling through hastie rage when choller in him
Ed. Spencer. (sweld.

——Boyling wrath, sterne, cruell, swift, & rash,
That like a boare her teeth doth grinde and gnash,
Whose hayre doth stare like bristled porcupine,
Who sometimes rowles her gastly glowing eyene,
And sometimes fixly on the ground doth glaunce,
Now bleake, then bloudy in her countenance,
Rauing and rayling with a hideous sound,
Clapping her hands, stamping against the ground,
Bearing *Bocconi*, fire, and sword, to slay
And murder all that for her pittie pray,
Banning her selfe to bane her enemie,
Disdaining death, prouided others die,
Like falling towres o're-turned by the wind,

That

That breake themselues on that they vndergrinde.

I. Sylvester.

Full many mischieses follow cruell wrath,
As horrid bloud-shed, and tumultuous strife,
Vnmanly murther, and vnthriftie scath,
Bitter despight, and rancors rustie knife,
And fretting greefe, the enemie of life,
All these and many euilles more haunt ire,
The swelling spleene, and frenzie raging rife,
The shaking palsie, and Saint *Fraunces* fire.

Ed. Spenser.

When men with wrath and sudden paines of ire,
Suffer themselues to bee o're-whelm'd and drowned,
And hot reuenge that burnes like flaming fire,
Mooues hearts to hurt, or tongs or hands to wound,
Though after to amend, if they desire,
Yet place of pardon seldome can be found.

S. I. H.

What iron band, or what sharpe hard-mouth'd bitte,
What chaine of Diamond (if such might bee)
Can bridle wrathfulnesse, and conquer it,
And keepe him in his bounds and due degree.

Idem.

——Hastie wrath and heedlesse hazardie,
Doe breede repentance and lasting infamie.

Ed. Spencer.

Poore sillie lambes the Lion neuer teares,
The feeble Mouse may lie among great Beares,
But wrath of man his rancour to requite,
Forgets all reason, ruth, and mercie quite.

M. of M.

—— Hee

He is a mad man that doth seeke
Occasion to wrath and cause of strife,
She comes vnsought, and shunned followes eke:
Happy, who can abstaine when rancor rife
Kindles revenge and threates his cruell knife:
Woe neuer wants when euery cause is caught,
And rash occasion makes vnquiet life. *Ed. Spencer.*

Be not moody in thy wrath, but pawze ere fist be bent,
Oft Phillips sonne did rashly strike and sodanly repent.
W. Warner.

Achilles when with counterfaited crest,
He saw *Patroclus* bleeding all the way,
To kill his killer was not satisfied,
Except he hald and tare him all beside.
S. I. H.

If fortune helpe whome thou wouldst hurt,
Fret not at it the more,
When Aiax *stormed them from him,*
The prize Vlisses *bore.*
W. Warner.

Rage, wanne and pale vpon a Tygre sat
Gnawing vpon the bones of mangled men,
Nought can he view but he repines thereat, (an den,
His locks were snakes bred forth in Stigi- T. Lodge.

World.

The antique world in his first flowring youth,
Found no defect in his creators grace,
But with glad thanks and vnreproued truth,
The gifts of soueraigne bountie did embrace,
Like angelles life was then mans happie case:

But

But later ages pride like corne-fed steede,
Abuſde her plenie and fatſwoln increaſe,
To all licencious luſt, and gan exceede,
The meaſure of her meane and naturall firſt ſeede.

Ed. Spencer.

VVhen arked *Noah*, and ſeuen with him the emptie (worlds remaine,
Had left the inſtrumētall means of landing thē again
And that both mā beaſt & all did multiply with ſtore
To Aſia Sem, to *Affrick Chā*, to *Europe Iapheth* bore
Their families, thus triple wiſe the world diuided was

VV. VV.

I take this world to bee but as a ſtage,
*VV*here net-maskt men do play their perſonages,
*T*is but a murmur and a pleaſant ſhew,
Syth ouer all ſtrange vanities do flow.

I. Syluester.

*T*he world to the circumference of heauen,
Is as a ſmall poynt in Grometrie,
*VV*hoſe greatneſſe is ſo little that a leſſe
Cannot bee made. *Th. Dekker*

The firſt world bleſſed was with heauenly fauours,
Aud the laſt curſt with painefull hellish labours.

Ch. Middl.

O vaine worlds glorie, and vncertaine ſtate,
Of all that liues on face of ſinfull earth,
VVhich from their firſt vntill their vtmoſt date,
Taſte no one howre of happineſſe or mirth,
But like as is the ingate of their birth.
*T*hoy crying creepe out of their mothers wombe,
So wayling backe, goe to their careſull tombe.

Ed. Spencer.

Ah

Ah wretched world, the den of wretchednesse,
Deformd with filth and foule iniquitie,
Ah wretched world, the house of heauinesse,
Fild with the wreakes of mortall miserie,
Oh wretched world and all that is therein,
The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaues to sinne.

Idem.

——— O worlds inconstancie,
That which is firme doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting doth abide and stay. *Idem*
Must not the world wend in his common course,
From good and bad, and then from bad to worse,
From worst vnto that which is worst of all,
And then returne vnto his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormie time,
Where will hee liue vntill the lustie prime?

Idem.

This golden age to yron doth decline,
As summer vnto winter must resigne.

D. Lodge.

The first and riper world of men and skill,
Yeelds to our latter time for three inuentions,
Myraculously wee write, wee sayle, wee kill,
As neither auncient scrowle nor storie mentions.
Print. The first hath opened learnings old concealed
And obscurde arts restored to the light.
Loadst. The second hidden countries hath reuealed,
And sent Christs Gospel to each liuing wight.
These we commend, but oh what needeth more,
Guns. To teach death more skill then he had before.

Th. Bastard.

Take

Take moysture from the sea, take colour fro his kind,
Before the world deuoyd of change thou finde.
——All that in this world is great or gay,
Doth as a vapour vanish and decay.

Ed. Spencer.

This is the rest the vaine world lendes,
To end in death, that all things ends.

S. Daniell.

All men are willing with the world to hault,
But no man takes delight to know his fault.

D. Lodge.

A die, a drab, and filthie broking Knaues,
Are the worlds wide mouthes, al-deuouring graues.

I. Marston.

Nothing doth the world so full of mischiefe fill,
But want of feeling one-anothers will.

G. Chapman.

——Not by that which is the world now deemeth,
(As it was woont) but by that same that seemeth.

Ed. Spencer.

There neuer shall bee any age so cleere,
But in her smoothe face shall some faults appeare.

Th. Middl.

The world must end, for men are so accurst,
Vnlesse God end it sooner, men will first.

Th. Bastard.

Youth.

Youth is a bubble blowen vp with a breath,
VVhose wit is weaknes, and whose wage is death,
Whose way is wildnes, and whose Inne penance,

And stoope gallant age, the hoast of greeuance.

Ed. Spencer.

If crooked age accounteth youth his spring,
The spring the fayrest season of the yeere,
Enricht with flowers, and sweetes, and many a thing
That fayre and glorious to the eye appeares:
It fits that youth the spring of man should bee,
Richt with such flowers as vertue getteth thee.

R. Greene.

For noble youth there is no thing so meete
As learning is, to know the good from ill,
To know the tongues, and perfectly endite,
And of the lawes to haue the perfect skill
Things to reforme as right and iustice will;
For honour is ordained for no cause,
But to see right maintained by the lawes.

M. of M.

The youth of Princes haue no boundes for sinne,
Vnlesse themselues doe make the bounds within.

S. Daniell.

Most true it is, as vessels of first licours euer taste,
Leue seasoned so with sweetnes of youth, the same dooth
W. Warner. *(euer last.*

Like as the vessell euer beares a taste
Of the same iuice wherewith it first was fil'd,
And as in fruitfull ground the seede growes fast,
That first is sowen after the ground is till'd:
So looke what lore in youthfull yeeres is plast,
By that they grow the worse or better willed,
When as they came to manly age and stature,
Sith education is another nature.

S. I. H.

The

The tunne retaineth long the taste and sent,
Of that pure licour which at first it hent,
And what impression one in youth retaine,
In age our reason hardly will restraine.

D. Lodge.

——What by vaine example youth conceiues,
The same for lawfull daily he receiues.

Idem.

Age is deformed, youth vnkind,
Wee scorne their bodyes, they our mindes.

Th. Bastard.

The youth are foolish hardy, or lesse hardy thē they ought
Effeminate, fast sticke, in few not few, a enought.

W. Warner.

——Forward sinne in raines of foolish rage,
Leaues heedlesse youth inchaind his captiue page.

D. Lodge.

——Youth doth deserue by might,
But old age by good counsell and fore-sight.

Idem.

——Youth may loue, and yongmen may admire,
If old age cannot, yet it will desire.

I. Weever.

In grained habits died with often dips
Are not so soone discoloured, young slippes——
New sets, are easily mou'd and plucke away,
But elder rootes clippe faster in the clay.

I. Marston.

The plow-man first his land doth dresse and turne,
And makes it apt or ere the seede he sow,
VVhereby hee is full like to reape the corne,

VVhere otherwise no seede but weed should grow:
By which example men may easily know,
When youth haue wealth before they can well vse it,
It is no woonder though they doe abuse it.

M. of M.

Reform the euil to day, vnapt to day, least apt to morrow
Youth aptly offers vertues, such as yeares vnaptly borrow

VV. VV.

Looke what wee haue when youth is most in prime,
That shall wee want in age by course of time.

Th. Churchyard.

The diuision of the day naturall.

Mediæ noctis inclinatio.

Night was farre spent, and now in Ocean deepe,
Orion flying fast from hissing snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steepe. *Ed. Sp.*
By this th'eternall lamps wherewith high *Ioue*,
Doth light the lower world, were halfe y'spent,
And the moyst daughters of huge *Atlas* stroue
Into th'ocean deep to driue their wearie droue. *Id.*

——— The gentle humorous night,
Implyes her middle course, and the sharpe east,
Breathes on my spirit with his fierie steedes.

G. Chapman.

The silent night that long had soiourned,
Now gan to cast her sable mantle off,
And now the sleepie waine-man softly droue

His slow-pac't teeme that long had trauailed.

Th. Kyd.

Gallicinium.

By this the Northerne Wagoner had set
His seuen-fold teeme behind the stedfast starre,
That was in Ocean waues, yet neuer wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre,
To all that in the wide deepe wandring are,
And cheereful chauntre cleere with his notes shrill,
Had warned once that *Phebus* fierie carre,
In haste was climing vp to Esterne hill,
Full enuious that the night so long his roome did fill.

Ed. Spencer.

What time the natiue Bel-man of the night,
The bird that warned *Peter* of his fall,
First rings his siluer bel to each sleeping wight,
That should their mindes vp to deuotion call. *Idem.*
The cheerefull cocke, the sad nights trumpeter,
Wayting vpon the rising of the sunne,
Doth sing to see how *Cynthia* shrinks her horne,
Where *Clitia* takes her progresse to the East,
VVhere wringing west with drops of siluer dew,
Her wonted teares of loue she doth renew,
The wandering swallow with her broken song,
The countrie wench vnto her worke awakes,
Whilst *Cytherea* sighing, walks to seeke,
Her murdered loue transformed to a rose,
Whom though she see, to croppe shee kindly feares
But kissing sighes, and dewes him with her teares.

Th. Kyd.

Now ere the purple dawning yet did spring,
The ioyfull Larke began to stretch her wing,
And now the cocke the mornings trumpeter,
Plaid hunts vp, for the day-starre to appeare,
Downe slideth *Phebe* from her cristall chayre,
S'daigning to lend her light vnto the ayre.

M. Drayton.

Diliculum.

At last fayre *Hesperus* in highest skie,
Had spent his lamp, & brought forth dawning light.

Ed. Spencer.

The night growen old, her blacke head waxen gray,
Sure shepheards signe that morn wil soon fetch day.

S. Ph. Sydney.

It was the time when gainst the breaking day,
Rebellious night yet stroue and still repined,
For in the east appeares the morning gray,
And yet some lampes in *Ioues* high pallace shined.

Ed. Fairfax.

By this *Apolloes* golden harpe beganne
To send forth musicke to the Ocean,
*W*hich watchfull Hesperus no sooner heard,
But hee the day bright bearing carre prepar'd,
And ranne before, as harkenger of light,
And with his flaming beames mockt vgly night.

Ch. Marlow.

——— *Lycaons* sonne,
The hardy plough-swaine vnto mightie *Ioue*,
Hath tracd his siluer furrowes in the heauen,
And turning home his ouer-watched teeme,

Giue

Giues leaue vnto *Apolloes* chariot.

R. Greene.

*N*ights candles are burnt out, and iocond day,
Stands tiptoe on the mistie mountaines top.

VV. Sh.

Loe now the gentle Larke wearie of rest,
From his moyst cabynet mounts vp on hie,
And wakes the morning from whose siluer breast,
*T*he sunne ariseth in his maiestie:
*VV*ho doth the world so gloriously behold,
That *C*edar tops and hilles seem'd burnisht gold.

Idem.

Mane.

*T*he ioyous day gan earlie to appeare,
And fayre *Aurora* fro her dewy bed
Of aged *Tithon* gan her selfe to reare
With rosie cheekes, for shame as blushing red.

Ed. Spencer.

*N*ow when the rosie-fingred morning fayre,
Wearie of aged *Tithons* saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through dewie ayre,
And the high hilles *Titan* discouered,
*T*he royall Virgin shooke off drowsie bed.

Idem.

*N*ow sullen night with slow sad pace descended
*T*o vgly hell, when loe the blushing morrow
Lends light to all faire eyes that light will borrow.

W. Sh.

Soone as the morrow faire with purple beames,
Dispersst the shadowes of the mistie night,
And Titan playing on the easterne streames,
Gan cleare the dewie ayre with springing light.

Ed. Spencer.

The dewie Roseat morne had with her hayres,
In sundrie sorts the Indian clime adornde,
And now her eyes apparelled in teares,
The losse of louely *Memnon* long had mornde.

D. Lodge.

The gaudie morne out of her golden sleepe
Awakte, and little birdes vncagde gan sing,
To welcome home the bride-groome of the sea.

G Peele.

The gray-eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,
Cheering the easterne cloudes with streams of light,
And darknesse flected like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes path-way made by *Titans* wheels.

W. Sh.

Now had the morne espide her louers steedes,
VVhereat shee starts, puts on her purple weede,
And red for anger that hee stayd so long,
All headlong throwes her selfe the cloudes among.

Ch. Marlow.

As soon as morning her shining haires fro the mountains
Had shewen forth & driuen all star-light quite fro the
heauens. *A. Fraunce.* (*husband*
Faire Aurora betimes by the daies break rose from her
Husband, old & cold, & draue back clouds fro Olympus
Making way to the sun, taking her way to the younker,
Braue yonker Cephalus whom faire Aurora desired.

Idem.

Now

Now was the time when as *Aurora* faire,
Began to shew the world her golden head,
And looke abroade to take the coole fresh ayre,
Iealous *Tithono* lying still in bedde.

S. I. H.

The sable night dislodgd and now beganne,
Auroraes vsher with a windie fanne,
Sweetely to shake the woods on euerie side,
The whilst his mistresse like a stately bride,
With flowers, with gemmes, and Indian gold doth (spangle
Her louely locks her louers looks to tangle,
VVhen passing through the aire in mantle blue,
With siluer frindge she drops the pearlie dew,
With her goes *Abram* out.

I. Sylvester.

The rosie fringed morne with gladsome ray,
Rose to her taske from old *Tithonas* lap.

Ed. Fairfax.

The night beginnes bee angrie when shee sees
She can distill no sleepe in louers eyes,
Tossing her selfe among the cloudes now hath
Sent the red morne as harould of her wrath,
VVhose louer *Phebus* rising from his bed,
VVith dewie mantle hath the world or'e-spread,
Shaking his tresses ouer *Neptunes* ebbe:
And giuing tincture to the spiders webbe,
These fayre nimphs rose, seeing the light did call.

I. Weeuer.

Aurora bright her cristall gates vnbatr'd,
And bridegroome like stept forth the glorious sunne

Ed. Fairfax.

The

The dewie tresse morning newly wake,
With golden tinsell scarse had crownd her brow,
Riding in triumph on the Ocean lake,
Embellishing the hony-stinged bowes.

M. Drayton.

The purple morning left her crimsin bed,
And dond her robes of pure vermillion hue,
Her amber locks shee crownd with roses red,
In Edens flowry gardens gathered new,

Ed. Fairfax.

Soles Ortus.

At last the golden Orientall gate
Of greatest heauen gan to open fayre,
And Phœbus fresh as bridegroome to her mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his dewie haire,
And hurles his glistering beames through gloomie (ayre.

Ed. Spencer.

The fierie sunne was mounted vp on hight,
Vp to the heauenly towres, and shot each where
Out of his golden chariot glistering light:
And faire Aurora with her rosie hayre,
The hatefull darknesse now had put to flight.

Idem.

The golden sunne rose from the siluer waue,
And with his beames enameld euerie grene.

Ed. Fairfax.

The snoring snout of restlesse Phlegon blew,
Hot on the Indes, which did the day renew
With scarlet skie.

Th. Hadson.

Meridies.

Meridies.

Hyperion throwing forth his beames full oft,
Into the higheſt toppe of heauen gan clime,
And the world parting by an equall lot,
Did ſhed his whirling flames on either ſide,
As the great Ocean doth himſelfe diuide.

Ed. Spencer.

When as the ſunne towred in heauens head,
Downe from the ſiluer mountaines of the skie,
Bent his bright chariot on the glaſsie bed,
Fayre Criſtall gilded with his glorious eye,
Fearing ſome vſurpation in his ſted,
Or leaſt his loue ſhould too long dalliance ſpie,
Tweene him and Virgo, whoſe attractiue face,
Had newly made him leaue the Lions chace,
In that ſame middayes hower &c.

I. Markham.

——— Golden Phœbus now that mounted hie
From fierie wheeles of his fayre chariot,
Hurled his beames ſo ſcorching cruell hot,
That liuing creature mote it not abide.

Ed. Spencer.

In higheſt way of heauen the ſunne did ryde,
Progreſsing from fayre twins in golden place,
Hauing no maske of cloudes before his face,
But ſtreaming forth his heate in cheefeſt pride.

S. Ph. Sydney.

Solis Occaſus.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to ſteepe,

His

His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint Steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
Whilst from their iournall labours they doe rest.

Ed. Spencer.

—— Loe the great Automedon of day,
In *Isis* streame his golden locks doth steepe,
Sad euen her dusky mantle doth display,
Light flying fouls the posts of night doe sport them,
And cheerefull looking Phœbe doth comfort them.

D. Lodge.

By this the welked Phœbus gan auaile,
His wearie waine and now the frostie night,
Her mantle blacke through heauen gan ouerhaile,

Ed. Spencer.

Such loue as Phœbus from the coloured skie,
Did headlong driue his horses toward the west,
To suffer horned *Luna* for to prye,
Amidst the dusky darke.

D. Lodge.

When as the Sun hales towards the westerne slade,
And the tree shadowes three times greater made.

M. Dr.

And now the Sunne was past his middleway,
Leaning more louely to his lemmons bed,
And the Moones third howre had attacht the day.

I. Markham.

By this the sunne had spred his golden locks
Vpon the pale greene carpet of the sea,
And opened wide the scarlet doore which locks,
The easefull euening from the labouring day,
Now night beganne to leape from yron rocks.

And

And whippes her rustie waggon through the way.

Idem.

The blushing sunne plucks in his smiling beames,
Making his steedes to mend their woonted pace,
Till plunging downe into the ocean streames,
There in the froathie waues hee hides his face,
Then raines them in more then his vsuall space,
And leaues foule darknesse to possesse the skie,
A time most fit for foulest tragedie.

M. D.

Now the sunne is mounted vp on hie,
And pawseth in the midst of all the skie,
His fierie face vpon the earth doth beate,
And bakes it with intollerable heate.

I. Authoris.

Vesper.

Now the golden Hesperus
Was mounted hie in toppe of heauens sheene,
And warned had his brethren loyous,
To light their blessed lamps in *Iouis* eternall house,

Ed. Spenser.

By this the night from forth the darksome bower
Of *Erebus*, her teemed steedes gan call,
And lazie *Vesper* in his timely howre,
From golden *Oeta* gan proceede withall.

R. Greene.

About the time when *Vesper* in the West,
Gan set the euening watch, and silent night,
Richly attended by his twinckling traine,
Sent sleepe and slumber to possesse the world,

And

And fantasie to hauzen idle heades,
Vnder the stately Canopie of heauen,
I layd me downe laden with many cares.

G. Peele.

Now the worlds comforter with wearie gate,
His dayes hot taske hath ended in the VVest,
The owle (nights harauld) shreekes, tis verie late,
The sheepe are gone to fold, the birds to nest,
The cole-blacke cloudes that shadow heauens light
Do summon vs to parte and bid good night.

W. Sh.

Noctis initium.

Now gan the hummid vapour shed the ground
With pearlie dew, and th'earths gloomie shade
Did dimme the brightnesse of the welkin round,
That euerie beast and bird awarned made,
To shrowde themselues, while sleep their senses did (inuade.

Ed. Spencer.

The silent shadowes with their mother vaile,
The bright lampe of heauen from Thetis hid,
Apolloes sister in her starry rayle,
Along her lower Sphere in triumpe led.

D. Lodge.

——— Cynthia companion of the night,
With shining brand lighting his eben carre,
Whose axeltree was iet auchast with starres,
And roofe with shining rauens feathers cealed,
Piercing my eye lids as I lie along,
Awaked me through.

G. Peele.

Thus

Thus whiles dumb sights their yeelding hearts entā-
The aire with sparks of liuing fire was spāgled, (gled
And night deepe drencht in mistie Acheron,
Heaued vp her head halfe the world vpon,
Breath'd darknes forth, darke night is Cupids daie.

Ch. Marlow.

—— From deepe of regions vnderneath
Nights vaile arose and sunnes bright luster chacde.

Ed. Fairfax.

Inuested in her stately vale the night
In her kind armes embraced all the round,
The siluer moone from Sea vprising bright,
Spred frostie pearle vpon the canded ground.

Idem.

Now blacke-browde night plast in her chaire of iet,
Sat wrapt in cloudes within her cabinet,
And with her duskie mantle ouer-spread
The path the sunnie Palfraies vside to tread,
And Cynthia sitting in her Crystall chayre,
In all her pompe did ride along her Sphere;
The honyed dew descended in soft showres,
Drizled in pearle vpon the tender flowers;
And Zephire husht, who with a whispering gale,
Seemed to harken to the nightingale,
Which in the thornie brakes with her sweet song,
Vnto the silent night bewrayde her wrong.

M. Dra.

Noctis concubium.

Now was the heauenly vault desrinde of light
With sunnes depart, and now the darknes of the night,

Did

Did light those beamy stars which greater lite did darke,
Now each thing that inioyd that fierie quickning spark
(Which life is cald) were moud their spirits to repose,
And wanting vse of eyes, their eies began to close:
A silence sweete, each where with one consent imbrast,
A musicke sweete, to one in carefull musing plast:
And mother earth, now clad in morning weed, did
A dull desire to kisse th'image of our death. (breathe

S. Ph. Sydney.

It was the time, when rest soft slidmg downe
From heauens height, into mans heauie eyes,
In the forgetfulnesse of sleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries.

Ed. Spencer.

——— The sunne alreadie sanke
Beyond our world, and ere I got my boothe,
Each wight with matte black the night doth scooth,
Sauing the glow-worm, which would courteous be,
Of that small light off watching sleepers see.
The welkin had full niggardly inclosde
In coffer of dimme cloudes his siluer groates,
Ycleped starres, each thing to rest disposde,
The taues were full, the mountaines voyde of goates
The birds eyes closde, closed their chirping notes:
As for the nightingale, woods musicke King,
It August was, hee daind not then to sing.

S. Ph. Sydney.

——— Now the sable shade
Ycleped night had thicke enucloped
The sunne, in vaile of double darknes made
Sleepe eased care, rest brought complaint to bed.

Ed. Fairfax.

Now

Now from her fresh, the soft, and tender bed,
Of her still mother gentle night out flewe,
The fleeting balme on hills and dales she shed,
With honey drops of pure and precious dewe,
And on the verdure of greene fertill spred,
The virgin primerose, and the violet blewe,
And sweete-breath Zephire on his spreading wings
Sleepe, ease, repose, rest peace, and quiet brings,
The throughts and troubles of broade waking day,
They softly dip in mildes oblivions lake.

Idem.

Intempesta nox.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hie,
Aboue the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie,

Ed. Spencer.

Midnight was come, when euerie creatures all things,
With sweete sound sleepe their weare limbs did rest,
The beasts were still, the little birds that sings,
Now sweetly slept besides their mothers brest,
The old and all were inrowded in their rest,
The waters calme, the cruell seas did cease,
The woods, the fields, and all things held their peace
The golden starres were whirld amidst their race,
And on the earth did laugh with winckling light,
When each thing rested in his resting place,
Forgat daies paynes with pleasure of the night,
The hare had no the greedie hounds in sight,
The fearefull Deare of death stood not in doubt,
The Partrich dreamt not of the falcons foot,

The vgly beare now minded not the stake,
Nor how the cruell mastiffes doe her teare,
The stagge lay still vnrousedfrom the brake,
The foaume bore fear'd not the hunters speare,
All things were still in desart, bush and breere:
The quiet heart now from their trauailes rest,
Soundly they slept in most of all their rest.

M. Sackuile.

——— The midnights waking starre,
Sad *Cassiopeia* with a heauie cheere
Pusht forth her forehead to make knowne from farre,
What time the deadly dole of earth drewe neere.

I. Markham.

With falling mists the darkesome night extended
Her sable wings, and gently ouer-spread
Heauens gloomie vaile, whence Phœbus lampe was (fled,
Dead time of rest to euerie mortall wight,
To cheerefull mindes that bringeth wanton sleepe,
With many a phantasie and deluding toy,
And pensiue heart it doth delaie and keepe
From tedious companie, that would annoy,
Dull Saturnists that haue abiurdall ioy.

Th. Storer.

Now spread the night her spangled canopie,
And summond euerie restlesse foule to sleepe,
On beds of tender grasse the beasts doe lie,
The fishes slumbred in the silent deepe,
Vnheard was Serpents hisse and Dragons crie,
Birds left to sing, and Philomele to weepe:
Onely that noyse heauens rolling circle kest,
Sung lullaby to bring the world to rest.

Ed. Fairfax.

Nelle

Noctis initium.

When low the night with misse mantle spread,
Gan darke the day, and dimme the azure skies,
And *Venus* in her message *Hermes* sped
To bloudy *Mars*, to will him not to rise,
While shee her selfe approacht in speedie wise,
And *Virgo* hiding her disdainfull breast,
VVith *Thetis* now had layd her downe to rest,
While *Scorpio* dreading *Sagitarius* dart,
Whose bow prest bent; in fight the string had slipt;
Downe slid into the Ocean floud a part,
The beare that in the irish seas had dipt
Hs grisly feete, with speede from thence he whipt;
For *Thetis* hasting from the virgins bed,
Pursude the beare that ere she came was fled,
And *Phaethon* now neere reaching to his race,
With glistering beames gold streaming where they bent,
VVas prest to enter in his resting place;
Eurythius that in the carte first went,
Had euen now attain'd his iourneyes stent,
And fast declining hid away his head,
Where *Titan* coucht him in his purple bed,
And now pale *Cynthia* with her borrowed light,
Beginning to supplie her brothers place,
Was past the noone-sted sixe degrees in sight,
When sparkling starres amidst the heauens face,
With twinckling light shone on the earth apace,
That while they brought about the nights chaire,
The dark had dimd the day ere I was ware. *M.Sac.*
Such time as from her mothers tender lap
The night arose, garded with gentle winds,

And with her precious dew refresht the sappe,
Of bloome and darke, (whilst that her mantle blinds
The vaile of heauen) and euery birde was still,
Saue Philomele that did bemone her ill:
When in the West Orion lift aloft
His stately crest, and smilde vpon the twins,
And Cynthia seemely bright (whose yee full oft
Had watcht her loue) with radiant light begins,
To pierce the vaile of silence with her beames,
Sporting with wanton cleere in Ocean streames.
VVhen little winds in beating of their wings,
Did woe the eyes to leaue their constant walke,
And all was husht saue Zephirus that sings,
With louely breathings for the sea nymphs sake,
My wrathfull greefes perplexe my mind so sore,
That forth I walkt, my sorrowes to deplore.

D. Lodge.

Poeticall Descriptions.

Of Theclogie.

In chariot framed of celestiall mould,
And simple purenesse of the purest skie,
A more then heauenly nymph I did behold,
Who glauncing on mee with her gracious eye,
So gaue mee leaue her beautie to espie,
For sure no sence such sight can comprehend,
Except her beames theyr fayre reflection lend

Her

*H*er beautie with eternitie beganne,
And onely vnto God was euer seene,
When *Eden* was possest with sinsull man,
She came to him, and gladly would hauebeene,
The long succeedings worlds eternall Queene,
But they refused her (O hainous deede)
And from that garden banisht was that seede,
Since when at sundrie times and sundry wayes,
A theisme, and blinded ignorance conspire,
*H*ow to obscure those holy burning rayes,
And quench that zeale of heart-inflaming fire,
As makes our soules to heauenly things aspire:
But all in vaine, for maugre all their might,
She neuer lost one sparkle of her light,
Pearles may bee foyld, and gold bee turn'd to drosse,
The sunne obscur'd, the moone bee turn'd to bloud,
*T*he world may sorrow for *Astreas* losse,
The heauens darkened like a duskie wood,
Wast deserts lie where watrie fountaines stood;
But fayre *Theologie* (for so shee hight)
Shall neuer loose one sparkle of her light.
Such one she was, as in his Hebrew song,
The wisest king for fairest creature prooues,
Embracing her the Cedar trees among,
Comparing her to roses and to Doues,
Preferring her before all other loues,
Such one she was, and euerie whit as fayre,
Besides these two was neuer such a payre.

T. Storer.

Astrologie.

Her hand-maides in *Amazon*-like attire,
Went chaste and modest like *Dianaes* traine,
One by her gazing lookes seemes to aspire
Beyond the Moone, and in a high disdaine,
To deeme the world and worldly treasures vaine,
She hight Astrologie, on whose bright lawne,
Spheres Astrolabes and skilfull globes are drawn.

Retoricke.

The next, fayre smiling with a pleasing cheeke,
Had power to rauish and inchaunt mens eares,
Hight *Rhetorick*, whose shadowed vaile showen
With siluer tongues, and ouer it she weares, (cleere
A wimpled scarfe, bedewd with hearers teares,
Whose captiue hearts she should deraine long while,
With pleasance of her vnaffected stile.

Of Logicke.

The third a quicke-eyde dame of piercing sight,
That reasons worth in equall ballance wayed,
The truth shee lou'd aboue all earthly wight,
Yet could not tell her loue, but what shee sayd
Was certaine true, and shee a perfect maide,
Her garments short, tuckt vp to earth preparde,
And shee calld *Logicke* without welt or gard.

Th. Storer.

Arith.

Arith. Musicke. Geometrie.

Next these, whose outward lookes I knew aright,
And had some portion of their endlesse treasure,
Fayre *Algebra* with fingers richly dight,
Sweete Musicke founder of delightsome pleasure,
Earth-scanning nymph, directresse of all measure.
These humbly did her soueraigne highnes greet,
And meekely layd their garlands at her feete.
From euerie one shee pluckt a speciall flower,
And layd each flower vpon a seuerall part,
Then from her one a stemme of wondrous power,
Whose leaues were beames, whose stalke a fiery dart.
And that she layd vpon my trembling heart,
These were the buds of art, this plant of blisse,
This gaue them life, they yeelded grace to this.

Th. Storer.

Of Battaile.

Two greater kings were neuer seene before.
Then camped was in Ragan field at morne,
With haughtie hearts enarmed all on ire,
Each souldiour set another so on fire,
Thar scarcely they could keepe them in their bounde
Till pipe or Cymball, or the Trumpet sound,
Denounce the chocke, but with their furious faces,
They threate their foes with fell menaces,
And stroks at hand, two thousand lads forlorne
(To blunt the sword) were downe in battaile borne,
Vpon their flames flew seruently their stones,

Their bet they buckler to their bruised bones,
The Squadron then stepp sternely to the stroke,
With hearts inhumane all the battaile yoakes,
And are supplyed with many mighty bands,
Some conters them, and sternely them withstandl,
With foote to foote each other out espies,
Both Medes and Caldes clasp well gastly eyes,
Like Nylus streames that from the rocke down tile,
Or *Enceiade* when he in combe doth tumble.

Th. Hunt.

Of a kisse.

Best charge, and brawest retraite in *Cupids* fight,
A double key which opens to the heart,
Most rich, julcy most his riches to impart,
Neast of yong joyes, bed chooke mutiers sidenight,
Teaching the meane wroncs to take and giue,
The friendly stay, where blows both wound & heale
The pettie death, where each in other liue,
Poore hopes first wealth, hostage of promise weake,
Breakefast of loue.

S. Ph. Sydney.

Of People.

People, lesse setled then the sliding sand,
More mutable then Proteus or the Moone,
Turnd and returnd in turning of a hand,
Like Eurpus che flowing euery noone:
Thou thousand headed headlesse monster most,
Of shape like *Anthaeus*, and as oft new rising,
Who hard as steele, as light as wingd art tost,

Camelion

Camelion like, each obiects colour pining.

T. Syluester.

Disdaine.

A sturdie villaine stirring strife and hold,
As though the highest God defie he would:
In his right hand an iron clubbe hee held,
But hee himselfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and sence, and well could weilde
That curled weapon, when his cruell foes he queld,
Disdaine he called was, and did disdaine
So to be calde, and who so him did call.

Ed. Spencer.

Of the same.

Loe a knight vnto his socour went:
All arm'd in shining steele, and on his shield,
He bare a yoke in sundrie pieces rent,
And flames offire all in a yellow field:
So weaponed he was, as if hee ment
To make all that incountred him to yeeld:
A sword and speare hee had, and to the same
A mace, from whence he threw continuall flame,
His mace was stirde with euerlasting fire,
That euer burned and did neuer waste,
No other wagon needed one desire
To make good way which way soere he past,
And sure Rinaldoes danger did require,
Quicke remedie, wherefore the knight did haste,
And when hee saw this monster and did vew her,

He

VVith his stiffe speare forthwith hee ouerthrew her:
But this same fall did her no whit annoy,
Wherefore to vse his speare he now misliketh,
Onely hee will his fierce face imploy,
And with that same the monster foule hee striketh,
Then shee no longer could her force inioy.

S. I. H.

Of Dearth.

Dearth the liuely forme of death,
Still yawning wide with lothsome stinking breath,
VVith hollow eyes, with meger cheekes and chinne,
VVith sharpe leane bones, piercing her sable skinne,
Her emptie bowels may bee plainely spide,
Cleane through the wrinckles of her withered hide,
Shee hath no bellie, but the bellies seate,
Her knees and knuckles swelling very great,
Insatiate Orque, that euen at one repaste,
Almost all creatures in the world with waste,
VVhose greedie gorge dish after dish doth draw,
Seekes meate in meate, for still her monstrous maw
Voydes in deuouring, and sometimes she eates
Her owne deere babes, for lacke of other meates,
Nay more sometimes (O strangest gluttonie,)
Shee eates her selfe, her selfe to satisfie,
Lessning her selfe, her selfe so to inlarge,
And cruell thus, shee doth our grandsire charge,
And brings beside from Limbo to assist her,
Rage, feeblenesse, and thirst her ruthlesse sister.

I. Siluester.

Of

Of Thirst.

——Cruell thirst came out of *Cyren* land,
Where shee was fostered on the burning sand,
With hote intracted tongue, and sunken eine,
VVith stomacke worne, and wrinckled visage keene
VVith light and meagre, corse, and pailed vaines,
In steede of bloud, that brimstone hot retaines,
Her poysoned mouth blew through that holy towne,
Such hellish aire, that stiffeled vp and down. *Th. Had.*

Old Woman.

Her eyes were sunk into her head,
Her cheeks were leane and lanke,
Out stood her chin,
Into her mouth her bloudlesse lips they sunke,
Her toothlesse chappes
Disgraste her tongue in telling of a tale,
And sucke she might
A teat for teeth and spoonage too distaste,
Her haire since sixtie yeeres
Not blacke, nor now, nor white, or none,
The substance of her wrinckled face
Were onely skinne and bone,
Dimme were her eyes,
Deafe were her eares, ranke smelt, if she could sent,
A palsie made her feeling ease,
Downe tastlesse foode it went. *W. Warner.*

Of a Combate.

Sometime they proffer, then they pause a while,
Sometime strike out, like masters of the play,
Now stand vpright, now stoope, another while,
Now open lie, now couer all they may.

Now

Now ward then with a ſlippe the blow beguilde,
Now forward ſtep, now backe a little way,
Now round about, and where the tone giues place,
There ſtill the other preſſeth in his place.

S. I. H.

Of Albion.

Faire Albion glorie of the North,
Neptunes beſt darling held betweene his armes,
Diuided from the world, as better worth,
Kept from himſelfe, defended from all harmes.

S. Daniell.

This royall throne of Kings, this ſceptred yle,
This earth of maieſtie, this ſeate of Mars,
This other Eden, this demi-paradiſe,
This fortreſſe built by nature for her ſelfe,
Againſt inteſtion and the hand of warre,
This happie breede of man, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſette in the ſiluer ſea,
Which ſerues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defenſiue to a houſe,
Againſt the enuie of leſſe happier lands,
This nurſe, this teeming wombe of royall Kings,
Fearde by their breede, and famous by their byrth,
Renowned in their deedes as farre from home,
For charitie, ſeruice, and true chiualrie,
As is the Sepulchre in ſtubburne Iewrie.

M. Dr.

Of

Of Egipt.

The fairest flower that glorious Affrica,
Whose beautie Phebus dare nor dash with showres,
Ouer whose climate neuer hung a cloude,
But smiling Titan lights the Horizon.

R. Greene.

Hierusalem.

Hierusalem is seated on two hilles,
Of height vnlike, and turned side to side,
The space betweene a gentle vallie filles,
From mount to mount exspanded faire and wide;
Three sides are sure imborder with crags and hilles,
The rest is easie scant to rise espide,
But mightie bulwarks fence that plainer part,
So art helps nature, nature strengthneth art.
The towne is sorde of troughs and cesternes made,
To keepe fresh water, but the countrey seemes
Deuoyde of grasse, vnfit for plowmens trade,
Not fertill, moyst, with riuers, welles, and streames,
There grow few trees, to make the summers shade,
To shield the parched land from scorching beames,
Saue that a wood stands six miles from the towne,
With aged Cedars, darke and shadowes browne:
By east among the duskie vallies glide,
The siluer streames of Iordanes filer floud,
By west the mid-land sea with bounders tyde,
Or sandie showres, where Ioppa whilom stood,
By North Samaria stands, and on that side,
The golden Calfe was reard in Bethell wood.

Bethlem

Bethlem by South, where Christ incarnate was,
A pearle in steele, a diamond sette in brasse.

Ed. Fairfax.

Of Deluge.

Heauens Cristall windowes with one hand God opes
Where on the world a thousand seas hee droppes,
With th'other hand hee gripes and wringeth forth,
The spungie globe of the execrable earth,
So straightly prest that it doth strait restore,
All liquid floods that it had drunke before,
In euerie rocke new riuers doe beginne,
And to his aide the snowes came tumbling in.
The Pines and Cedars haue but bowes to shew,
The shoares do shrinke, the swelling waters grow.

I. Syluester.

Of a Courtier effeminate.

About his necke a carknet rich hee ware
Of precious stones all sette in gold well tried,
His armes that earst all warlike weapons bare,
In golden bracelets wantonly were tied,
Into his eares two rings conuayed are,
Of golden wire, at which on either side,
Two Indian pearles, in making, like two peares
Of passing price, were pendant at his eares,
His locks, bedewd with waters of sweete sauour,
Stood curled round in order on his head,
He had such wanton womanish behauiour,
As though in *Valence* he had long beene bred,
So changd in speech, in manners, and in fauour,

So from himselfe beyond all reason sedde,
By these inchauntments of this amorous dame,
He was himselfe in nothing but in name.

S. I. H.

Of Eden.

For *Adam* God chose out an happie seate,
A climate temperate both for cold and heate,
*W*hich daintie *Flora* paueth sumpruously,
With flowrie *Ver* inameld tapistrie,
Pomona prancks with fruits, whose taste excelles,
And Zephir filles with muske and amber smelles,
VVhere God himselfe (as gardiner) treades the allies,
VVith trees and corne couers the hilles and vallies,
Summons sweet sleep with noyse of hundred brooks,
And sunne-proofe arbors makes in sundrie nookes,
Hee plants, hee proines, he pares, he trimmeth round,
The euer-greene bewties of a fruitfull ground:
*H*eere, there, the course of th'holy lakes he leades,
*VV*ith thousand dies he motleth all the meade.

I. Syluester.

Of VVinds.

——— O heauens fresh flames quoth hee,
Earths sweeping broomes, O forrests enmitie,
O you my haraulds, and my harbengers,
My nimble posts, and speedie messengers,
My armes, my sinewes, and my Eagles swift,
That through the ayre my rowling chariot lift.

I. Syluester.

Of

Of a drunken man.

His head growes giddie, and his sight indents,
A mighte fume his vtchb'red braine torments,
His idle prattle from their purpose quite,
Is abrupt, fluttering, all confuse, and light,
His wine, sure stomacke wrungs with wind he feeles,
His trembling parts bound sure vnbeneath,
At last not able on his legges to stand,
More like a foule swine then a sober man,
Oppressed with strong drinke wallows vpon the ground,
His senses all confounding, drunke sweetly drowned,
Vnbeare God knowes, that he did so sinnes,
*T*ruise parts that Caesar vsurped on him hee dide,

Idem.

A Palmer.

A sillie man in simple weede forworne,
*A*nd soyld with dust of the long dryed way,
His sandales were with toyle foule trauell torne,
And face all rand with scorching sunnie ray,
*A*s hee had trauaild many a summers day,
*T*hrough boyling sands of *A*frica and Inde,
*A*nd in his hand *I*acobs staffe to stay
His wearie limbs vpon, and eke behind,
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

Ed. Spenser.

Of Harpies.

*S*euen of them came together in a knot,
With womens faces, wanne, with deadly cold,

So

So hunger-ſtaru'd, as death it ſelfe might not
Be at firſt ſight more hidious to behold:
Their wings were great, but foule black wings god wot,
Theyr tallents ſharp to gripe, and ſtrong to hold,
A large foule panch, a filthy tayle and long,
From whence there came a mighty odour ſtrong.

S. I. Harr.

Of Cyprus.

— With filled ſayles, in little while,
They came as farre as Cyprus, *Venus* Ile:
Heere euery place was full of odours ſweet,
Of gardens fayre, of ſpyce of pleaſant taſt,
The people luſtfull, (for dame *Venus* meete)
From tender yeeres to doating age doe laſt,
With wanton damſels walking in each ſtreet,
Inuiting men to pleaſure and repaſt.

S. I. Hart.

Of the Rainebow.

Noah lookes vp, and in the ayre he viewes
A ſemicircle of an hundred hewes;
which bright aſcending toward th'ætheriall thrones,
Hath a line drawne betweene two Horizons
For iuſt Diameter: an euen bent bow
Contriu'd of three: whereof the one doth ſhow
To be all painted of a golden hew;
The ſecond greene, the third an orient blew:
Yet ſo, that in this pure blew-golden greene,
Still (ô pall-like) ſome changeable is ſeene;
A bow bright ſhining in th'archers hand,

Whose subtile string seemes leuell with the land,
Halfe parting heauen, and ouer vs it bends,
vvithin two seas wetting his horned ends;
A temporall beautie of the lampfull skyes,
vvhere powerfull Nature shewes her fresh-red dies.
And if you onely blew and red perceaue,
The same as signes of sea and fire conceaue,
Of both the flowing and the flaming doome,
The iudgement past, and iudgement yet to come.

I. Siluester.

Of Paradice.

Soone after he a christall streame espying,
From foote to head he washt himselfe therein,
Then vp he gets him on his courser flying,
And of the ayre he more and more doth win:
Ascending heauen, all earthly thoughts defying.
As fishes cut the liquid streame with fin,
So cutteth he the ayre and doth not stop
Till he was come vnto the mountaine top.
This hill nie toucht the circle of the Moone,
The top was all a fruitefull pleasant fielde,
And light at night, as ours is heere at noone,
The sweetest place that euer man beheld,
(There would I dwell if God gaue me my boone)
The soyle thereof most fragrant flowers doth yeeld,
Like Rubies, gold, Saphire, pearles, Topaze stones,
Chrisolites, Diamonds, Iacinths for the nonce.
The trees that there did grow, were euer greene,
The fruite that thereon grew were neuer fading,
The sundry coloured birds did sit betweene

(Singing

(Singing most sweet) the fruitfull boughes thē shading,
Riuers more cleere then Christall to be seene,
The fragrant smell, the sence and soule inuading;
With ayre so temperate and so delightsome,
As all the place beside was cleere and lightsome.

Of Diana,

The first with cloths tuckt vp as Nimphs in woods doe (range,
Tuckt vp euē to the knees, with bowes & arrowes prest
Her right arme naked was, discouered was her brest:
But heauy was her pace, & such a megre cheere,
As little hunting mind (God knows) did there appeere.

S. *Phil. Sidney.*

— Now great *Phœbe* in her tryumph came,
With all the titles of her glorious name,
Diana, Delia, Luna, Cynthia,
Virago, Hecate, and *Elythia,*
Prothyria, Dictinna, Proserpine,
Latona, and *Lucina* most diuine.

M. Drayton.

Cynthia,

The siluer Moone, dread soueraigne of the deepe
That with the floods fills vp her horned head,
And by her waine, the waining ebs doth keepe.

Iar. Markham.

— VVith a brase of siluer hindes,
In Iuorie Chariot swifter then the windes,
Is great *Hyperions* horned daughter drawne,
Enchauntresse like, deckt in disparent Lawne.

Circled with charmes and incantations,
That ride huge ſpirits and ouragious paſsions;
Muſicke and moode ſhe loues, but loue ſhe hates,
As curious Ladies doe their publique cates.

G. Chapman.

Natures bright eye-ſight, and the nights faire ſoule,
That with thy triple forhead dooſt controule
Earth, ſeas, and hell, and art in dignitie
The great'ſt and ſwifteſt Planet in the skie.

Idem.

Venus.

— Mounting in the Eaſt
Faire *Venus* in her Iuorie coach did haſt,
And towards thoſe penſiue Dames her courſe addreſt:
Her Doues ſo plied theyr wauing wings with flight,
That ſtraight the ſacred Goddeſſe came in ſight.
Vpon her head ſhe bare that gorgious crowne
vvherein the poore *Amintas* is a ſtarre,
Her louely locks her boſome hanging downe,
Thoſe nets that firſt inſnard the God of warre:
Delicious-louely ſhine her louely eyes,
And on her cheekes Carnation clowdes ariſe.

D. Lodge.

Of Venus.

This goddeſſe had with art (more thē our womē know
As ſtuffe meant for the ſale, ſet out to glaring ſhow)
A wanton womans face, & with curld knots had twin'd
Her haire, which by the help of painters cunning ſhin'd.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Of

Of Cupid.

Amongst this gamesome crue is seene,
The issue of the *Cyprian* Queene,
Whose head and shoulders fethered beene;
And as the starres his countenaunce sheene.
In his left hand his bow he bare,
And by his side his quiuer ware,
In power he sits past all compare,
And with his flames the world doth dare;
A scepter in his hand he held,
With *Chloris* natiue flowers vntild,
And *Nectars* deathlesse odours stild
From his bright locks the Sun digild.
The triple Graces there assist,
Sustaining with theyr brests commist
And knees that *Thetis* bosome kist
The challice of this Amorist.

G. Chapman. transl.

— Him the greatest of the Gods we deeme,
Borne without sinne or couples of one kind,
For *Venus* selfe doth solie couples seeme,
Both male and female through commixture ioynd,
So pure and spotlesse *Cupid* forth she brought,
And in the gardens of *Adonis* nurst;
Where growing, he his owne perfection wrought,
And shortly was of all the Gods the first.
Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
In which so fell and puissant he grew,
That *Ioue* himselfe his power began to dread,
And taking vp to heauen, him godded new.

From thence he shoots his arrowes euery where
Into the vworld at random as he will,
On vs frayle men:

S. Daniell.

Venus.

— Now in ire,
Shee mounts her chariot swifter then the winde
Or subtill comprehension of the minde,
vvhich by two nimble Cock-sparrowes was drawne
Caparisond but lightly with the lawne
Tooke from the Flowre-deluces inner skin,
Trapt and imbost with Marigolds: within
Sits *Venus* naked, holding in her hand
A tumbling shelfish with a Mirtle wand;
Wearing a garland on her wimpled head,
Compacted of the white Rose, and the red.
None but the blinde boy *Cupid* durst approch
For to be whurried with her in her Coach,
The snow-white Graces running by theyr sides,
Were through the heauens theyr wagoners & guides,
Lashing the Sparrowes vnder quiuering wings,
With whyps of twisted gold, and siluer strings,
A beauie of white Doues still fluttring ouer,
From the sunnes sight such beautie seem'd to couer;
And thus shee rode in tryumph in her throne,
Whose radiant lustre like the sunne-beames shone.

I. Weever.

Calme

Calme weather.

As then no winde at all there blew,
No ſwelling clowde accloyd the ayre,
The skye like graſſe of watched hue
Reflected *Phœbus* golden haire:
The garniſht trees no pendant ſtird,
Nor voyce was heard of any bird.

Mat. Roydon.

The King of windes calls home his poſts againe,
And *Amphitrite* ſmooth's her watry plaine,
The ayre his clowdes hath chang'd to chriſtall cleere,
And now the lamps of light from heauen appeare.

I. Sylueſter.

Of Tempeſts.

On *Neptune* war was made by *Æolus* and his traine,
who letting looſe the vvinds, toſt & tormented the ayre,
So that on euery coaſt, men ſhipwracke did abide,
Or els were ſwallowed vp in open ſea with waues,
And ſuch as came to ſhore, were beaten with diſpayre.

Edm. Spen.

— VVithin a little ſeaſon,
The vvinde diſcouered his deceite and treaſon,
First from the poope, it changed to the ſide,
Then to the prore, at laſt it whirled round,
Long in a place it neuer would abide,
which doth the Pilots wit and skill confound;
The ſurging waues ſwell ſtill in higher pride,
Proteus white flocke, did more and more abound,
And ſeem'd to them as many deaths to threaten,

As

As the ſhyps ſides with diuers waues are beaten,
Now in theyr face the winde, ſtraight on theyr back,
And forward this, and backward that it blowes,
Then on the ſide it makes the ſhyp to crack,
Among the Marriners confuſion growes,
The Maiſter doubts ruine and preſent wrack,
For none his will, nor none his meaning knowes.
To whiſtle, becken, cry, it nought auailes,
Sometime to ſtrike, ſometime to turne theyr ſailes,
But none there was could heare, nor ſee, nor marke:
Theyr eares ſo ſtopt, ſo dazeled were theyr eyes,
vvith vveather ſo tempeſtuous, and ſo darke,
And black thick clowdes, that with the ſtorme did riſe
From whence ſometimes great ghaſtly flames did ſpark
And thunder claps that ſeem'd to rent the skies;
Which made them in a manner deafe and blind,
That no man vnderſtoode the Maiſters minde:
Nor leſſe, nor much leſſe fearefull is the ſound
The cruell tempeſt in the tackle makes,
Yet each one for himſelfe ſome buſines found,
And ſo ſome ſpeciall office him betakes:
One this vntide, another this faſt bound,
He the maine bowling now reſtraines, now ſlakes,
Some take an oare, ſome at the pumpe take paine,
And powre the ſea, into the Sea againe.
Behold a horrible and hideous blaſt,
That *Boreas* from his frozen lips doth ſend,
Doth backward force the ſaile againſt the maſt,
And makes the waues vnto the skies aſcend,
Then brake theyr oares and rudder eke at laſt,
Nothing was left from tempeſt to defend.

S

So that the ſhip as ſwai'd now quite a-ſide,
Vnto the vvaues laid ope her naked ſide,
Then all a-ſide the ſtaggering ſhip did reele,
For one ſide quite beneath the water lay,
And on the tother ſide the very keele,
Aboue the water plaine diſcerne you may;
Then thought they all hope paſt, & down they kneele,
And vnto God to take their ſoules they pray;
Worſe danger grew then this, when this was paſt,
By meanes the ſhip gan after leake ſo faſt,
The winde, the waues to them no reſpite gaue,
But ready euery houre to ouer-throw them;
Oft they were hoiſt ſo high vpon the waue,
They thought the middle region was below them:
Oft-times ſo low the ſand their veſſell draue,
As though that *Charon* there his boat wold ſhow them.
Scant had they time, or power to fetch their breath,
All things did threaten them ſo preſent death.

S. I. Harr.

-- An hoaſt of blacke and ſable clouds
Gan to ecclipſe *Lucinaes* ſiluer face,
And with a hurling noyſe from forth the South,
A guſt of winde did raiſe the billowes vp,
Then ſcantled we our ſailes with ſpeedy hands,
And tooke our drablers from our bonners ſtraine,
And ſeuered our bonnets from our courſes:
Our top ſailes vp we truſſe, our ſprite ſailes in,
But vainely ſtriue they that reſiſt the heauens,
For loe the waues incenſe then more and more,
Mounting with hideous rorings from the depth;
Our Barke is battered by encountring ſtormes,

And

And welnie ſteemd by breaking of the clouds:
The ſteeres-man pale, and carefull holds the helme,
Wherein the truſt of life and ſafety lay,
Till all at once, a mortall tale to tell,
Our ſailes were ſplit by *Biſas* bitter blaſt;
Our middle broke, and we bereft of hope;
There might you ſee with pale and ghaſtly lookes,
The dead in thought, and dolefull Marchant lifts
Their eyes and hands vnto their Country Gods,
The goods we caſt in bowels of the Sea,
A ſacrifice to ſwage proud *Neptunes* ire.

D. Lodge.

Now *Nerrus* foames, and now the wrathfull waue,
Toſt and turmoild by angry *Neptunes* ſlaues,
Doe mount and rowle, gainſt *Thetis* heauen doth fight,
And ſhe (inrag'd) vſurpt on *Rheas* right,
An ayre, black, ſable, ſad, ore-ſpread the skies,
And reaues all light from wofull Saylers eyes:
Or if ſome beames breake through their pitchy night,
This naught, but lighning flaſhes full of fright.

I. Syluester.

The Eaſterne winds driues on the roring traine
Of white blew billowes, and the clouds againe
With freſh ſeas croſſe the ſeas, and ſhe doth ſend
In counter-change a raine with ſalt yblend
The heauens, doe ſeeme in *Thetis* lap to fall,
The Sea-ſtarre, skies, and God to arme this all:
Againſt one ſhip that skips from ſtarres to ground,
From waue to waue (like windy ballances bound)
The whilſt the Pylot on a foamy mount,
Thinks from the pole to ſee hells pit profound;

And

And then cast downe vnto the sandy shore,
Seemes from low hell to see the lofty pole,
And feeling foes within and eke without,
As many waues so many deaths doth doubt:
The Sea sharp-surging round about the ship,
Vncaulks their keele, and doth her seames vnrip,
Whereby the waters entring vncontrold,
Ebbing abroad, yet flow a-pace in hold,
For euery tun the plied pump doth free,
A flood breakes in, the amazed maister hee,
His cunning conquered by the perils plaines,
Doubts what to say, or where to turne his raines,
Which waue to meete, or which salt surge to flie,
So yeelds his charge in sea to liue or die.
Strike, saile the Maister cries, strike saile amaine,
Vaile misme, and sprite saile, but the winds constraine
With boistrous blasts that beate vpon his face,
His sea-shapt speech to fly before their chace:
Of men dismay'd, the sad confused cries,
Wroath *Neptunes* noyse, and bellowing winds likewise;
Heauens thunder-claps, the tacklings whistling,
(Strange Minstrells) doe dire dreadfull descant sing.

Iosuah Sylvester.

The day with cloud was suddaine ouer-cast,
And angry *Ioue* an hideous storme of raine,
Did poure into his Lemmons lap so fast,
That euery wight to shroud it did constraine.

Ed. Spencer.

The ayre doth on the suddaine grow obscure,
Lightened sometimes with lightnings dreadfull light,

And

And saue their houre-glasse, kept the reckning sure,
Twas hard for to discerne the day from night;
The desperate Marriners doe all indure
As men inured to the waters spight;
The heauens aboue, the waues beneath vs roare,
Yet are they not dismai'd one whit therefore;
One with a whistle, bang'd about his necke,
Shewes by the sound which cord must be vndone,
And straite the ship-boy ready at a becke,
Vnto the tops with nimble sleight doth runne:
The other Marriners vpon the decke;
Or at the steere the comming waues doe shunne,
And then by turnes they pump the water out,
By paine and care preuenting euery doubt.

S. I. Harrington.

The heauens on euery side inclosed be,
Black stormes and foggs are blowen vp from farre;
That now the Pilot can no Load-starre see,
But skies and Seas doe make most dreadfull warre:
The billowes striuing to the heauens to reach,
And th'heauens striuing them for to impeach.

R. Greene.

Of the Spring

The soote seasons that blood, & bloome foorth brings,
With greene hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
The Nightingale with feathers new she sings,
The Turtle to her mate hath told her tale:
Sommer is come, for euery spray now springs;
The Hart hath hung his old head on the pale:
The Bucke in brake his Winter-coate he flings:

The

The Fishes fleete with new-repared scale:
The Adder all her sloth away she flings:
The swift Swallow pursueth the flies small:
The busie Bee her honey now she mings:
Winter is worne that was the flowers bale.

E. of Surrey.

The Winters wrath begins to quell,
And pleasant Spring appeareth;
The grasse now gins to be refresht,
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And cloudy welkin cleareth.

E. Spenser.

Flora now calleth for each flower,
And bid's make ready *Maias* bower,
That new is vp rise from bed.

Idem.

The earth late choakt with showres,
Is now arai'd in greene,
Her bosome springs with flowers,
The ayre dissolues her teene;
The vvoods are deckt with leaues,
And trees are cloathed gay,
And *Flora* crown'd with sheaues,
With oaken boughs doth play,
The birds vpon the trees
Doe sing with pleasant voyces,
And chaunt in their degrees,
Their loues and luckie choyces.

D. Lodge.

The tenth of March when *Aries* receau'd,
Dan-Phœbus rayes into his horned head.

In

In flowry ſeaſon of the yeare,
And when the firmament was cleare,
When *Tellus* her balls painted were,
With iſſue of diſparent cheere;
When the Vſher to the morne did riſe,
Sleepe gaue their vituall liberties
To *Phillis* and to *Floraes* eyes.

G. Chapman.

The ayre was calme, the day was cleare,
Loues wanton winds with wooing breathe,
Gan greete the ſweeteſt of the yeare,
The flower forgot his Winters death;
The earth reuiued by the ſunne,
To iet in gay attire begunne.
The leafe allied vnto the tree,
By helpe of ſpring in coate of greene,
Stole forth my wandring eye to ſee,
The beauties of the Sommers Queene.

D. Lodge.

The Winter with his griſly ſtormes no longer dare abide,
The pleaſant graſſe with luſty greene the earth hath newly died,
The trees hath leaues, the boughs do ſpred, new changed is the yeare
The water brooks are clean ſunk down, the pleſant boughs appeare,
The Spring is come, the goodly Nimphs now dance in euery place:
Thus hath the yeare moſt pleaſantly of lately chang'd her face.

E. of Surrey.

Now each creature ioyes the other,
Paſſing happy dayes and howers,
One bird reports vnto an other,
In the fall of ſiluer ſhowers:

vvhilſt

vvhilst the earth our common mother,
Hath her bosome deckt with flowers.
Whilst the nearest torch of heauen,
vvith bright rayes warmes *Floraes* lap,
Making nights and dayes both euen.
Chearing plants with freshnes sap.

S. *Daniell.*

Of VVinter.

The wrathfull Winter proching on a pace,
vvith blustring blasts had all ybard the treene,
And old *Saturnus* with his frosty face,
vvith chilling cold had pearst the tender greene;
The mantles rent wherein inwrapped beene;
The gladsome Groues that now lay ouer-throwne,
The Tapers torne, and euery tree downe blowne;
The soyle that erst so seemely was to seeme,
vvas all dispoiled of her beauties hewe,
And stole fresh flowers (wher-with the somers Queene
Had clad the earth) now *Boreas* blast downe blew,
And small fowles flocking in their songs did rew
The vvinters wrath, where-with each thing defast,
In wofull wise bewayl'd the Sommer past:
Hawthorne had lost his motly liuerie:
The naked twigs were shiuering all for cold,
And dropping downe the teares aboundantlie;
Each thing (me thought) with weeping eye me told,
The cruell season, bidding me with-hold
My selfe within, for I was gotten out
Into the fields, whereas I walkt about.

M. Sackville.

vvhen

--- When ye count ye free from feare,
Comes the breame Winter with chamfered browes,
Full of wrinkles and frosty furrowes,
Shooting his grisly dart,
Which cruddles the blood and pricks the hart.

Ed. Spenser.

Ianuarie.

--- Now sad Winter welked hath the day,
*A*nd *Phœbus* weary of his yearely taske,
Yshackled hath his steeds in lowly lay,
*A*nd taken vp his Inne in fishes haske.

Idem.

Autumnus.

The wearied nights approached on a pace,
With darksome shades which somwhat breedeth care,
The sunne hath take more neere the earth his race.
In *Libra* then his greatest sway he bare,
For pardy then the dayes more colder are,
Then fades the greene fruite, liuely hearbs are done,
*A*nd Winter gins to wast that Sommer wone.

I. H. Mir. of Mag.

Sommer. Iulie.

Now the sunne hath reared vp
his siluer footed teame,
Making his wayte betweene the cup
and golden Diademe.
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
with doggs of noysome breath,

Whose

VVhose balefull barking brings in haſt,
pine, plague, and drery death.

Edm. Spencer.

Auguſt.

That time of yeere when the inamoured ſunne,
Clad in the richeſt roabes of liuing fires,
Courted the Virgin ſigne, great Natures Nunne,
which barraines earth, of all that earth deſires:
Euen in the month that from *Auguſtus* wone
His ſacred name, which vnto heauen aſpires,
And on the laſt of his tentrebled dayes

W. Shakeſpeare.

It was the month in which the righteous mayde,
That for diſdaine of ſinfull worlds vpbraid,
Fled backe to heauen where ſhe was firſt conceiu'd
Into her ſiluer bower the ſunne receiu'd,
And the hote Syrian dog on him away ung
After the chafed Lyons cruell bayting,
Corrupted had the ayre with noyſome breath,
And powrd on earth, plague, peſtilence & dearth.

Rob. Greene.

Now was the month that old *Sextilis* name
Changd by the Romaine Senates ſage degree,
And glorying ſo to innouate the ſame,
To haue himſelfe new christned did agree,
Proude that *Auguſtus* God-father ſhould be,
whilst *Ceres* clad him in a mantle fayre
Of bearded Corne, ſtill quauering with the ayre.

Char. Fitz Ieffrey.

Iulie.

VVhat time sleepes Nurse the silent night begun
To steale by minutes on the long-liu'd dayes,
The furious dog-starre chasing of the sunne,
Whose scorching breath adds flames vnto his raies,
At whose approch the angry Lyon braies,
The earth now warm'd in her celestiall fire,
To coole her heate, puts off her rich attire.

M. Drayton.

Of Morpheus.

Morpheus the liuelie sonne of deadly sleepe,
VVitnes of life to them that liuing die,
A prophet oft, and oft an historie,
A Poet eke, as humors flie or creepe.

S. Phil. Sid.

Hee making speedy way through perced ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To *Morpheus* house doth hastily repaire,
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And lowe where dawning day doth neuer peepe
His dwelling is: there *Thetis* her wet bed
Doth euer wash, and *Cynthia* still doth steepe
In siluer dew her euer-dropping head,
vvhile sad night ouer him her mantle black doth spread.

Edm. Spencer.

VVhose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnish'd Iuorie,
The other, all with siluer ouer-cast,
And wakefull dogs before them faire doe lie.

Watching

Watching to banish Care, their enemie,
who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleeper.

Idem.

Of Neptune.

First came great *Neptune* with his three-forkt mace,
That rules the seas, and makes them rise or fall;
His dewey locks did drop with brine a pace
Vnder his diademe imperiall.
And by his side his Queene with Coronall,
Fayre *Amphitrite*, most diuinely fayre,
whose Iuory shoulders were couered all
As with a robe, with her owne siluer hayre,
And deckt with pearles, which the Indian seas for her (prepare.

Edm. Spencer.

Of Proteus.

Proteus is shepheard of the Seas of yore,
And hath the charge of *Neptunes* mighte heard
An aged Sire, with head all frothy hoare,
And sprinckled frost vpon his dewie beard.

Idem.

Of Thetis.

Thetis the Mother of the pleasant springs,
Grandome of all the Riuers in the world,
To whome earths vaines a moystning tribute brings,
Nowe with a mad disturbed passion hurl'd
About her Caue (the worlds great treasure) flings,
And with wreath'd armes, & long wet haire vneu'rd,

Within herselfe laments a losse vnlost,
And mones her wrongs, before her ioyes be crost.

I. Markham.

Of Phœbus.

The golden ofspring of *Latona* pure,
And ornament of great *Iones* progenie,
Phœbus.

Edm. Spencer.

— Dayes King, God of vndaunted verse.

G. Chapman.

Of Neptune.

O *Neptune*, neuer like thy selfe in shew,
Inconstant, variable, mutable,
How dooſt thou *Proteus* like thy forme renewe,
O whereto is thy change impurable?
Or whereunto art thou bent futable?
Rightly the Moone predominateth thee,
For thou art all as changeable as shee.

Ch. Fitz-Ieffray.

Of Apollo.

Sacred *Apollo*, God of *Archerie*,
Of *Arts*, of pleasure, and of Poetrie,
Iones faire haird sonne, whose yellow tresses shine,
Like curled flames; hurling a most diuine
And dazeling splendour, in those lesser fires
Which from thy guilt beames (when thy Car retires,)
Kindle those Tapers that lend eyes to night,
O thou that art the Land-lord of all light,
Birdegroome of morning, dayes eternall King,

To whom nine Muses (in a sacred ring)
In daunces sphericall rip hand in hand,
Whilst thy seauen-stringed Lute they feete cõmaund,
vvhose motion such proportioned measure beares,
That to the musicke daunce nine heauenly spheares.
Great *Dehan* Priest, we to adore thy name,
Haue burnt fat thighes of Bulls in hallowed flame,
vvhose sauour wrapt in smoake and clowdes of fire
To thy starre-spangled Pallace did aspire.

Tho. Dekker.

Of Rome.

O thou worlds Queene, ô towne that didst extend
Thy conquering armes beyond the Ocean,
And throngdst thy conquests from the Libian shore,
Downe to the Scythian swift-foote fearelesse porters,
Thou art debasd, and at this instant yeelds
Thy proude necke to a miserable yoke.

Tho. Kyd.

Of Heate.

VVhen *Phœbus* rose he left his golden weede,
And dond attire in deepest pulple dyed,
His sanguine beames about his forhead spred,
A sad prelage of ill that should betide,
With vermile drops at euen his tresses bleed
For shewes of future heate from th Ocean wide.
Whilst thus he bent gainst earth his scorching rais,
He burnt the flowers, and burnt his *Chris* deare,
The leaues grew wan vpon the withered spraies,
The grasse and growing hearbes all parched were,

Earth cleft in rifts, in floods theyr streames decaies,
The barren clowdes with lightning bright appeare,
And mankind feard least *Iymens* child againe
Had driuen away his Syers ill-guided vvaine,
As from a fornace flew the smoake to skies,
Such smoake as that when damned Sodome brent;
Within his Caue sweete *Zephyre* silent lyes,
Still was the ayre, the racke nor came nor went,
But ore the lands with luke-warme breathing flies
The Southerne winde, from sun-bright Affrique sent,
vvith thicke and warme, his interrupted blasts,
Vpon theyr bosoms, throates, and faces casts.
Nor yet more comfort brought the gloomy night,
In her thicke shade was burning heate vprold,
Her sable mantle was imbrodered bright
vvith blazing starres and gliding fires of gold.
Nor to refresh sad earth thy thirsty spirit,
The niggard Moone let fall her May-dewes cold,
And dried vp the vitall moisture was
In trees, in plants, in hearbs, in flowers, in grasse.

Ed. Fairefax.

Of Thirst.

VVhen wells grew dry, the Commons ran in rage
And sought out euery sincke, their thirst t'assuage:
And dranke with lothsome draught the pooles in hast,
To quench theyr thirst with ill-contented tast,
vvhich poysoned ayre infect theyr purest breath,
vvhereby the drinker dranke his present death:
O wretched folke, who felt so hard a strife,
Drinke or not drinke, both waies must lose theyr life.

For

For he that dranke, and he that did refraine,
Had of theyr enemies both an equall paier:
For why? the water vile slew them throughout,
No lesse, then did theyr enemies them about.
That wretched towne had neuer a street nor new,
But *Parcas* there had fram'd some fashions new
To murder men, or martyr them with feares,
As mou'd the most indurate hart to teares,
If so much water in theyr braines had beene
As might forbeare a drop to wet theyr eyne.
One while he spake his hart (for thirst) did faint:
And life him left, which frustrate his complaint.
The souldiour braue, (oh hart-breake for to tell)
His proper vrine dranke, thirst to expell:
The woful mother with her spettle fed
Her little child halfe dead in cradle-bed:
The Lady with her Lord at poynt of death,
Embracing falls, and yeelds theyr latest breath.

Thom. Hudson.

Of an Assault.

— They no lesse prouided are within
With rampires, bulwarks, and with doubled dikes:
And where theyr foes to clime doe once begin,
They push thē down with bills, with staues, with pikes.
If one be kild, another steppeth in,
No man his place for feare of hurt mislikes.
Some throw downe blocks, some stones, some scalding water,
Greeuing them much with all, most with the latter,
Some throw among them newly slaked Lime,

That

That burneth most, when most it seemes to quench,
vvith pots of Brimstone, Pitch and Turpentime,
Annoying them with heate, with smoake, & stench.
The rest are still imployd, and loose no time
vvith wreathed stakes to fortifie the Trench:
Thus all within are busie, all without,
Fortune on both sides standing still in doubt.

S. I. Harr.

Of an Hoast.

Their hoast with arrowes, pykes, and standards stood
As brissle-poynted as a thornie wood,
Theyr multitude of men the riuers died,
vvhich through the wealthy Iuda swift did slide,
So that flood Iordan finding dry his banke,
For shame he blusht, and downe his head he shrank,
For woe that he his credite could not keepe,
To pay one waue for tribute to the deepe.

Tho. Hudson.

Of a Skirmish.

Then grew the fight on both sides firme and stable,
Both sides defend, both sides alike inuade;
They cast on both sides dartes innumerable
Making therewith a darke vnpleasing shade,
An endlesse worke it were to write the rable
The Christians kild with bow, with bill, with blade.
Sometime the sway goeth hether, somtime thether,
Like waters driuen with doubtfull tydes and wether:
VVhen one is slaine, his roome another fills,
VVhen one is hurt, another takes his place,

And

And he that now an other smites and kills,
Falls dead him selfe within a little space,
Great heapes of bodies dead make little hills:
The earth it selfe lookes with a bloody face;
The greene where-with it erst was stored,
Turneth to sanguine and vermilion red.

S. P. Harrington.

Of Discontent.

Disquiet thoughts the minutes of her watch,
Forth from her Caue the fiend full oft doth flie,
To Kings she goes, and troubles them with warres,
Setting those high aspiring bonds on fire;
That flame from earth vnto the seate of *Ioue*:
To such as *Midas*, men that dote on wealth,
And rent the bowels of the middle earth
For coine; who gape as did faire *Danae*
For showres of gold there discontent in blacke,
Throwes forth the viols of her restlesse cares,
To such as sit at *Paphos* for releefe:
And offer *Venus* many solemne vowes,
To such as *Hymen* in his saffron robe,
Hath knit a gordian knot of passions,
To these, to all, parting the gloomy ayre,
Blacke discontent doth make her bad repaire.

R. Greene.

Obscure and darke is all the gloomy aire,
The curtaine of the night is ouer-spread;
The silent mistresse of the lowry spheare,
Put on her sable coloured vale and lower,
Nor starre, nor milk-white circle of the skie,

Appeares

Appeares where Discontent doth hold her lodge,
She sits shrin'd in a canapy of clouds,
vvhose massie darknes mazeth euery sence,
vvan is her lookes, her cheekes of azure hue,
Her haire as *Gorgons* foule retorting snakes;
Enuie the glasse, wherein the hag doth gaze,
Restlesse the clocke that chimes her fast a sleepe.

Of Adams feare after his Transgression.

At this sad summons, wofull man resembles,
A bearded rush that in a riuer trembles,
His rosie cheekes are chang'd to earthen hue,
His dying body drops an icie dewe;
His teare-drown'd-eyes a night of clouds bedims,
About his eares a burning horror swims,
His fainting knees with feeblenes are humble,
His faultring feete doe slide away and stumble;
He hath not now his free, bold, stately port,
But downward lookes in fearefull slauish sort;
Now naught of *Adam* doth in *Adam* rest,
He feeles his sentes pain'd, his soule oppreſt,
A confus'd hoast of violent passions iarre,
His flesh and spirit are in continuall warre.
And now no more through conscience of his error:
He heares or sees, th'almighty but with terror,
And loth he aunsweres (as with tongue distraught)
Confessing (thus) his feare, but not his fault.

I Sylvester.

Of

Of the Vacation.

— At such times when Lawyers walk the streetes
Without long rowles of papers in their hands,
When friendly neighbour with his neighbour meetes,
Without false challenge to each others lands,
The Counsellour without his Clyent stands;
When that large Capitall lies void and wast
Where Senatours and Iudges late were plast.

Th. Stover.

Ceremonie.

All sodainly a light of twenty hewes
Brake through the roofe, and like rainebow viewes
Amaz'd *Leander*; in whose beames came downe
The Goddesse *Ceremonie*, with a crowne
Of all the starres, and heauen with her descended
*H*er flaming haire to her bright feete extended,
By which, hung all the bench of deities;
And in a chaine compact of eares and eyes,
She led Religion; all her body was
Cleare and transparent as the purest glasse,
For she was all presented to the sence,
Deuotion, order, state, and reuerence
*H*er shadowes were, society, memorie;
All which her sight made liue, her absence die,
A rich disparent pinnacle she weares,
Drawne full of circles and strange characters;
*H*er face was changeable to euery eye,
One way lookt ill, an other graciouslie,
Which while men view'd they cheerefull were & holy,

But

But looking of, vicious and melancholliesz
The snakie paths to each obserued law,
Did pollicie in her broade bosome draw,
One hand a mathematique christall swayes,
Which gathering in one line a thousand rayes;
From her bright eyes confusion burnes to death,
And all estates of men distinguisheth,
By it mortality and comlinesse,
Them selues in all their sightly figures dresse.
Her other hand a Laurell rod applies,
To beate back barbarisme and Auarice:
That followed eating earth and excrement,
And humaine limbs, and would make proud ascent,
To seates of Gods were *Ceremonie* slaine,
The houres and graces bore her glorious traine,
And all the sweets of our societie,
Were spheard and treasur'd in her bounteous eyes.

G. Chapman.

Of Louers.

VVho with a mayden voyce, and mincing pace,
Quaint lookes, curl'd locks, perfumes, and painted face,
Base coward hart, and wanton soft aray,
Their manhood onely by their beard bewray,
Are cleanly call'd, who likeliest greedy Goates
Brothell from bed to bed; whose Syren notes
Inchaunt chast *Susans*, and like hungry Kite
Fly at all game, they Louers are behight.

I. Sylvester.

Who beare vpon their French-sick-backs about,
Farmes, Castels, fees in golden shields cut out,

Whose

Whose hand had at one Primerorest:
One pompous Turney, or on pampering feast,
Spends themselues, scrapt by the vsurie and care
Of miser parents, liberall counted are.

Idem.

Who by false bargaines and vnlawfull measures,
Robbing the world, haue heaped kingly treasures;
Who cheat the simple, lend for fifty, fifty
Hundred, for hundred are esteemed thrifty.

Idem.

Renowne.

A trump more shrill then Tritons on the Sea,
The said *Renowne* precursour of the traine,
Did sound (for who rings louder then Renowne:)
He mounted was vpon a flying horse,
And cloath'd in Faulcons feathers to the ground,
By his Escochion iustly might you gesse,
He was the Herauld of Eternity,
And Pursuant at Armes to mighte *Ioue.*

G. Peele.

Of Doubt.

--- Doubt had a double face,
Th'one forward looking, the other backward bent,
Therein resembling *Ianus* auncient,
Which hath in charge the in-gate of the yeare,
And euermore his eyes about him went,
As if some prooued perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not appeare.

Ed. Spenser.

Of

Of a Gunne.

Vulcan begot me, *Minerua* me taught,
Nature my mother, Craft nourisht me yeare by yeare,
Three bodies are my foode, my strength is naught,
*A*nger, Wrath, Wast, and Noise my children deere,
Gesse friend what I am, and how I am wrought:
Monster of sea, or land, or of else-where
Knowe and vse me, and I may thee defend,
And I be thy enemy I may thy life end.

S. *Th. W.*

Of an Hargabush.

He hath his other weapons strange among,
A trunke of iron hollow made within,
And there he puts powder and pellets in,
*A*ll closed saue a little hole behind,
Whereat no sooner taken is the flame,
The bullet flies with such a furious wind,
*A*s though from clouds a bolt of thunder came:
And what-so-euer in the way it finde,
It burnes it, breakes it, teares it, spoiles the same;
No doubt some fiend of hell or deuillish wight
Deuised it, to doe mankind a spight.

S. *I. Harrington.*

Of an Horse.

Round hoof'd, short iointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nosthrils wide,
High crest, short eares, straite leggs, and passing strong
Thin maine, thick tale, broad buttock, tender hide;

Looke

Looke what an horse should haue he did not lacke,
Saue a proud rider on so proud a backe.

W. Shakespeare.

Among a hundred braue, light, lusty horses,
(With curious eye marking their comly forces)
He chooseth one for his industrious proofe,
With round, high, hollow, smooth, browne, ielly hoofe,
vvith pasternes short, vpright, but yet in meane,
Dry sinewie shanks, strong fleshielle knees and leane,
vvith hart-like leggs, broad breast, and large behinde,
vvith body large, smooth flanks, and double chinde:
A crested necke bowed like a halfe bent bowe,
vvhereon a long thin curled maine doth flowe;
A firme full taile touching the lowly ground,
vvith dock betweene two faire fat buttocks drowned;
A pricked eare, that rests as little space
As his light foote; a leane bare bony face,
Thin iowle, and head but of a middling size
Full liuely flaming, quickly rowling eyes,
Great foaming mouth, hote fuming nosthrill wide,
Of chest-nut haire, his forehead starrified;
Three milky feete, a feather on his brest,
vvhom seauen yeares old at the next graffe he gest.

T. Sylvester.

Of a starued man.

His sad dull eyes deepe sunke in hollow pits,
Could not endure the vnwonted sunne to view,
His bare thin cheekes for want of belly-bits,
And empty sides deceased of their due,
Could make a stony heart his hap to rue;

His

His raw bone armes whose mighty brawnie bowres,
Were wont to rive steele plates and helmets hewe,
Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitall parts
Decai'd, & all his flesh shrunk vp like withered flowers.

Ed. Spenser.

Of the confusion of languages.

This said, as soone confusedly did bound,
Through all the work, I wote not what strange sound
A iangling noyse, not much vnlike the rumors
Of *Bacchus* Swaines, amid their drunken humors:
Some speake betweene the teeth, some in the nose:
Some in the throate their words doe ill dispose:
Some howle and cry, and some shut and straine,
Each hath his gibberish, and all striue in vaine,
To finde againe their knowne beloued tong,
That with their milk they suckt in cradle yong:
Arise betimes while th'opal coloured morne,
In golden pompe dooth May dayes doore adorne;
And patient, heare th'all differing voyces sweet
Of painted singers, that in Groues doe greete:
There loue Bon-iours each in his phrase and fashion,
From trembling pearch, vttering his earnest passion.
And so thou mayest conceite what mingle mangle
Among this people euery where did iangle.
Bring me (quoth one) a trowell, quickly, quicke,
One brings him vp a hammer; hew this bricke
Another bids, and then they cleaue a tree:
Make fast this rope, and then they let it flee,
One calls for planks, another morter lacks:
They beare the first a stone, the last an axe.

One

One would haue ſpikes, and him a ſpade they gaue,
Another askes a ſawe, and gets a ſiue;
Thus croſſy croſt, they prate and poynt in vaine,
What one hath made, another marrs againe,
Nigh breathleſſe all, with theyr confuſed yawling
In bootleſſe labour, now begins appawling.

I. Syluester.

Of Poſteritie.

Daughter of Time, ſincere Poſteritie,
Alwayes new borne, yet no man knowes thy birth,
The arbitreſſe of pure Sinceritie,
Yet, changeable, (like *Proteus*) on the earth,
Sometime in plenty, ſometime ioynd with dearth.
Alwayes to come, yet alwayes preſent heere,
Whom all runne after, none come after neere.
Vnpartiall Iudge of all ſaue preſent ſtate,
Truth's *Idioma* of the things are paſt,
But ſtill purſuing preſent things with hate,
And more iniurious at the firſt then laſt,
Preſeruing others, while thine owne do waſt:
True treaſurer of all antiquitie,
Whom all deſire, yet neuer one could ſee.

Char. Fitz Ieffrey.

Diſcriptions of Beautie & perſonage.

VVhat tongue can her perfections tell
In whoſe each part all pennes may dwell?
Her hayre fine threds of fineſt gold
In curled knots, mens thoughts to hold,
But that her forehead ſaies, in mee,

A whiter beautie you may ſee.
vvhiter indeed: more white then ſnow
vvhich on cold winters face doth grow:
That doth preſent thoſe euen browes,
vvhoſe equall line their angles bowes
Like to the Moone, when after change
Her horned head abroade doth range;
And arches be to heauenly lids,
vvhoſe wincke each bold attempt forbids.
For the black ſtarres thoſe ſpheres containe
The matchleſſe paire euen praiſe doth ſtaine.
No lampe whoſe light by art is got,
No ſunne which ſhines and ſetteth not,
Can liken them without all peere
Saue one as much as other cleere,
vvhich onely thus vnhappy bee,
Becauſe themſelues they cannot ſee.
Her cheekes which kindly claret ſpred,
Aurora like new out of bed,
Or like the freſh Queene apples ſide,
Bluſhing at ſight of *Phœbus* pride.
Her noſe her chin, pure Iuory weares
No purer then the prety eares:
So that therein appeares ſome blood
Like wine and milke that mingled ſtood:
In whoſe incircles if yee gaze
Your eyes may tread a Louers maze:
But with ſuch turnes the voyce to ſtray,
No talke vntaught can finde the way,
The lippe no iewell needes to weare,
The lippe is iewell of the eare.

But

But who those ruddy lips can misse?
which blessed still themselues doe kisse,
Rubies, cherries, and roses new,
In worth, in tast, in perfect hew:
which neuer part but that they show
Of precious pearles the double row:
The second sweetly fenced ward,
Her heauenly dewed tongue to gard,
whence neuer word in vaine did flow:
Faire vnder these doth stately grow
The handle of this precious work,
The necke in which strange graces lurke.
Such be I thinke the sumptuous Towres
which skill doth make in Princes bowres:
So good a say inuites the eye
A little downeward to espie
The liuely clusters of her brests,
Of *Venus* babe the wanton nests.
Like pommels rounde of marble cleere,
Where azurde vaines well mixt appeare,
With dearest tops of Porphirie,
Betwixt these two away doe lie:
Away more worthy beauties fame,
Then that which beares the milkie name,
This leades vnto the ioyous field
which onely still doth Lillies yeeld,
But Lillies such whose natiue smell
The Indian odours doth excell:
Wast it is calld, for it doth wast
Mens liues vntill it be imbrast.
There may one see, and yet not see

Her ribs in white all armed be,
More white then *Neptunes* foamy face
vvhen ſtrugling,rocks he would imbrace.
In thoſe delights the wandring thought
Might of each ſide aſtray be brought,
But that her nauell doth vnite
In curious circle, buſie ſight:
A daintie ſeale of Virgine waxe,
vvhere nothing but impreſsion lacks.
Her belly there glad ſight doth fill,
Iuſtly intituled *Cupids* hill:
*A*hill moſt fit for ſuch a maiſter,
A ſpotleſſe Mine of *A*lablaſter.
Like *A*lablaſter fayre and ſleeke,
But ſoft and ſubtile, Satten like:
In that ſweete ſea the boy doth ſport,
Loth I muſt leaue his cheefe reſort,
For ſuch a vſe the world hath gotten,
The beſt things ſtill muſt be forgotten.
Yet neuer ſhall my ſong omit
Her thighes, for *Ouids* ſong more fit,
Which flanked with two ſugred flancks
Lift vp theyr ſtately ſwelling banks,
That *Albion* cliffes in whitenes paſſe,
vvith hanches ſmooth as looking-glaſſe.
But bow all knees, now of her knees
My tongue doth tell what fancie ſees,
The knots of ioy, the iems of loue,
Whoſe motion makes all graces moue:
vvhoſe bought incau'd doth yeeld ſuch ſight,
Like cunning painter ſhadowing white.

The

The gartring place with child-like signe
Shewes easie print in mettall fine:
But then againe the flesh doth rise
In her braue calues, like christall skies,
vvhose *Atlas* is a smallest small,
More white then whitest bone of all.
Thereout steales out that round cleane foote,
This noble Cedars precious roote,
In shew and sent, pale Violets,
Whose steppe on earth all beauty sets.
But backe vnto her backe my Muse,
vvhere *Ledas* swan his feathers mewes,
Along whose ridge such bones are met
Like Comfets round in Marchpane set.
Her shoulders be like two white Doues
Pearching in square royall rooues,
Which leaded are with siluer skin
Passing the hate-spot Ermelin.
And thence those armes deriued are,
The Phenixe wings are not so rare
For faultlesse length and staineless hue;
Ah woe is mee, my woes renew.
Now course doth leade me to her hand,
Of my first loue the fatall band,
vvhere whitenes doth for euer sit,
Nature her selfe inameld it:
For there, with strange compact doth lie
Warme snow, moist pearle, soft Iuorie.
There fall those Saphire coloured brookes,
Which conduit like with curious crookes
Sweete Ilands make in that sweet land.

As for he fingers of the hand,
The bloody shafts of *Cupids* war,
vvith Amathists they headed are.
Thus hath each part his beauties part.
But now the Graces doe impart
To all her limms a speciall grace,
Becomming euery time and place.
vvhich doth euen beauty beautifie,
And most bewitch the wretched eye.
Now all this is but a faire Inne,
Of fayrest guests which dwell therein:
Of whose high praise, and praisefull blisse,
Goodnes the pen, heauen paper is,
The Incke immortall fame doth lend.
As I began, so must I end:
No tongue can her perfections tell,
In whose each part all pens may dwell.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
But heauenly pourtrait of bright Angels hue,
Cleere as the skie, withouten blame or blot:
Through goodly mixture of complexions due,
And in her cheekes the vermell red did show,
Like roses in a bed of Lillies shed,
The which Ambrosiall odours from her threw,
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
Able to heale the sick, and to reuiue the dead.
In her faire eyes two liuing lamps did flame,
Kindled aboue, at th'heauenly Makers light,
And darted fiery beames about the same
So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,

That

That quite bereau'd the rash beholders sight.
In them the blinded God his lustfull fire
To kindle oft assaide but had no might,
For with dread maiestie and awful ire
Shee broke his wanton shafts & quencht his base desire.
Her Iuory forhead, ful of bounty braue
Like a broade table did it selfe dispread,
For loue his loftie tryumphs to ingraue,
And write the battailes of his great god-head,
All good and honour might therein be read,
For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
Sweet words like dropping honney she did shed,
And twixt the pearles and Rnbies sofily broke
A siluer sound that heauenly musick seemd to make.
Vpon her eye-lids many graces sate
Vnder the shadow of her euen browes,
Working belgards and amorous retrate,
And euery one her with a grace endowes,
And euery one with meekenes to her bowes:
So glorious mirror of celestiall grace,
And soueraigne monument of mortal vowes,
How shal fraile pen describe her heauenly face,
For feare through want of skil her beauty to disgrace:
So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire
Shee seem'd, when she presented was to sight,
And was yclad for heate of scorching ayre
All in a silken Camous, lilly white,
Purfled vpon with many a folded plight:
Which al aboue besprinckled was throughout
vvith golden aygulets that glistered bright
Like twinckling starres: and al the skyrt about
vvas

vvas hemd about with golden frindge.
Below her hamme her weede did somewhat traine,
And her straite leggs most brauely were embaild
In gilden Buskins of costly Cordwaine,
All bard with golden bends which were entaild
vvith curious antiques, and full fayre aumaild.
Before they fastned were vnder her knee
In a rich Iewell, and therein intrailde
The ends of all theyr knots, that none might see
How they within theyr foldings close enwrapped bee:
Like two fayre Marble pillers they were seene,
vvhich doe the temple of the Gods support,
vvhom all the people deck with garlands greene:
Those same with stately grace and princely port
Shee taught to tread when she herselfe would grace.
But with the wooddy Nimphs when she did play,
Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,
Shee could then nimbly mooue, and after flie a pace.
VVithin her hand a sharp Bore-speare she held,
And at her back a bow and quiuer gay,
Shaft with steele-headed darts, wherewith she queld
The sauage beasts in her victorious play:
Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forlay
Athwart the snowy breast, and did deuide
Her dainty paps, which like young fruite in May
Now little gan to swell; and beeing tyde,
Through her thin weede theyr places signified.
Her yellow locks crisped, like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the winde amongst them did inspyre,
They waued like a Penon wide despred,

And

And low behinde her backe were scattered:
And whether art it were, or heedelesse hap,
As through the flowring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude haires sweete flowers did wrap
Such as *Diana* by the sandy shore
Of swift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* greene;
vvhere all the Nimphs haue her vnwares forlore,
Wandreth alone, with bowes and arrowes keene
To seeke her game: or as that famous Queene
Of Amazons, whom *Pyrhus* did destroy
The day that first of *Priam* shee was seene,
Did shew herselfe in great tryumphant ioy,
To succour the weake state of sad-afflicted Troy.

Edm. Spenser.

Her yellow locks exceede the beaten gold,
Her sparkling eyes in heauen a place deserue,
Her forhead high and faire, of comely mold:
her words are musicall, of siluer found,
her wit so sharp, as like can scarce be found.
Each eye-brow hangs like *Iris* in the skyes,
Her Eagles nose is straite, of stately frame,
On eyther cheeke a Rose and Lilly lyes,
Her breath is sweet perfume, or holy flame:
her lips more red then any Corrall stone,
her necke more white then aged Swans that mone.
Her breast transparent is, like christall rock,
Her fingers long, fit for *Apollos* Lute,
Her slipper such as *Momus* dare not mock,
Her vertues are so great, as make me mute.
vvhat other parts she hath, I neede not say,
vvhose fairest face alone is my decay.

Tho. Watson.

Like

Like to the cleere in highest spheare
vvhere al imperious glory shines,
Of selfe same colour is her hayre
vvhether vnfolded or in twines:
Her eyes are Saphyres set in snow,
Refyning heauen by euery winke,
The Gods doe feare when as they glow,
And I doe tremble when I thinke.
Her cheekes are like the blushing clowde
That beautifies *Auroras* face,
Or like the siluer crimson shrowde
That *Phœbus* smiling locks doe grace:
Her lips are like two budded Roses
Whom ranks of Lillies neighbour nie,
vvhich with bounds she stil incloses,
Apt to intice a deitie.
Her necke is like a stately towre,
vvhere Loue himselfe in pleasure lies,
To watch for glaunces euery howre
From her diuine and sacred eyes.
Her paps are centers of delight,
Her paps are rocks of heauenly flame,
vvhere Nature moulds the dew of light
To feede perfection with the same:
With orient pearle, with Rubie red,
vvith Marble white, with azure blew,
Her body euery way is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view:
Nature herselfe her shape admires,
The Gods are wounded in her sight,
And Loue forsakes his heauenly fires,

And

And at her eyes his brands doth light.

Dr. Lodge.

She lay and seemd a flood of Diamant
Bounded in flesh: as stil as *Vesperes* haire
When not an Aspen leafe is stird with ayre:
She lay at length, like an immortal soule
At endlesse rest in blest Elizium,
And then did true felicitie inroule
So faire a Lady, figure of her kingdom.
Now as she lay attirde in nakednes
His eye did carue him on that feast of feasts,
Sweet fieldes of life which deaths foote dare not presse,
Flowrd with th'vnbroken waues of my loues breasts,
See where with bent of gold curld into knots,
In her heads groue the spring-bird *Lupean* nests,
Her body doth present those fields of peace
vvhere soules are feasted with the soule of ease.
To proue which Paradise that nurseth these,
See see the golden riuers that renowne it,
Rich *Gihon, Tigris, Phison, Euphrates*,
Two from her bright Pelopian shoulders crowne it,
And two out of her snowy hills doe glide,
That with a deluge of delight doe drowne it:
These highest two their precious streames deuide
To tenne pure floods that do the body dutie,
Bounding themselues in length, but not in beauty.
These wind theyr courses through the paynted bowers,
And raise such sounds in theyr inflection
As ceaselesse start from earth fresh sorts of flowers,
And bound that bowre of life with euery section.
In these the Muses dare not swim for drowning,

Theyr

Theyr ſweetnes poyſons with ſuch ſweet infection,
And leaues the onely lookers on them ſwouning,
These formes and colour makes them ſo to ſhine,
That Gods for them, would ceaſe to be diuine.

G. Chapman.

Her Lilly hand her roſie cheekes lie vnder,
Cooſning the pillow of a lawfull kiſſe,
Who therefore angry, ſeemes to part in ſunder,
Swelling on eyther ſide to want his bliſſe,
Betweene whoſe hills her head entombed is;
Where, like a vertuous monument ſhe lyes,
To be admirde of lewd vnhallowed eyes.
VVithout the bed her other fayre hand was
On the greene Couerlet, whoſe perfect white
Shewd like an Aprill daiſie on the graſſe,
vvith pearlie ſweat, reſembling dewe of night;
Her eyes like Marigolds had ſheath'd theyr light:
And canopied in darknes, ſweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorne the day.
Her haire like golden threds, play'd with her breath,
(O modeſt wantons, wanton modeſtie)
Shewing lifes triumph in the Map of death,
And deaths dim lookes in lifes mortalitie:
Each in her ſleepe themſelues ſo beautifie
As if betweene them twaine there were no ſtrife,
But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.
Her breaſts like Iuory globes circled with blew,
A payre of mayden worlds vnconquered,
Saue of theyr Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured:
These worlds in *Tarquin* new ambition bred;

vvho

vvho like a foule vſurper went about
From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

W. Shakeſpeare.

Starres fall to fetch freſh light from her rich eyes,
Her bright brow driues the ſunne to clowdes beneath,
Her haires reflexe, with red ſtrakes paint the skies,
Sweet morne and euening dew falls from her breath.

T. Naſh.

Fayrer then Iſaacks louer at the vvell,
Brighter then inſide barke of new hewen Cedar,
Sweeter then flames of fire-perfumed Mirrhe,
And comlier then the ſiluer clowdes that daunce
On *Zephyrus* wings before the King of heauen.

G. Peele.

Her lookes were like beames of the morning ſunne
Forth-looking through the windowes of the Eaſt,
When firſt the fleecie cattell haue begunne
Vpon the pearled graſſe to make theyr feaſt:
Her thoughts are like the fume of Francenſence,
Which from a golden Cenſor forth did riſe:
And throwing forth ſweet odours, mounts from thence
In rolling globes vp to the vaulted skies:
There ſhe beholds with hie aſpyring thought,
The cradle of her owne creation:
Among the ſeates of Angels, heauenly wrought,
Much like an Angell in all forme and faſhion.

S. Daniell.

Her locks are pleighted like the fleece of wooll
That *Iaſon* with his Grecian mates atchiu'd,
As pure as gold, yet not from gold deriu'd,
As full of ſweets, as ſweet of ſweetes is full:

Her

Her browes are prety tables of conceate,
Where Loue his records of delight doth quote,
On them her dallying locks doe daily floate,
As loue ful oft doth feede vpon the baite.
Her eyes, faire eyes, like to the purest lights
That animate the sunne, or cheere the day,
In whom the shining sun-beames brightly play
vvhilst fancie doth on them deuine delights.
Her cheekes like ripened Lillies steept in wine,
Or fayre Pomegranate kirnels washt in milke,
Or snow-white threds in nets of Crimson silke,
Or gorgeous clowdes vpon the sunnes decline.
Her lips like Roses ouer-washt with dew,
Or like the Purple of *Narcissus* flowre,
No frost theyr faire, no wind doth wrest theyr powre,
But by her breath theyr beauties do renew.
Her christal chin like to the purest mould
Enchast with dainties, Daisies soft and white,
Where *F*airies faire pauilion once is pight,
Whereas embrasd his beauties he doth hold.
Her necke like to an Iuory shining towre,
Where through with azure vaines sweet Nectar runnes,
Or like the downe of swanns,
Or like delight that doth it selfe deuoure.
*H*er paps are like fayre apples in the prime,
As round as orient pearles, as soft as downe,
They neuer vaile theyr faire through winters frowne,
But from these sweets Loue suckt his sommer time:
Her bodies beauties best esteemed bowre,
Delicious, comely, dainty, without staine,
The thought whereof (not toucht) hath wrought my (paine.

Whose

Whose face so faire all beauties doth distaine,
Her maiden wombe the dwelling house of pleasure,
Not like, for why no like surpasseth wonder:
O blest is he may bring such beauties vnder,
Or search by suite the secrets of that treasure.

R. Greene.

Like to *Diana* in her sommer weede
Girt with a Crimson robe of brightest die
goes fayre *Samela*,
As fayre *Aurora* in her morning gray,
Decke with the ruddy lustre of her loue
is fayre *Samela*,
Like louely *Thetis* on a calmed day,
When as her brightnes *Neptunes* fancie moues,
Shines faire *Samela*.
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassie streames,
Her teeth are pearle, the breasts are Iuory
of faire *Samela*.
Her cheekes like rosie-lillies yeeld forth gleames,
Her browes bright arches, framde of Ebonie,
thus faire *Samela*.
Passeth faire *Venus* in her braueſt hue,
And *Iuno* in the shew of maiestie,
for she is *Samela*.
Pallas in wit, all three if you will view,
For beauty wit, and matchlesse dignitie,
yeeldes faire *Samela*.

D. Lodge.

Their soft young cheeke-balls to the eye,
Are of the fresh vermilion die,
So Lillies out of Scarlet peere,

So

So Roſes bloomd in Lady Vere:
So ſhot two wanton ſtarres yfere,
In the eternall burning Sphere.

G. Chapman.

Her eyes like *Gemini* attend on *Ioue*,
Her ſtately front was figured from aboue:
Her dainty noſe of Iuory faire and ſheene,
Bepurfurate with ruddy Roſes beene.
Her cherry lips doth daunt the morning dew,
From whence a breath ſo pleaſant doth enſue
As that which layd fayre *Pſyches* in the vale,
Whom *Cupid* woed, and woed to his auaile:
Within the compaſſe of which hollow ſweet,
Thoſe orient rancks of ſiluer perles do meet,
Prefixing like prefixion to the eye,
As ſiluer clowd amidſt the ſommers skie,
From whence ſuch words in wiſedome couched be,
As Gods from thence fetch theyr Phyloſophie.
Her dimpled chin of Alablaſter white,
Her ſtately necke, where nature did acquite
Her ſelfe ſo well, as that at ſuddaine ſight
Shee wiſht the worke were ſpent vpon herſelfe,
Her cunning thus was ſhowed vpon the ſhelfe;
For in this hand was fancie painted faire,
In eyther hand an azure hand ſhe bare.
By one, repeating many a ſweete conſent,
By th'other, comfort to the hart ſhe ſent:
From which a ſeemely paſſage there doth flow
To ſtrangers pleaſures that are placſt below;
Like to the furrow *Phaeton* did leaue
Amidſt the Welkin, when he did receaue

His

His Fathers charge, and set the world on fire,
In this fayre path oft paced sweet desire,
At euery turne beholding with delight
That marble mount that did affect the sight.
Of Virgine waxe the sweet impression was,
The cunning compasse thereof did surpasse,
For arte concluding all perfections there,
Writ this report, all graces dwelleth heere.
Which *Cupid* spying, built his mansion so,
As scorning those sweet graces to bestow
On mortall man, with bow ybent doth waite
Least *Ioue* should steale impressions by deceit,
And wondring at the crisped Comet faire,
In thought concludes it meeter for the ayre
Then mortall mould: next with the stately thighes,
Like two fayre compast marble pillars rise,
Whose white doth staine the dainty driuen snows;
Next which the knees with lustie bent below
Conioynd with nerues and cordes of Amber sweet,
These stately piles with gladsome honour greet:
Such stately knees as when they bend alite,
All knees doe bend and bow with strange delight.
Her calues with stranger compasse doe succeede,
In which the azure streames a wonder breede,
Both arte and nature therein laboured haue
To paint perfection in her colours braue.
Next which, the prety ground-worke of the pyle
Doth show it selfe, and wonder doth beguile:
The ioynts whereof combinde of Amber sweet,
With Corrall cords yeeld bent to seemely feete,
From which who list to lift his gazing eye,

Shall greater cause of wonder soone espy:
When on the backe he bends his wauering looke
In which the worke and taske *Diana* tooke
vvhen with *Arachne* for the prize she straue,
Both arte and nature there excellence haue;
Where from *Pigmalions* image seemelie white,
vvhose close conueyance passing *Gordians* plight,
vvhere louely Nectar, drinke for all the Gods,
vvhere euery Grace is stained there by ods,
vvill not content which gazing looke for more,
And spy those armes that stand his sight before
vvhich for their mould th'Egyptian wonders passe,
Which for their beauty staine the christall glasse,
vvhich in theyr bosome couer natures sweet,
vvhere blushing streames present a secret meet,
vvill now amazde, conclude at last of this,
That in the hands all grace concluded is:
vvhere nature limits euer fatall time,
vvhere fortune figures pleasure in her prime,
vvhence spread those fingers typt with Iuory,
vvhose touch *Medusas* turne may well supply:
vvhere to conclude, now all the shepheards deeme
All grace, all beauty, all perfections seeme.

D. Lodge.

Yet neuer eye to *Cupids* seruice vowde
Beheld a face of such a louely pride:
A Tynsill vale her golden locks did shrowde,
That stroue to couer what it could not hide:
The golden sunne behind a siluer clowde,
So streameth out his beames on euery side,
The marble goddesse set at *Cnidos* naked

Shee

Shee seemd; were she vncloth'd, or that awaked,
The gamesome winde among her tresses plaies,
And curleth vp those growing riches short,
Her sparefull eye to spread his beames denaies,
But keepes his shot where *Cupid* keepes his fort.

F. G.

Shee was a woman in her freshest age
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
vvith goodly grace and comly personage
That was on earth not easie to compare,
Full of great loue, but *Cupids* wanton snare
As hell she hated: chast in word and will,
Her necke and breasts were euer open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might suck theyr fill,
The rest was all in yellow robes araied still.

Edm. Spencer.

A shape whose like in waxe was hard to frame,
Or to expresse by skill of Painters rare;
Her hayre was long and yellow to the same,
As might with wyer of beaten gold compare:
*H*er louely cheekes with shew of modest shame,
vvith Roses and with Lillyes painted are.
Her forhead faire, and full of seemely cheere,
As smooth as pollisht Iuory doth appeare;
Vnder two arches of most curious fashion
Stand two black eyes, that like two cleere suns shind,
Steddy in looke, but apt to take compassion,
Amid which lights the naked boy and blind
Casteth his darts that cause so many a passion,
Leauing a sweet and cureless wound behind,
From whence the nose in such good sort descended,

As enuy knowes not how it may be mended.
Vnder the which, in due and comly space
Standeth the mouth, staínde with vermilion hew,
Two rowes of pearles serue in theyr place,
Hence come the courteous words and full of grace
That mollifie hard harts and make them new:
From hence proceed those smilings sweet and nice,
That seeme to make an earthly Paradice.
Her brests as milke, her necke as white as snow,
Round was her necke, most plum and large her breast,
Two Iuory apples seemed there to grow,
Tender and smooth, and fittest to be prest,
Wauing like seas when wind most calme doth blow.
Argos himselfe might not discerne the rest,
Yet by presumption well it might be gest
That that which was concealed was the best.
Her armes due measure of proportion bare,
Her fayre white hand was to be viewed plaine,
The fingers long, the ioynts so curious are
As neyther knot appeard nor swelling vaine,
And full to perfect all those features rare,
The foote that to be seene doth sole remaine,
Slender and short, little it was and round,
A finer foote might no where well be found.

S. I. Harr.

Apollo when my mistris first was borne
Cut off his locks, and left them on her head,
And sayd, I plant these wyres in natures scorne,
Whose lustre shall appeare when time is dead:
From forth the christall heauen when she was made,
The puritie thereof did taint her brow,

On

On which the glistering that sought the shade
Gan set, and there his glories doth avow.
Those eyes, fayre eyes, too faire to be describ'd,
Were those that erst the Chaos did reforme,
To whom the heauens theyr beauties haue ascribd,
That fashion life in man, in beast, in worme.
When first her fayre delicious cheekes were wrought,
Aurora brought her blush, the Moone her white,
Both so combinde as passed natures thought.
Compild those prety orbes of sweet delight;
When loue and nature once were proud with play,
From forth theyr lips, her lips their colour drew.
On them doth fancie sleepe, and euery day
Doth swallow ioy such sweet delights to view.
While one while *Venus* sonne did seeke a bowre
To sport with *Psyches* his desired deere,
He chose her chin, and from that happy stowre
He neuer stints in glory to appeare.
Desires and ioyes that long had serued loue,
Besought a hold where prety eyes might wooe them,
Loue made her neck, and for her best behoue
Hath shut them there where no man can vndoe them.
Once *Venus* dreamd vpon two prety things,
Her thoughts, they were affections cheefest nests,
She sucke and sigh'd, and bath'd her in the springs,
And when she wakt, they were my mistres breasts.
Once *Cupid* sought a hold to couch his kisses,
And found the body of my best belou'd,
Wherein he cloyd the beauty of his blisses,
And from that bower can neuer be remou'd.
The Graces erst when *Acidalian* springs

vvere wexen dry, perhaps did finde her fountaine
Within the bale of bliſſe, where *Cupids* wings
Doe ſhield the Nectar fleeting from the fountaine.

R. Greene.

Her curious locks of gold like Tagus ſands,
*H*er forhead ſmooth and white as Iuory,
vvhere glory, ſtate, and baſhfulnes held hands:
Her eyes, one making peace, the other wars,
By *Venus* one, the other ruld by *Mars*.
Her Eagles noſe, her ſcarlet cheeke halfe white,
Her teeth of orient pearle, her gracious ſmile,
*H*er dimpled chin, her breaſt as cleere as light,
*H*er hand like hers whom *Titan* did beguile.

Tho. Watſon.

Queene Vertues caue which ſome call *Stellas* face
Repaird by natures cheefeſt furniture,
Hath his forfront of Alablaſter pure,
Gold is the couering of that ſtately place:
The doore by which ſometimes runnes forth her grace,
Red Porphirie which lock of pearle makes ſure,
Whoſe porches rich which name of cheekes endure,
Marble-mixt red and white doe interlace.
The windowes now through which this heauenly gueſt
Lookes on the world, and can finde nothing ſuch
vvhich dare claime from thoſe lights the name of beſt,
Of touch they are that without touch do touch,
vvhich *Cupids* ſelfe from beauties mine did draw,
Of touch they are, and poore I, am their ſtraw.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Two sunnes at once from one faire heauen there shind,
Ten branches from two boughes tipt all with roses,
Pure locks, more golden then is gold refinde,
Two pearled rowes that natures pride inclosesz
Two mounts faire marble, white downe, soft & dainty,
Full wofull makes my hart, and body fainty.

D. Lodge.

O shee doth teach the torches to burne bright,
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night
As a rich Iewell in an Ethiops eare,
Beauty too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So showes a snowy Doue trooping with crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes.

W. Shakespeare.

To make the wondrous power of heauen appeare
In nothing more then her perfections found,
Close to her nauill she her mantle wrests,
Slacking it vpwards, and the folds vnwound,
Showing *Latonas* twins, her plenteous brests:
The Sunne and *Cynthia* in their tryumph robes
Of Lady skin more rich then both theyr globes.

G. Chapman.

Vpon a bed of Roses she was layd,
As faint through heate, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was araide, or rather disaraid
All in a vaile of silke and siluer thin,
That hid no whit her Alablaster skin,
But rather showd more white, if more might be;
More subtile web *Arachne* cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets which oft we wouen see
Of scorched dew, do not in th'ayre more lightly flie.

Her

Her ſnowy breaſt was bare to ready ſpoyle
Of hungry eyes, which not therewith be fild,
And yet through languor of her late ſweet toyle,
Few drops more cleere then Nectar forth diſtild,
That like pure orient pearles adowne it thrild,
Fraile harts yet quenched not, like ſtarry light,
which ſparkling on the ſilent waues, doe ſeeme more (bright

Edm. Spen.

Her Iuory necke, her Alablaſter breaſt,
Her paps, which like white ſilken pillowes were,
For loue in ſoft delight thereon to reſt:
Her tender ſides, her belly white and cleere,
Which like an Altar did it ſelfe vpreare,
To offer ſacrifice deuine thereon:
Her goodly thighes, whoſe glory did appeare
Like a triumphall arch, and thereupon
The ſpoiles of Princes hangd, which were in battaile (wone

Idem.

—Her ſparkling eyes
Doe lighten forth ſweet loues alluring fire,
And in her treſſes ſhe doth fold the lookes
Of ſuch as gaze vpon her golden hayre.
Her baſhfull white, mixt with the mornings red,
Luna doth boaſt vpon her louely cheekes:
Her front is Beauties table, where ſhe paints
The glories of her gorgeous excellence:
Her teeth are ſhelues of precious Margarite,
Richly incloſd with ruddy Currall cleeues.

R. Greene.

My miſtres is a paragon, the fayreſt fayre aliue,
Alcides *and* Æacides *for fairelesse faire did ſtriue,*

Her

Her colour fresh as damaske rose, her breath as violet,
Her body white as Iuory, as smooth as pollisht Iet,
As soft as down, & were she downe, Ioue *might cast downe &*
A loue so fresh, so sweet, so white, so smooth, so soft as this.

W. Warner.

Then cast she off her roabe and stoode vpright,
As lightning breakes out of the labouring clowde,
Or as the morning heauen casts off her night,
Or as that heauen cast off it selfe, and showde
Heauens vpper light, to which the brightest day
Is but a black and melancholy shrowde:
Or as when *Venus* striu'd for soueraigne sway
Of choisefull beauty in young *Troyes* desire,
So stoode *Corinna* varnishing her tyre.

G. Chapman.

Herewith she rose, like the Autumnall starre
Fresh burnisht in the lofty Ocean flood,
That darts his glorious influence more farre
Then any lampe of bright Olympus broode:
Shee lifts her lightning armes aboue her head
And stretcheth a Meridian, from her blood
That slept awakt in her Elizian bed:
Then knit shee vp, least loosd, her glowing haire
Should scorch the centre, and incense the ayre.

Idem.

Sweete mouth that sendst a muskie-rosied breath
Fountaine of Nectar and delightfull balme,
Eyes clowdy-cleere, smile-frowning, stormie-calme,
Whose euery glaunce darts me a lyuing death:
Browes, bending quaintly, your round Eben arkes,
Smile, that then *Venus* sooner *Mars* besets,

Locks

Locks more then golden, curld in curious knots,
where in close ambush wanton *Cupid* lurkes,
Grace Angel-like, faire forhead, smooth and hie,
Pure white that dimst the Lillies of the vale,
Vermilion rose that mak'st *Aurora* pale.

L. Silvester.

Such colour had her face as when the sunne
Shines in a watry clowde in pleasant spring;
And euen as when the Sommer is begunne
The Nightingales in boughes doe sit and sing,
So the blind God, whose force can no man shunne
Sits in her eyes, and thence his darts doth sling:
Bathing his wings in her bright christal streames,
And sunning them in her rare beauties beames.
In these he heads his golden-headed dart,
In those he cooleth it, and tempereth so,
He leuels thence at good *Obertos* hart,
And to the head he drawes it in his bow.

S. J. Harr.

—*Olympias* beauty was so rare
As well might moue a man the same to note:
Her hayre, her cheekes, her eyes, most amorous are,
*He*r nose, her mouth, her shoulders, and her throat,
As for her other parts that then were bare,
Which she was wont to couer with her coate,
Were made in such a mould as might haue moued
The chast *Hippolytus* her to haue loued:
A man would thinke them framd by *Phidias* arts,
Theyr colour and proportion good was such:
And vnto them her shamefastnes imparts
A greater grace to that before was much.

I cease to praise those other secret parts,
Nothing so fit to talke of as to touch:
In generall, all was as white as milk,
As smooth as Iuory, and as soft as silke.
Had shee in vally of *Idea* beene
When Pastor *Paris* hap did so befall
To be a Iudge three goddesses betweene,
She should haue got, and they forgone the ball:
Had she but once of him beene naked seene,
For *Helena* he had not card at all,
Nor broke the bonds of sacred hospitalitie,
That bred his country wars and great mortalitie.
Had she but then been in *Crotona* towne,
When *Zeuxis* for the Goddesse *Iunos* sake
To paint a picture of most rare renowne
Did many of the fayrest damsels make
To stand before him bare from foote to crowne,
A patterne of their perfect parts to take,
No doubt he would haue all the rest refused,
And her alone in sted of all haue chused.

S. I. Harr.

Faire is my loue for Aprill in her face,
Her louely breasts September claimes his part,
And lordly Iuly in her eyes hath place,
But cold December dwelleth in her hart,
Blest be the months that sets my hart on fire,
Accurst that month that hindreth my desire.
Like *Phebus* fire, so sparkles both her eyes,
As ayre perfum'd with Amber is her breath,
Like swelling waues her louely teates doe rise,
As earth her hart cold, dateth me to death.

In

In pompe sits mercy seated in her face,
Loue twixt her breasts his trophies doth imprint,
*H*er eyes shines fauour, curtesie, and grace,
But touch her hart, oh that is made of flint.

R. Greene.

Her hayre not trust, but scattered on her brow,
Surpassing *Hyblaes* honney for the view,
Or softened golden wyers.
Within these snares first was my hart intrapped,
Till through those golden shrouds mine eye did see
An Iuory shadowed front, wherein was wrapped
Those prety bowers where graces couched be:
Next which, her cheekes appeard like Crimson silke,
Or ruddy rose bespred in whitest milke.
Twixt which, the nose in louely tenor bends
Two traces prety for a louers view:
Next which her lips like violets commends
By true proportion that which doth ensue;
Which when they smile, present vnto the eyes
The Oceans pride, and Iuory paradize.
*H*er pollisht necke of milke, where snows doe shine
As when the Moone in winter night beholds them,
Her breast of *A*lablaster cleere and fine,
vvhereon two rising apples fayre vnfold them,
Like *Cynthias* face when in her full she shineth,
*A*nd blushing, to her loue-mates bower declineth.
From whence in length her armes doe sweetly spread,
Like two rare branchie Saples in the spring,
Yeelding fiue louely sprigs from euery head,
Proportioned alike in euery thing.

Which

which featly sprout in length like spring borne friends
vvhose prety tops, with siue sweet roses ends.
But why alas should I that marble hide
That doth adorne that one and other flanck,
From whence a mount of quickned snow doth glide,
Or else the vaile that bounds this milk-white banke,
vvhere *Venus* and her sisters hide the fount,
vvhose louely Nectar doth all sweetes surmount.

D. Lodge.

Whilst thus she meant vnseene away to slide,
Her pearles and iewels causde her to be spide,
The muske and ciuet amber as she past,
Long after her a sweet perfume did cast:
A Carbuncle on her christall brow she pight,
vvhose fierie gleames expeld the shady night;
Vpon her head a siluer crispe she pind,
Loose wauing on her shoulders with the wind.
Gold band her golden hayre, her Iuory neck,
The Rubies rich, and Saphires blew did deck;
And at her eare, a pearle of greater valew
There hung, then that the Egyptian Queene did swal-
And through her coller showd her snowy brest, (low
Her vtmost robe was colour blew celest,
Benetted all with twist of perfect gold,
Beseeming well her comly corps t'enfold.
What els she ware, might wel be seene vpon
That Queene who built the towers of Babylon.
Her wauering hayre disparpling flew apart,
In seemely shed, the rest with reckless art,
vvith many a curling ring decord her face,
*A*nd gaue her ghastly browes a greater grace.

Two

Two bending bowes of Eben coupled right,
Two lucent ſtartes that were of heauenly light,
Two ietty ſparks where *Cupid* chaſtly hides
His ſubtile ſhafts that from his quiuer glides:
Tweene thoſe two ſunnes and front of equall ſize,
A comly figure formally did riſe,
vvhich draught vnleuell to her lip deſcend,
vvhere *Momus* ſelfe could nothing diſcommend.
Her pittid cheekes appeard to bee depaint
vvith mixed roſe and lillies, ſweet and ſaint:
Her dulcet mouth with precious breath repleat,
Exceld the Saben Queene in ſauour ſweet:
*H*er corrall lips diſcouered as it were
Two ranks of orient pearles with ſmyling cheere:
Her Iuory necke, and breaſt of Alablaſter,
Made heathen men of her more Idolaſtre.
Vpon her hand no wrinckled knot was ſeene,
But as each nayle of Mother of pearle had beene:
In ſhort, this *Iudith* was ſo paſſing faire,
As if the learned *Zeuxis* had beene there
And ſeene this dame when he with penſill drew
The *Croton* dames, to forme the picture true
Of her for whom both Greece and Aſia fought,
This onely patterne chiefe he would haue ſought.

Tho. Hudſon.

Her words were like a ſtreame of honny fleeting,
The which doth ſoftly trickle from the hiue,
Able to melt the hearers hart vnweeting,
And eke to make the dead againe to liue:
Her deedes were like great cluſters of ripe grapes
Which loade the bunches of the fruitfull Vine,

Offering

Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the same with store of timely wine.
Her breast two hills ore-spread with purest snow,
Sweet, smooth, and supple, soft and gently swelling,
Betweene them lyes a milkie dale below,
where loue, youth, gladnes, whitenes make their dwelling,
Her enuious vesture greedy sight expelling:
So was the wanton clad, as if thus much
Should please the eye, the rest vnseene they touch:
As when the sunne-beames diue through *Tagus* waue
To spy the store-house of his springing gold,
Loue persing thought so through her mantle draue,
And in their gentle bosome wandred bold:
It viewd the wondrous beautie Virgins haue,
And all to finde desire (with vantage) bold.
Alas what hope is left to quench this fire,
That kindled is by sight, blowne by desire.

D. Lodge.

Fayrer then was the Nymph of *Mercurie*,
Who when bright *Phebus* mounteth vp his coach,
And tracks *Aurora* in her siluer steps,
And sprinckling from the folding of her lap,
White Lillies, Roses, and sweet Violets.

R. Greene.

— Her Angels face
As the great eye of heauen shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place,
Did neuer mortall eye behold such heauenly grace.

Edm. Spencer.

Not

Not that night-wandring pale and watry ſtarre,
(vvhen yawning dragons draw her thirſting carre
From *Latmus* mount vp to the gloomie skie,
vvhere crownd with blazing light and maieſtie
She proudly ſits) more ouer-rules the flood,
Then ſhe the harts of thoſe that neere her ſtood.

Ch. Marlow.

— O *Daphne* is more fayre
Then Angels ſwimming in the fluxiuyce ayre.
Could Loues rich bed-chamber her two bright eyes,
Lodge but two gueſts at once, Beautie and Mercy?
Beauty lyes alwayes there, did Mercy too
Phebus were then *Daphne* ſhould be
Transformd into a ſtately dignitie.

Th. Dekkar.

Her ſtature comly tall, her gate well graced, and her wit,
To maruaile at, not medle with, is matchleſſe I omit:
A globe-like head, a gold-like haire, a forhead ſmooth & hie,
An euen noſe, on eyther ſide ſtoode out a grayiſh eye,
Two roſie cheeks, round ruddy lips, white iuſt ſet teeth within,
A mouth in mean, & vnderneath a round & dimpled chin:
Her ſnowiſh neck with blewiſh vaines ſtood bolt vpright vpon
Her portly ſhoulders, beating halls her vained breſts anon
Ad more to beauty: wand-like was her middle falling ſtill,
And riſing whereas women riſe, imagine nothing ill, (wriſts
And more, her long & limber arms had white and azurd
And ſlender fingers anſwer to her ſmooth & lilly fists,
A leg in print, a prety foote, coniecture of the reſt,
For amorous eyes obſerving forme, think parts obſcured beſt.

W. Warner.

See

See where she issues in her beauties pompe,
As *Flora* to salute the morning sunne:
vvho when she shakes her tresses in the ayre,
Raines on the earth dissolued pearle in showres,
vvhich with his beames the sunne exhales to heauen:
She holdes the spring and sommer in her armes,
And euery plant puts on his freshest robes
To daunce attendance on her princely steps,
Springing and fading as she comes and goes.

G. Chapman.

Her hayre was loose, & bout her shoulders hung,
Vpon her browes did *Venus* naked lye,
And in her eyes did all the Graces swim.
Her cheekes that showd the temper of the mind,
Were beauties mornings where she euer rose,
Her lyps were loues rich alars where she makes
Her hart a neuer-ceasing sacrifice:
Her teeth stoode like a ranke of *Diana* mayds,
vvhen naked in a secrete bower they bathe,
Her long round necke was *Cupids* quiuer called,
And her sweet words that flew from her, his shafts,
Her soft round brests were his sole trauaild Alpes,
vvhere snow that thawed with sunne did euer lye,
Her fingers bounds to her rich deitie.

Idem.

In Paradise of late a Dame begun
To peepe out of her bed with such a grace,
As matcht the rising of the morning sunne,
vvith drops of honney falling from her face,
Brighter then *Phebus* fierie-pointed beames,
Or ycie crust of christall frozen streames.

Her hayre like Amber wasted vp in gold,
Passing the pride or riches of the East,
With curious knots were into trammels rould,
As snary nettings for a wandring guest:
The feathers deckt her with a quaint disdaine
Like *Iunos* byrd in pompe of spotted traine.
*H*er shining forhead doth suppresse the starres,
New lightning sparkles from her louely cheekes,
Her percing sight the stroake of beauties warres,
Wherewith the conquest of the world she seekes:
Braue hot bo darts that from her eyes she throwes,
When *Cupid* lurkes betweene her louely browes,
*A*rabian odours breathe out of her talke,
Which she betweene the pearle and Ruby breaketh,
So smooth a compasse hath her tongue to walke,
As makes both heauen & earth blush whē she speaketh,
No singing bird in all the ayre but doates,
And lay theyr eares attentiue to her notes:
Her necke, her shoulders, and her breasts were bare,
Diana-like aboue the water smiling:
No snow, Iuory, or Alablaster there,
No statue of white Marble, me beguiling,
But the sweet season of the yeere I found
When Lillies peepe out of the grassie ground.
Her other parts vnto my view denide,
Much like the lampe that burnt at *Psyches* bed,
Made such a fire into my hart to glide
That loue awaked, and my body bled:
O had she not so great a force to please,
Desire had slept, and I had liu'd at ease.

S. G.

Astrono-

Astronomers the heauens doe deuide
Into eyght houses, where the Gods remaine,
All which in thy perfections doe abide,
For in thy feete the Queene of silence raignes,
About thy waist *Ioues* messenger doth dwell,
Inchaunting me, as I thereat admire,
And on thy duggs the Queene of loue doth tell
Her godheads power in scroules of my desire:
Thy beautie is the worlds eternall sunne,
Thy fauours force a cowards hart to darres,
And in thy hayres, *Ioue* and his riches wonne,
Thy frownes hold *Saturne*, thine eyes the fixed starres.

H. C.

What length of verse braue Mopsus *good to show?* (know.
whose vertues strange, & beauties such as no man may there
Thus shrewdly burdned the horse on my Muse escape? should
The gods must help, & precious things must serue to show her
Like great god Saturne *funeral, & like sure* Venus *chosh*
As smooth as Pan *as* Iuno *with like goddesse* Iris *grace*
With Cupid *she foresees, and goes* Vulcans *pace*
And for a tast of all these gifts, she steales god Momus *grace*
Her forhead Iacinth like, her cheeks of pall hue
Her twinckling eyes bedecke with pearls, her lips as Saphire
Her haire like crystal stone, her mouth ô heauenly mide,
Her skin like burnisht gold, her hands like siluer are vnmide
As for her parts vnknowne, which hidden sure are best.
Happy be they which will beleeue, and neuer seeke the rest.

S. Phil. Sidney.

O words which fall like Sommer dew on me,
O breath more sweet then is the growing beane,
O tongue in which all honnied licours be,

O voyce that doth the Thrush in shrilnes staine,
Gay haire, more gay then straw when haruest lies,
Lips red and plum, as cherries ruddy side,
Eyes fayre and great, like fayre great Oxes eyes,
O breasts in which two white sheepe swell in pride.
But thou white skin, as white as curds well prest,
So smooth as Sleeke-stone like, it smooths each part,
And thou deere flesh, as soft as wooll new drest,
And yet as hard as Brawne made hard by art.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Poeticall comparisons.

Beautie.

As that fayre starre the messenger of morne
His dewy face out of the sea doth reare,
Or as the *Ciprian* Goddesse newly borne
Of the Oceans fruitfull froth did first appeare,
Such seemed they, and so theyr yellow haire,
Christalline humour dropped downe apace.

Edm. Spencer.

As when faire *Cinthia* in a darksome night
Is in a noyous clowde enuoloped,
vvhere she may finde the substance thin and light,
Breakes forth her siluer beames, and her bright head
Discouers to the world discomfited:
Of the poore trauailer that went astray,
vvith thousand blessings she is hurried,
Such was the beauty and the shining ray
With which fayre *Britomart* gaue light vnto the day.

Idem.

Looke how the crowne which *Ariadne* wore
Vpon her Iuory forhead that same day
That *Theseus* her vnto his bridall bore,
vvhen the bold Centaures made that bloody fray
vvith the fierce Lapiths that did them dismay,
Beeing now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heauen doth her beames display,
And is vnto the starres an ornament
vvhich round about her moue in order excellent,
Such was the beauty of this goodly band.

Idem.

Euen as a stage set forth with pompe and pride,
Where men doe cunning and theyr arte bestow,
When curtaines be remoou'd that all did hide,
Maketh by light of torch a glistering show:
Or as the sunne that in a clowde did bide,
vvhen that is gone, doth cleerer seeme to grow:
So *Bradamant* when as her head was bareſt,
Her colour and her beautie seemed rareſt.

S. I. Harr. transl.

As when fayre *Ver* dight in her flowrie raile,
In her new coloured liuerie decks the earth,
And glorious *Titan* spreds his sun-shine vaile
To bring to passe her tender infants birth:
Such was her beauty which I then possest,
With whose imbracings all my youth was blest.

M. Drayton.

Looke how a Comet at the first appearing
Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it,
Or as the saddest tale at suddaine hearing,
Makes silent listning vnto him that told it,

So did the blazing of my blush appeare,
To maze the world, that holds such sights so deere.

S. Daniell.

Euen as when gaudie Nimphs pursue the chace,
vvretched *Ixions* shaggy-footed race
Incenst with sauage heate gallop a maine
From steeppine-bearing mountaines to the plaine,
So ran the people forth to gaze vpon her,
And all that viewd her, were mamourd on her.

C. Marlow.

Like as an horse when he is harded haile,
And feathered pannache set vpon his head,
Will make him seeme more braue for to assaile
The enemie, he that the troope dois lead,
And pannach on his helme will set indeid:
Euen so had nature to decore her face,
Giuen her one top for to augment her grace.

Rex. Sco.

Like as a Taper burning in the darke,
(As if it threatned euery watchfull eye
That burning viewes it) makes that eye his marke,
And hurles guild darts at it continually:
Or as it enuyed any eye but it
Should see in darknes: so my mistres beautie,
From forth her secret stand my hart doth hit,
And like the dart of *Cephalus* doth kill
*H*er perfect louer, though she meane no ill.

G. Chapman.

Now as when heauen is mufled with the vapours,
His long since iust diuorced wife the earth
In enuy breaths, to maske his spurry tapers

From

From the vnrich aboundance of her birth,
When straight the Westerne issue of the ayre
Beats with his floury wings those brats of death,
And giues Olympus leaue to show his fayre;
So fled the offended shadowes of her cheere,
And shewd her pleasant countenaunce full as cleere.

Idem.

Dalliance.

Euen as an emptie Eagle sharpe by fast,
Tires with her beake on feather, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, deuouring all in hast,
Till eyther gorge be stuft, or pray be gone,
Euen so she kist his brow, his cheeke, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

W. Shakespeare.

— Looke how close the Iuy doth embrace
The tree or branch about the which it growes,
So close the louers couched in that place,
Each drawing in the breath the other blowes:
But how great ioyes they found that little space,
Well we may gesse, but none for certaine knowes,
Such was theyr sport, so well theyr leere they couth,
That oft they had two tongues within one mouth.

S. I. Harr,

Like as the wanton Iuie with his twine,
When as the Oake his rootlesse body warmes,
The straightest saplings strictly doe combine,
Clipping the wood with his lascuious armes:
Such our imbraces when our sport begins,
Lapt in our armes like *Ledaes* louely twins.

M. Drayton.

Euen

Euen as faire *Castor* when a calme begins,
Beholding then his starry-tressed brother,
With mirth and glee these swan-begotten twins,
Presaging ioy the one imbrace the other:
Thus one the other in out armes we fold,
Our breasts for ioy our harts could scarcely hold.

Idem.

— As when *Ioue* at once from East to West
Cast off two Eagles to discerne the sight
Of this worlds centre, both his birds ioynd brest
In Cynthian *Delphos*, since Earths nauill height:
So casting off my ceaselesse thoughts to see
My harts true centre, all doe meete in thee.

G. Chapman.

Like as a well-tunde Lute that's tucht with skill
In musicks language sweetly speaking plaine,
When euery string it selfe with sound doth fill,
Taking theyr times, and giuing them againe,
A diapazon heard in euery straine;
So theyr affections set in keyes so like,
Still fall in consort as theyr humors strike.

M. Drayton.

Sorrow.

Adowne his cheekes the teares so flowes
As doth the streame of many springs:
So thunder rends the clowdes in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

M. Roydon.

As through an arch the violent roring tide
Out-runnes the eye that doth behold his hast,

Yet

Yet in the Edie boundeth in his pride
Backe to the straite that forced him so fast,
In rage sent out, recald in rage being past:
Euen so his sighes, his sorrowes make a saw,
To push greefe on, and back the same greefe draw.

W. Shakespeare.

— The storme so rumbled in her breast
As *Eolus* could neuer roare the like,
And showres downe rained from her eyes so fast
That all bedrent the place, till at the last
Well eased they the dolour of the minde,
As rage of raine doth swage the stormie wind.

M. Sackuile.

As in September when our yeere resignes
The glorious sunne vnto the watry signes, (scorne,
vvhich through the clowdes lookes on the earth in
The little bird yet to salute the morne
Vpon the naked branches sets her foote,
The leaues now lying on the mossie roote:
*A*nd there a silly chiriping doth keepe,
As though she faine would sing, yet faine would weepe,
Praysing faire Sommer that too soone is gone,
Or mourning winter, too fast comming on,
In this sad plight I mourne for thy returne.

M. Drayton.

*A*s when the fatall bird of augutie
Seeing a stormie dismall clowde arise
vvithin the South, foretells with pittious cry
The weeping tempest that on suddaine hies,
So the poore soule, in view of his disdaine,
Began to descant on her future paine.

D. Lodge.

All

All like as *Hecuba* fell raging mad,
vvith griefe of minde and sorrow sore oppressed,
To see her *Polydorus* little lad
By fraud of his kinsman vnkind distressed,
So rau'd *Olympia* fayre.

J. Harrington.

The raging pang remained still within,
That would haue burst out all at once so fast,
Euen so we see the water carry in
A bottle little mouth'd and big in wast,
That though you topsie-turuie turne the brim,
The licour bides behind with too much haste,
And with the striuing oft is in such taking,
As scant a man may yet it out with shaking.

Idem.

Sorrow.

As one that saw in April or in May
A pleasant garden full of fragrant flowers,
Then when the earth new clad in garments gay
Decks euery wood and groue with pleasant bowers,
Comming againe on some Decembers day,
And sees it mard with winters stormes and showers,
So did the Court to *Bradamant* appeare,
When as she saw *Rogero* was not there.

I. Harr.

As gorgious *Phebus* in his first vprise,
Discouering now his scarlet-coloured head,
By troublous motions of the lowring skies,
His glorious beames with fogs are ouer-spread
So are his cheerfull browes eclipst with sorrow,
which clowd the shine of his youths smiling morrow

M. Drayton.

Like as when *Phœbus* darting forth his rayes,
Glydeth along the swelling Ocean streames,
And whilst one billow with another playes
Reflecteth backe his bright translucent beames:
Such was the conflict then betwixt our eyes,
Sending forth lookes as teares do fall and rise.

Idem.

Like to a vessell with a narrow vent,
Which is fild vp with licour to the top,
Although the mouth be after downeward bent,
Yet is it seene not to distill a drop;
Euen thus our breast brimful with pensiue care,
Stopping our tongues, with greefe we silent are.

Idem.

As the high Elme (when his deare Vine hath twind
Fast in her hundred armes and holds imbrast)
Beares downe to earth his spouse and darling kind
If storme or cruell steele the tree downe cast,
And her full grapes to nought doth bruze and grind,
Spoyles his own leaues, faints, withers, dies at last,
And seemes to mourne and die, not for his owne,
But for the death of her that lyes orethrowne:
So fell he mourning, mourning for the dame
Whom life and death had made for euer his.

F. Fairefax.

As when a foggy mist hath ouer-cast
The face of heauen, and the cleere ayre ingrost,
The world in darknes dwells, till that at last
The watry South-wind from the Sea-bord coast
Vp blowing doth disperse the vapours lost,
And powres it selfe forth in a stormie showre:

So the fayre *Britomart* hauing disclost
Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,
The midst of greefe dissolued into vengeance powre.

Edm. Spen.

— As a stroke giuen on the righter eye
Offends the left, euen so by sympathy
Her husbands dolours made her hart vnglad,
And *Iuditha* sorrowes made her husband sad.

T. Hudson.

Dissimulation.

As when a wearie trauailer that straies
By muddy shore of broad seauen-mouthed Nile,
Vnwitting of the perilous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell crafftie Crocodile,
vvhich in false greefe hiding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares:
The foolish man that pitties all the while
His mournfull plight, is swallowed vp vnwares,
Forgetfull of his owne that minds anothers cares:
So wept *Duessa* vntill euentide.

Edm. Spencer.

As cunning singers ere they straine on hie
In loude melodious tunes theyr gentle voyce,
Prepare the hearers eares to harmonie
With fainings sweet, low notes, and warbles choyce:
So she, not hauing yet forgot pardie
Her wonted shifts and sleights in *Cupids* toyes,
A sequence first of sighes and sobs forth cast,
To breede compassion deere, then spake at last.

Ed. Fairefax.

As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skill
with golden foyle doth finely ouer-spred
Some baser mettle, which commend he will
Vnto the vulgar for good gold indeed,
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed
To hide his falshood, then if it were true:
So hard this Idole was to be ared,
That *Florimell* her selfe in all mens view
Shee seemd to passe, so forged things do fairest shew,

Edm. Spencer.

As when two sunnes appeare in th'azure skie,
Mounted in *Phœbus* Chariot fierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adornd with lamps of flaming light:
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Nor natures work them gesse, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright,
So stoode Sir *Marinell* when he had seene
The semblance of this false by this faire beauties queene.

Idem.

Loue.

As men tormented with a burning feauer,
Dreame that with drinke they swage their greeuous (thirst,
But when they wake they feele their thirst perseuer,
And to be greater then it was at first:
So shee whose thoughts frō loue sleepe could not seuer,
Dreamt of that thing for which she wake did thirst:
But waking, felt and found it as before,
Her hope still lesse, and her desire still more.

S. I. Harr.

The

The man that dwells farre North hath sildome harme
With blast of winters winde, or nypping frost;
The Negro sildome feeles himselfe too warme,
If he abide within his native coast;
So loue in mee a second nature is,
And custome makes me thinke my woes are blisse.

Tho. Watson.

The *Harpie* byrds that did in such despight
Greeue and annoy old *Phineus* so sore,
Were chasde away by *Calais* in fight,
And by his brother *Zeth* for euermore;
vvho followed vntill they heard on hie,
A voyce that said; ye twins no farther flie.
Phineus I am that so tormented was,
My *Laura* heere I may a Harpie name,
My thoughts and lusts be sonnes to *Boreas*,
Which neuer ceast in following my dame,
Till heauenly grace sayd vnto me at last,
Leaue fond delights, and say thy loue is past.

Idem.

All as the greedy fisher layes his hookes
Alongst the coast to catch some mighty fish,
More for his gaine, then wholsome for the dish
Of him that buies: euen so these sisters braue,
Haue louers more then honest may dens haue.

Tho. Hudson.

As when mightie *Mercdon* had wonne
The Monarchie of earth, yet when he fainted,
Greeu'd that no greater action could be done,
And that there no more worlds was to subdue,
So loues defects, loues conqueror did rue.

Edm. Spencer.

Looke as the faire and fiery-poynted sunne
Rushing from forth a clowde bereaues our sight,
Euen so the curtaine drawne, his eyes begun
To winke, beeing blinded with a greater light.

W. Shakespeare.

Like as in furie of a dreadfull fight,
Theyr fellowes being slaine, or put to flight,
Poore souldiours stand with feare of death dead stroken,
So at her presence all surprizd and tooken,
Await the sentence of her scornefull eyes:
He whom she fauours liues, the other dies.

C. Marlow.

Feare.

Like as a Hinde forth singled from the heard
That hath escaped from a rauenous beast,
Yet flies away, of her owne feete afrayd,
And euery leafe that shaketh with the least
Murmure of windes, her terror hath increast,
So fled fayre *Florimell* from her vaine feare.

Edm. Spencer.

--- He shakes aloft his Romaine blade,
Which like a Faulchon towring in the skies
Coucheth the foule below with his wings shade,
Whose crooked beake threats, if he mount, he dies:
So vnder his insulting Fauchion lyes
Harmelesse *Lucretia*, marking what he tells,
With trembling feare, as foule heares Faulchons bells.

W. Shakespeare.

As the poore frighted Deere that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to flie,

Or

Or one incompast with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily,
So with her selfe she growes in mutinie
To liue or die which of the twaine were better,
When life is sham'd, and deaths reproches better.

Idem.

Like as the Snayle, whose hornes being once hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly caue with paine,
And there all smoothred vp in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
So at his bloody view her eyes are fled
Into the deepe darke cabbins of her head.

Idem.

As in the night each little fierie sparke
May plainly be discerned with our eyne,
But when the day doth come we then shall marke
That all are dampt and doe no longer shine:
So kindles feare in minde which doubt made darke,
Vntill my sunne in my Horizon shine.

S. T. Harr.

So great a terror in theyr minde was bred
That straight as if with sprites they had beene skard,
This way and that, confusedly they fled,
And left the gates without defence or gard:
As tumults often are at stage-plaies bred,
When false reports of sudden fits are heard:
Or when the ouer-loaden seates doe cracke,
One tumbling downe vpon anothers back.

Idem.

Like as in time of Spring the water's warme,
And crowding frogs like fishes there doe swarme,

But

But with the ſmallaſt ſtone thatyou can caſt
To ſtirre the ſtreame, theyr crowding ſlaies as faſt:
So while Iudea was in ioyfull dayes,
The conſtancie of them was worthy praiſe,
For that in euery purpoſe ye ſhould heare
The praiſe of God reſounding euery where:
So that like burning candles they did ſhine,
Among theyr faithfull flock, like men diuine,
But looke how ſoone they heard of *Holoferne*,
Theyr courage quaild, and they began to derne.

T. Hudſon.

Of Flight.

Looke how a purple flower doth fade and die
That painefull ploughman cutteth vp with ſhare,
Or as the Poppies head aſide doth lye
When it the body can no longer beare:
So did the noble *Dardanello* die,
And with his death fild all his men with feare:
As waters runne abroade that breake theyr bay
So fled his ſouldiours, breaking theyr aray.

S. I. Harr.

As the ſwift *Vre* by *Volgaes* rolling flood
Chaſde through the plaine the maſtife curres to-forne,
Flies to the ſuccour of ſome neighbour wood,
And often turnes againe his dreadfull horne
Againſt the dogs, imbrude in ſweat and blood
That bite not till the beaſt to flight returne:
Or as the Moores at theyr ſtrange tennis runne
Defenſt, the flying balls vnhurt to ſhunne,
So ranne *Clorinda*, ſo her foes purſude.

Ed. Fairefax.

Like as a Lyon whose imperiall power
A proude rebellious Vnicorne defies,
To auoyd the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
Of his fierce foe, him for a tree applies,
And when in running in full course he spies,
He slips aside, the whilst that furious beast
His precious horne sought of his enemies
Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yeelds a bounteous feast,
With such fayre slight him *Guion* often foyld.

Edm. Spencer.

Errour.

As when old father *Nilus* gins to swell
With timely pride aboue th'Egyptian vale,
His fatty waues doe fertile shine out well,
And ouer-flow each plaine, and lowly dale,
But when his later ebbe gins to auaile,
Huge heapes of mud he leaues, wherein there breed
Ten thousand kinde of creatures, partly male,
And partly female, of his fruitfull seede,
Such vgly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man reed

Ed. Spen. compard to Errors vomit.

Of Rage.

As sauage Bull whom two fierce mastiues bait,
When rancor doth with rage him once ingore,
Forgets with warie ward them to await
But with his dreadfull hornes them driues afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the floore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
That all the forrest quakes to heare him rore,

So

So ragde Prince *Arthur* twixt his foe-men twaine,
That neither could his mighty puissance sustaine.

Edm. Spen.

Looke what a noyse an heard of sauage swine
Doe make, when as the Wolfe a pig doth take
That doth in all theyr hearings cry and whine,
Flocking about as nature hath them taught:
So doe these souldiours murmure and repine
To see theyr Captaine thus to mischiefe brought:
And with great fury they doe set vpon him,
All with one voyce, still crying on him, on him.

I. Hare.

As when within the soft and spungie soyle
The winde doth pierce the intrailes of the earth,
Where hurly bu ly with a restlesse coyle,
Shakes all the centre, wanting issue forth,
Tell with the tumour townes & mountaines tremble,
Euen such a meteor doth theyr rage resemble.

M. Drayton.

As when a Comet farre and wide descride
In scorne of *Phebus* midst bright heauen doth shine,
And tydings sad of death and mischiefe brings,
So shond the Pagan in bright armour clad,
And rold his eyes.

Ed. Fairefax.

Like as a Bull when prickt with iealousie,
He spies the riuall of his hote desire,
Through all the fields doth bellow, rore, and cry,
And with his thundring voyce augments his ire:
And threatning battaile to the emptie skie,
Teares with his horne each plant, each bush, each brier,

And with his foote cast's vp his hand on hight,
Defying his strong foe to deadly fight,
Such was the Pagans fury, such his cry.

Idem.

Like as a Goshauke that in foote doth beare
A trembling Culuer, hauing spyde on hight
An Eagle that with plumy wings doth sheare
The subtile ayre, stooping with all his might
The quarry throwes to ground with fell despight,
And to the battaile doth herselfe prepare:
So ranne the Giantesse vnto the fight;
Her fiery eyes with furious sparks did stare,
And with blasphemous bans, high God in peeces tare

Edm. Spencer.

As Lyons meete, or Bulls in pastures greene
With teeth and hornes, and staine with blood the field,
Such eager fight these warriours was betweene,
And eythers speare had peirst the others shield.

I. Harr.

Like as with equall rage, and equall might
Two aduerse windes combate with billowes proud,
And neyther yeeld, seas, skies maintaine like fight,
Waue against waue opposd, and clowde to clowde,
So warre both sides with obstinate despight,
With like reuenge, and neither partie bowd,
Fronting each other with confounding blowes,
No wound one sword vnto the other owes.

Sam. Daniell.

With equall rage as when the Southerne-winde
Meeteth in battaile through the Northerne blast,
The sea and ayre to weather is resignde

But clowd gainst clowd, & waue gainst waue they past:
So from this skirmish neither part declind,
But fought it out, and keepes theyr footings fast,
And oft with furious shock together rush, (crush.
And shield gainst shield, & helme gainst helme they

Ed. Fairefax. transl.

Such was theyr furie as when *Boreas* teares
The shattered crags from *Taurus* Northerne cliff,
Vpon theyr helmes theyr Launces long they broke,
And vp to heauen flew splinters, sparks, & smoake.

Idem.

As when two Tygers prickt with hungers rage
Haue by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoile,
On which they weene theyr famine to asswage,
And gaine a feastfull guerdon of theyr toyle,
Both falling out, doe stirre vp strifefull broyle,
And cruell battaile twixt themselues doe make,
Whilst neither lets the other touch the foile
But eyther sdeignes with other to pertake,
So cruelly those Knights strouе for that Ladies sake.

Edm. Spencer.

From out his fearefull eyes two fierie beames
More sharpe then poynts of needles did proceed,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames
Full of sad power that poysonous baite did breed
To all that within lookt without good heede,
And secrerly his enemies did slay:
Like as the Basiliske of Serpents seede
From painfull eyes close venome doth conuay
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

Idem.

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met
In the wide champion of the Ocean plaine,
With cruell chase theyr courages they whet,
The maisterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them doe darraine:
They snuffe, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they rore
That all the Sea disturbed with theyr traine
Doth frie with foame aboue the surges hore,
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome vprore.

Ed. Spencer.

As when the fierie mounted steedes which drew
The sunnes bright waine, to *Phaetons* decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpions view
With vgly crapples crawling in theyr way,
The sight thereof did them so sore affray,
That their well knowne courses they forewent:
And leading the euer-burning lampe astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firmament:
Such was the furie of these head-strong steedes,
Soone as the infants sunlike shield they saw.

Idem.

Like as the cursed sonne of *Theseus*,
That following his chace in dewie morne,
To flie his stepdames loue outragious,
Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne,
That for his sake *Diana* did lament,
And all the woodie Nimphs did waile and mourne:
So was the Soldane rapt and all to rent,
That of his shape appeard no little moniment.

Idem.

Like

Like raging *Ino*, when with knife in hand
Shee threw her husbands murthered infant out,
Or fell *Medea*, when on Colchicke strand
Her brothers bones shee scattered round about,
Or as that madding mother mongst the rout
Of *Bacchus* priests, her owne deare flesh did teare:
Yet neyther *Ino* nor *Medea* stout,
Nor all the *Menades* so furious were,
As this bold woman when she saw the damsell there.

Idem.

As the heate hidden in a watry clowde,
Striuing for issue with strange murmures loud,
Like gunnes astuns, with round-round-rumbling thunder,
Filling the ayre with noyse, the earth with wonder,
So the three sisters, the three hidious rages,
Raise thousand stormes, leauing th'infernall stages.

I. Siluester.

Pittie. Curteſie.

Shee pittious nurse applyde her painfull thought
To serue and nourish them that her vp-brought;
Like to the gratefull Storke, that gathereth meate,
And brings it to her elders for to eate.
And on a Firre-tree high, with *Boreas* blowne
Giues life to those of whom she had her owne.

Th. Hudson.

As the bright sunne what time his fierie teame
Toward the Westerne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnes of his beame,
And feruor of his flames somewhat adaw;
So did this mighty Lady when she saw

Those

Those two strange Knights such homage to her make,
Bate somewhat of her maiestie and awe
That whilom wont to doe so many quake,
And with more milde aspect those two to entertake.

Edm. Spens.

As when the Southerne winde with luke-warme blast
Breathing on hills where winter long had dwelt
Dissolues the rocks of Ice that hung so fast,
And all the new made mounts of snow doth melt:
So with this gentle prayer, though spoke in hast,
The damsell such an inward motion felt
That suddainly her armed hart did soften,
As vnto women-kinde it chaunceth often.

S. I. Harr.

Like as the winde stopt by some wood or hill
Growes strong & fierce, teares bowes & trees in twaine,
But with mild blasts more temperate gentle still
Against the rocks as sea-waues murmure shrill
But silent passe amid the open maine:
Rinaldo so when none his force with-stood,
Asswagde his furie, calmd his angry moode.

Idem.

Courage.

As when two Rammes stird with ambitious pride
Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flock,
Theyr horned fronts so fierce on eyther side
Doe meete, that with the terror of the shock
Astonied, both stand senceless as a block
Forgetfull of the hanging victorie:
So stoode these twaine vnmoued as a rock,

Both

Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelte.

Edm. Spenser.

Aboue the waues as *Neptune* lift his eyes
To chyde the windes that Troyan ships oppreſt,
And with his countenaunce calmd ſeas, winds & skies,
So lookt *Rinaldo* when he ſhooke his creſt.

Sil. Harr.

When the ayre is calme and ſtill, as dead and deafe,
And vnder heauen quakes not an Aſpen leafe,
When ſeas are calme, and thouſand veſſels fleet
Vpon the ſleeping ſeas with paſſage ſweet,
And when the variant wind is ſtill and lowne
The cunning Pilot neuer can be knowne;
But when the cruell ſtorme doth threat the barke
To drowne in deeps of pits infernall darke,
While toſſing teares both ruther, maſt and ſaile,
While mounting, ſeemes the azure skies to ſcale,
While driues perforce vpon ſome deadly ſhore,
There is the Pilot knowne, and not before.

Th. Hudſon.

As a tall ſhippe toſſed in troubled ſeas,
Whom raging windes threatning to make theyr pray
Of the rough rocks doe diuerſly diſeaſe
Meets two contrary billowes by the way
That her on eyther ſide doth ſore aſſay,
And boaſt to ſwallow her in greedy graue;
Shee ſcorning both their ſpights, doth make wide way,
And with her breaſt breaking the foamie waue,
Doth ride on both their backs, and faire herſelfe doth (laue,
So boldly he him beares.

Ed. Spen.

As when a shyp that flies farre vnder sayle
A hidden rocke escaped hath vnwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Mariner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt, ne dares
To ioy at his foole-hardie ouer-sight:
So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and feares
The dreadlesse courage of this Elfin Knight.

Edm. Spen.

Maiestie. Pompe.

Looke as great *Cinthia* in her siluer Carre
Rides in her progresse round about her sphere,
Whose tendance is the faire eye-dazeling starres
Trooping about her Chariot, that with cleere
And glorious showes makes euery eye delight
To gaze vpon the beautie of the night,
Clad and attended with the worlds delight,
So is the Queene in maiestie brought forth.

Chr. Middleton.

Like trident-maced *Neptune* in his pride,
Mounted vpon a Dolphin in a sterne,
Vpon the tossing billowes forth doth ride,
About whose traine a thousand Tritons swarme:
When *Phœbus* seemes to set the waues on fire,
To shew his glory, and the Gods desire:
Or like vnto the fiery-faced sunne,
Vpon his wagon prauncing in the West,
Whose blushing cheekes with flames seeme ouer-runne
Whilst sweating thus he gallops to his rest:
Such was the glory wherein now I stood,

Which

Which makes the Barons ſwear theyr deereſt blood.

M. Drayton.

As ſtately Thames inricht with many a flood
And goodly riuers that haue made their graues
And buried both theyr names and all theyr good
vvithin his greatnes to augment his waues,
Glides on with pompe of waters vnwithſtood
Vnto the Ocean, which his tribute craues,
And layes vp all his wealth within that powre,
vvhich in itſelfe all greatnes doth deuoure:
So flockt the mightie with theyr following traine
Vnto the all-receauing *Bullenbrooke*.

S. Daniell.

Then thou on thine imperiall Chariot ſet
Crownd with a rich imperled Coronet,
Whilſt the Pariſian dames as thy traine paſt
Theyr precious incenſe in aboundance caſt:
As *Cynthia* from the waue-embateled ſhrowdes
Opening the weſt, comes ſtreming through the clowds,
With ſhining troopes of ſiluer-treſſed ſtarres
*A*ttending on her as her Torch-bearers,
And all the leſſer lights about her throne,
With admiration ſtand as lookers on,
Whilſt ſhe alone in height of all her pride
The Queene of light along her ſphieare doth glide.

M. Drayton.

Ciuill warres.

Euen like to *Rheine* which in his birth oppreſt
Strangled almoſt with rocks and mighty hills,
Workes out away to come to better reſt,

Warres

Warres with the Mountaines, striues against their will,
Brings forth his streames in vnitie profest
Into the quiet bed he proudly fills,
Carrying the greatnes which he cannot keepe,
Vnto his death and buriall in the deepe:
So did the worlds proude Mistres Rome at first
Striue with an hard beginning, ward with neede,
Forcing her strong confiners to the worst,
And in her blood her greatnes first did breede:
So Spaine at home with Moores ere forth it burst,
Did practise long, and in it selfe did bleed:
So did our state begin with her owne wounds
To try her strength, ere it enlargd her bounds.

Sam. Daniell.

Like as an exhalation hote and dry
Amongst the ayre-bred moistie vapours throwne
Spetteth his lightning forth couragiously,
Renting the thicke clowdes with a thunder-stone,
As though the huge all-couering heauen did grone,
Such is the garboyle of this conflict then,
Braue Englishmen encountring Englishmen.

M. Drayton.

Like as a clowde foule, darke and vgly black,
Threatning the earth with tempest euery howre,
Now broken with a fearefull thunder-crack, (showre,
Straight powreth downe his deepe earth-drenching
Thus for theyr wrongs now rise they vp in armes,
Or to reuenge, or to amend theyr harmes.

Idem.

Death

Death.

Then downe he tumbled like an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rockie cliff,
Whose hart-strings with keene steele nigh hewen be,
The mighty trunck halfe rent with ragged rift,
Doth rolle adowne the rocks, & falls with fearfull drift.

Edm. Spencer.

Or as a Castle reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malicious slight
Is vndermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundations forst and feebled quite,
At last downe falls, and with her heaped hight
Her hastie ruine doth more heauie make,
And yeelds it selfe vnto the victors might,
Such was this Giants fall.

Idem.

As when two billowes in the Irish sounds
Forcibly driuen with contrary tydes
Doe meete together, each aback rebounds
With roring rage, and dashing on all sides
That filleth all the sea with foame, deuides
The doubtfull current into diuers waues,
So fell these two in spight of both theyr prides. *Idem.*

Hope.

Like as through *Tagus* faire transparent streames
The wandring Marchant sees the sandy gold,
Or like as *Cynthias* halfe obscured beames
In silent night the Pilot doth behold
Through mistie clowdes, and vapours manifold,
So through a mirror of my hop'd for gaine,

I saw the treasure which I should obtaine.

Th. Storer.

Like as the sunne at one selfe time is felt
With heate to harden clay, and waxe doth melt,
So *Amrams* sacred sonne in these proiects,
Made one selfe cause haue two contrary effects;
For *Isaack* humbly knew theyr Lord diuine,
But *Pharo* more and more did still repine;
Like to the corpslet old, the more tis bet
vvith hammer hard, more hardnes it doth get.

Th. Hudson.

This ill presage aduisedly she marketh,
Euen as the winde is husht before it raineth,
Or as the Wolfe doth grin before he barketh;
Or as the berry breakes before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gunne,
His meaning strooke her ere his words begun.

W. Shakespeare.

Astonishment.

Like as the tiller of the fruitfull ground
vvith suddaine storme and tempest is astonished,
vvho sees the flash, and heares the thunders sound,
And for their maisters sake the cattell punished:
Or when by hap a faire old Pine he found
By force of raging wind his leaues diminished;
So stood amazd the Pagan in that place,
His Lady present at that wofull case.

I. Harrington.

Euen as a Wolfe by pinching famine led
That in the field a carrion beast doth finde,

On

On which before the doggs and Rauens haue fed,
And nothing left but bones and hornes behind,
Stands ſtill and gazeth on the carkaſſe dead:
So at this ſight the Pagan Prince repind,
And curſeth oft, and cals himſelfe a beaſt,
For comming tardy to ſo rich a feaſt.

Idem.

Like to a man who walking in the graſſe
Vpon a Serpent ſuddenly doth tread,
Plucks backe his foote, and turnes away his face,
His colour fading pale, as he were dead:
Thus he the place, thus he the act doth ſhun,
Lothing to ſee what he before had done.

M. Drayton.

Looke how the God of wiſedome marbled ſtands
Beſtowing Laurell wreaths of dignitie
In *Delphos* Ile, at whoſe impartiall hands
Hang antique ſcrolles of gentle Herauldry,
And at his feete enſignes and trophies lie,
Such was my ſtate, whom euery man did follow,
As liuing ſtatue of the great *Apollo.*

Th. Storer.

All as the hungry winter-ſtarued earth,
vvhen ſhe by nature labours towards her birth,
Still as the day vpon the darke world creepes
One bloſſome forth after another peepes,
Till the ſmall flower whoſe roote is now vnbound,
Gets from the froſtie priſon of the ground,
Spreading the leaues vnto the powrefull noone
Deckt in freſh colours, ſmiles vpon the ſunne.

Neuer

Neuer vnquiet care lodge in that breſt
Where but one thought of *Roſamond* did reſt.

M. Drayton.

Courage.

Like as a fire the which in hollow caue
Hath long beene vnder-kept and downe ſuppreſt,
With murmure as diſdaine doth inly raue,
And grudge in ſo ſtraite priſon to be preſt,
At laſt breakes forth with furious vnreſt,
And ſtriues to mount vnto his natiue ſeate:
All that did erſt it hinder and moleſt,
It now deuoures with flames and ſcorching heat,
And carries into ſmoke, with rage and horror great,
So mightily the *Brittaine* Prince him rouſd
Out of his hold.

Edm. Spencer.

As he that ſtriues to ſtop a ſudden flood
And in ſtrong bands his violence incloſe,
Forceth it ſwell aboue his wonted moode,
And largely ouer-flows the fruitfull plaine,
That all the country ſeemes to be a maine,
And the rich furrowes flote all quite fordone,
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine
To ſee his whole yeeres labour loſt ſo ſoone,
For which to God he made ſo many an idle boone,
So him he held, and did through might amate.

Idem.

Like as a Saphire hanging downe the breaſt
A farre more orient glittering doth make,
Then doth a Diamond of good requeſt

Set

Set in a bracelet, and more glory take,
Not for the vertue but the places sake.
So did a clowdy saphire dimme my light;
Not with his worth, but with his places height.

Th. Storer.

Of Adam.

Thou seest no wheat *Helleborus* can bring,
Nor barly from the madding Morrell springs;
Nor bleating lambes braue lyons do not breed,
That leaptous parents raise a leaprous seed.
Euen so our grandsyre liuing innocent
Had stockt the whole world with a saint descent.
But suffering sinne in *Eden* him inuade,
His sonnes the soones of sinne and wrath he made.

I. Sylvester.

As done the pots that long retaines the taste
Of licour, such as first was in them plaste:
Or like the tree that bends his elder braunch
That way where first the stroke had made his launch;
So see we wolfes and beares and harts full old,
Some tamenesse from their daunted youth to hold.

Th. Hudson.

----Lones fiery dart
Could nere vnfreeze the frost of her chaste hart:
But as the diamond bides the hammer strong,
So she resisted all her suters long.

Idem.

Drunkards.

The more he dranke, the more he did desire,
Like to the Ocean sea, though it receaues
All *Nilus* flouds, yet all fresh water craues
From East to West, yet growes he not a graine,
But still is ready for as much againe.

Idem.

* The staues like yce in shiuers small did flie,
The splints like byrds did mount vnto the skie.

M. Drayton.

Ill Companie.

Like as the perfect Pylot feares to runne
Vpon the rocks, with singing sheet doth shunne
Cydnaes straits or *Syrtes* sinking sands,
Or cruell *Capharois* with stormy strands.
So wisely shee dishaunted the resort
Of such as were suspect of light report.
Well knowing that the quaintance with the ill
Corrupts the good, and though they euer still

Th. Hudson. Fol. 452.

* Looke how the peacocke ruffes his flanting taile,
And strutts vnder his mooned canapie:
And how he quiuers with his mooned saile,
Yet when his lead pale legs he haps to see,
With shame abates his painted iollitie.
The King as proud as peacocke in his loue,
Yet droupes again when words nor tears will moue.

M. Drayton.

Night.

Night.

Looke how a bright starre shooteth from the skie,
So glides he in the night from *Venus* eye,
Which after him she darts as one a shore,
Gazing vpon a late embarqued friend,
Till the wild waues will haue them see no more,
Whose ridges with the mesting cloudes contend.
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the obiect that did feed her sight.

Wm. Shak.

King.

When as the Sun forsakes his christall sphearе,
How darke and vgly is the gloomy skie?
And in his place ther's nothing well appeare,
But cloudes that in his glorious circuit flie.
So when a King forsakes his royall place,
There still succeed obliqui and darke disgrace.

Ch. Middleton.

Looke how the day hater *Minerues* bird,
Whilest priuiledged with darknes and the night:
Doth liue secure himselfe of others feard,
But if by chaunce discouered in the light,
O how each little foule with enuy stird,
Calls him to iustice, vrges him with spight,
Summons the feathered flocks of all the wood,
To come to scorne the tyrants of their blood,
So fares the King laid open to disgrace.

S. Daniel.

And forth hee's brought vnto the accomplishment,
Deckt with the crowne and princely robes that day:
Like as the dead in other lands are sent
Vnto their graues in all their best aray.
And euen like good did him this ornament,
For what he brought he must not beare away,
But buries there his glory and his name,
Intombd for euermore in others blame.

Idem.

Companie.

Remaine vpright, yet some will quarrell pike,
And common brute will deeme them all alike.
For looke how your companions you elect
For good or ill, so shall you be suspect.

The Hadson.

Of Victorie.

Like as whilome that strong *Tyrrhenian* swaine
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell:
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And roring horribly did him compell
To see the hatefull sun, that he might tell
To grisly *Pluto* what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghoasts which dwell
For aye in darknesse, which day-light doth shunne,
So led he forth this captiue, and like conquest woone.

Ed. Spencer.

Like as in sommers day when raging heate
Doth burne the earth and hot-led riuers drie:
That all brute beasts forste to refraine from meate

Do hunt for shade where shrowded they may lie.
And missing it, faine from themselues to flie
All trauailers tormented are with paine:
A mightie cloud doth ouercast the skie,
And powreth forth a suddaine showre of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe.
So did the warlike *Brizomart* restore
The prize of knights of mayden-head that day.

Idem.

As when a troupe of haruest thrifty swaines
With cutting sythes earth ripened riches mowes,
Whole sheaues of corne lye strowen vpon the plaines.
So fall the Scots before the conquering foes.

D. Lodge.

Death.

On *Appenine* like as a sturdy tree
Against the windes that makes resistance stout:
If with a storme it ouerturned bee,
Falles downe and breakes the trees and plants about:
So *Latine* fell, and with him fellen hee,
And slew the neareſt of the Pagan rout.

Ed. Fairfax.

Like as the sacred oxe that careleſſe stands
With gilden hornes and flowry garlonds crowned:
Proud of his dying honour and deare bands,
Whileſt Theaters fume with frankensence around,
All suddenly with mortall stroke astoind,
Doth grouelling fall; and with his steaming gore
Distaines the pillers and the holy ground.

And the faire flowers that decked him afore,
So fell proud *Marinell* vpon the precious shore.

Ed. Spencer.

Like as a shippe whom cruell tempest driues
Vpon a rocke with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribbes in thousand peeces riues,
And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does make her selfe misfortunes pitiouis pray.
So downe the cliffe the wretched giant tombled.

Idem.

Like an autumall starre which ruddy doth foreshewe
Some death, some pestilence, some bloudy ouerthrowe
He buskles with his foe, the assailant he assaults,
And resolute he markes his arrowes weake defaults.
Then entring in betweene his brest plate and his bases,
He seeks his sinful soule, there finds, & thence it chases.

I. Syl.

Fight.

Like as two mastiffe dogs with hungry iawes,
Mou'd first to hate, from hate to raging ire,
Approach with grinning teeth and grisly iawes,
With staring eyes as red as flaming fire.
At last they bite and scratch with teeth and clawes,
Teating themselues, and trembling in the mire.
So after biting and reproachfull words,
Saracpant and *Rinaldo* drew their swords.

Ed. Spencer.

Like as an exhalation hot and drie,
Amongst the aire bred mouldy vapours throwne

Spilleth

Spilleth his lightening forth courageiously,
Renting the thick clouds with a thunder-stone,
As though the huge all couering heauen did grone.
Such is the garboyle of this conflict then,
Braue English men encountring English men.

M. Drayton.

Like as ye see the wallowing sea to striue
Flood after flood, and waue with waue to driue:
The waues with waues, the floods with floods to chace,
And eft returnes vnto their former place.
Or like the crops of corne in midst of May,
(Blowne vp with westerne wind) aside do sway,
Both too and fro as force doth them constraine,
And yet their tops redresseth vp againe.
So whiles the *Sirians* are by *Medes* displaced,
And whiles the *Medes* by *Syrians* are rechaced.

Th. Hudson.

Like as a putrock haning spied in sight
A gentle faulchion sitting on a hill,
Whose other wing now made vnmeet for flight,
Was lately broken by some fortune ill.
The foolish kite led with licentious will,
Doth beat vpon the gentle byrd in vaine,
With many idle stoopes her troubling still,
Euen so did *Radagond* with bootlesse paine,
Annoy this noble knight, and sorely him constraine.

Ed. Spencer.

Euen as an Eagle that espies from hie,
Among the hearbes a parti coloured snake:
Or on a banke sunning her selfe to lie,
Casting the elder skin anew to make

Lies houering warily till she may spie
Aduantage sure the venomd worme to take,
Then takes him by the backe and beats her wings,
Maugre the poyson of his forked stings,
So doth *Rogero* both with sword and speare,
The cruell monster warily assaile.

S. I. Harr.

Like as a mountaine or a cape of land,
Assaild with stormes, and sailes on euery side
Doth vnremoued stedfast still withstand,
Storme, thunder, lightning, tempest, wind and tide.
The *Souldan* so withstood *Latinus* band.

Ed. Fairfax.

So thicke flew flouds and darts that no man sees
The azurde heauens, the sunne his brightnes lost:
The cloudes of weapons like to swarmes of bees
Met in the aire, and there each other crost.
And looke how falling leaues drop downe from trees
When the moyst sappe is mixt with huely frost,
Or apples in strong windes from braunches fall,
The *Sarazens* so tumbled from the wall.

Idem.

As when a windy tempest bloweth hie,
That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
The clouds as things afraid before him fie,
But all so soone as his outragious power
Is laid, they fairly then begin to showre,
And as in storme of his spent stormy spight,
Now all at once their malice forth do powre.
So did Sir *Guion* beare himselfe in fight,
And suffered rash *Pyrocles* vaunt his idle might.

Ed. Spencer.

As

As Eagle fresh out of the Ocean waue,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay,
Like *Eyas* hauke vpmounting to the skies,
His newly budded pinions to assay,
And maruells at himselfe still as he flies,
So new, this newborne knight to battle did arise.

Idem.

As gentle shepheard in sweete euen-tide,
When ruddy *Phœbus* gins to walke in west,
He on an hill his flocke to viewen wide,
Markes which do bite his heartie supper best.
A cloud of combrous gnats do him molest,
All striuing to infixe their feeble stings,
That from their noyance, he no where can rest,
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth off, and oft doth marre their murmurings.

Ed. Sp.

---They him espying, both with greedie force
At once vpon him ranne, and him beset
With stroakes of mortall steele, without remorse,
And on his shield like Iron sledges bet,
As when a Beare and Tigre being met,
In cruell fight on Libicke Ocean wide,
Espide a traueller with feet surbet,
Whom they in equall pray hope to deuide,
They stint their strife, and him assaile on euery side.

Ed. Spencer.

Of noise. Clamour.

As great a noise as when in Cymbrian plaine,
An heard of bulls, whom kindly rage doth sting,

Do for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
The neighbor woods around with hollow murmuring.

Ed. Sp.

As when the shapelesse huge *Leviathan*
Hath thrust himselfe vpon the sandie shore,
Where (monsterlike) affrighting euery man,
He belloweth out a fearefull deadly rore.
Euen such a Clamour through the aire doth thunder,
The dolefull presage of some fearefull wonder.

M. Drayton.

Ioy.

Much like as when the beaten mariner
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Oft sow'lt in swelling *Tethis* saltish teare,
And Long time hauing tamde his tawnie hide,
With blustering breath of heauen that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce *Orions* hound,
Soone as the port from far he hath espide,
His chearefull whistle merily doth sound, (around,
And *Nereus* crownes with cups, his mates him pledge
Such loy made *Una* when her knight she found.

Ed. Spencer.

Looke how a troupe of winter prisoned dames,
Pent in the inclosure of the walled townes,
Welcomes the spring vsher to sommers flames,
Making their passimes on the flowry downes,
Whose beautious Arras wrought in natures frames,
Through eies admire, the heart with wonder crownes.

So

So these wood-walled citizens at sea,
Welcome be both spring and sommer in a day.

I. Markham.

Like as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,
Hauing spent all her masts and her ground hold,
Now farre from harbour, like to be lost,
At last some fisher barke doth neare be told,
That giueth comfort to her courage cold:
Such was the state of this most knight.

Ed. Spencer.

Pollicie.

As when to purge excessiue moist descending,
From *Saturns* spheare, or else superfluous heate,
Ioue stird vp by *Mars* (common good entending)
Sends lightning flash to lay their angry threate.
So wiser heads that knew the scourge of warre,
Sought sooth-fast meanes to mitigate the iarre.

Dr. Lodge.

As when a skilfull marriner doth read
A storme approaching that doth peril threate,
He will not bide the danger of such dread,
But strikes his sailes and veereth his maine sheat,
And lends vnto it leaue the empire aire to beate:
So did the faiery knight himselfe abeare.

Ed. Spencer.

As Pilot well expert in perillous waue,
That to a steadfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mists or cloudie tempests haue,
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,

And

And couered heauen with hidious dreriment,
Vpon his card and compasse formes his eie,
The maisters of his long experiment.
And to them does the steddie helme applie,
Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward flie.
So *Guion.*

Ed. Spencer.

Labour.

Like as ye see sometimes the honey bees,
Exerce themselues on buds of sweetest tree,
Where they sometime assault the buzzing waspe,
That come too neare, their flames away to claspe.
Or when they honey draw from smelling time,
Or from the palme or roses of the prime,
And how they draw their waxe with wondrous art,
Obseruing ioynture iust in euery part:
Both vp and downe, they build ten thousand shops,
With equall space fulfild vp to the tops.
Or where the master Bee of thousand bands,
Conducts the rest in legions through the lands,
Who daily keepes within their Cine wall,
Their house, their worke, their lawes, and maners all.
So thus the sonnes of *Iacob* plide their paine,
With whole desire their quarell to sustaine.

Th. Hudson.

As do those Emmets that in sommer tide
Come out in swarmes their houses to prouide,
In harueste time (their toile may best be seene,
In pathes where they their carriage bring betweene,

The

The sicke and old at home do keepe the score,
And ouer grainell great they take the charge,
Oft turning corne within a chamber large,
(When it is dight) least it do sprout or seed,
Or come againe, or weeulls in it breed.
While the Armorers with armour hard and great,
On studies strong the sturdie steele do beate,
And makes thereof, a corpllet or a lacke,
Sometime a helme, sometime a mace doth make,
Whiles shepheards they enarmo vnvsde to danger,
Whiles simple beards, & whiles the wandring stranger
The tilling culter then a speare was made,
The crooked Sithe became an euened blade:
The people foode forgets, no ease they take,
Some on an horse, some on his proper backe,
Some on a cart, some on a camell beares
Corne, wine, and flesh, to serue for many yeares.

Th. Hudson.

VVarre.

Like to a riuer that is stopt his course,
Doth violate his bankes, breakes his owne head.
Destroyes his bounds, and ouerruns by force
The neighbour fieldes, inregularly spread.
Euenso this sudden stop of Warre doth nurse
Home toiles within it selfe from others lead,
So daungerous the chaunge thereof is tried,
Ere mindes come soft, or otherwise imploide.

S. Daniell.

Astonish-

Astonishment

As when the mast of some well timbred hulke,
Is with the blast of some outragious storme,
Bloyne downe, it shakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne:
Whilst still she stands astonisht and forlorne:
So was he stound with stroake of her huge taile.

Ed. Spencer.

Lying still a while both did forget,
The perilous present stound wherein their liues were set,
As when two warlike brigandines at sea,
With murdrous weapons armd in cruell fight,
Do meete together on the watrie Lea,
They stem each other with so fell despight,
That with the shocke of their owne heedlesse might,
Their woodden ribs are shaken right asunder.
They which from shore behold the dreadfull sight
Of flashing fier, and here the Ordinance thunder,
So greatly stand amaz'd of such vnwonted wonder.

Ed. Spencer.

Care of children.

All as the painefull ploughman plies his toile,
With share and culter shearing through the soile
That costs him deare, and ditches it about,
Or crops his hedge to make it vndersprout,
And neuer staies to ward it from the weede,
But most respects to sowe therein good seede.

To

To th'end when sommer decks the medowes plaine,
He may haue recompence of costs and paine.
Or like the maide, who carefull is to keepe
The budding flowre, that first begins to peepe
Out of the knop, and waters it full oft,
To make it seemely shew the head aloft,
That it may (when she drawes it from the stocks)
Adorne her gorget white, and golden locks.
So wise *Merari* all his studie stild,
To fashion well the maners of his child.

Th. Hudson.

Libertie.

Like to a Lion that escapes his bounds,
Hauing bene long restraind his vse to stray,
Raunges the restlesse woods, staies on no ground,
Riots with bloudshed, wantons with his pray,
Seekes not for need, but in his pride to wound,
Glorying to see his strength, and what he may.
So this vnbridled King, freed of his feates,
In libertie himselfe vnwildly beares.

S. Daniell.

* Like as the hauke which soareth in the skie,
And climes aloft for solace of her wing,
The greater gate she getteth vpon hie,
The truer stoope she makes to any thing:
So shall you see my muse by wandring,
Find out at last the right and ready way,
And keepe it sure, though erst it went astray.

G. Gascoigne.

Like

* Like as the ship that through the Ocean wide
Directs her course, vnto one certaine coast,
Is met with many a counter wind and tide,
With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she her sesse in stormie surges lost.
Yet making many a boord and many a bay,
Still winneth way, and hath her compast lost.
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often staid, yet neuer is astray.

Ed. Spencer.

* --- As she was looking in a glasse,
She sawe therein a mans face looking on her:
Whereat she started from the frighted glasse,
As if some monstrous serpent had bene shewen her:
Rising as when the sunne in *Leo* signe,
Auriga with the heauenly goale vpon her,
Shewes her horned head, with her kids diuine.
Whose rise kils vines, heauens face with stormes dis-
No man is safe at sea, the Hædy rising. (guising.
So straight wrapt she her body in a cloude,
And threatned tempest for her high disgrace,
Shame from a bowre of Roses did vnshrowde,
And spread her crimson wings vpon her face.

G. Chapman.

Multitude.

Like when some mastiffe whelpe disposd to play,
A whole confused heard of beests doth chase,
Which with one vile consent runne all away,
If any hardier then the rest in place.

But

But turne the head that idle feare to ſtay,
Backe ſtrait the daunted chacer turnes his face:
And all the reſt with bold example led,
As faſt runne on him as before they fled.
So with this bold oppoſer ruſhes on
This many headed monſter multitude.

S. Daniell.

As when the daughter of *Thaumantes* faire
Hath in a watry cloud diſplaied wide
Her goodly bowe which paints the liquid aire,
That all men wonder at her colours pride:
All ſuddenly ere one can looke aſide,
The glorious picture vaniſheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide.
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

Ed. Spencer.

Beautie.

Like as a tender Roſe in open plaine,
That with vntimely drought nigh withered was
And hung the head; ſoone as fewe drops of raine
Thereon diſtill and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to looke vp, and with freſh counted grace
Diſpreds the glory of her leaues gaye,
Such was *Irenas* countenance, ſuch her grace.

Idem.

Like as the wind and tide when they do meet,
With enuious oppoſitions do affright
The leſſer ſtreames running for to regreet

The Ocean Empire; so do these two fight,
One labours to bring all things to his will,
The other cares for to preuent that ill.

Ch. Middleton.

Descriptions of Pallaces, Castles, &c.

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose walles were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
And golden foyle all ouer them displaid.
That purest skie with brightnesse they dismaid,
High lifted vp were many lofty towres,
And goodly galleries farre ouerlaid:
Full of fayre windowes and delightfull bowres,
And on the top a dyall told the timely howres.

Ed. Sp.

The soueraigne Castels of the rocky yle,
Wherein *Penelope* the Princes lay:
Shone with a thousand lampes, which did exile
The dimme darke shades, and turnd the night to day.
Not *Iones* blew tent what time the sunny ray
Behind the bulwarke of the earth retires,
Is seene to sparkle with more sprinkling fires.

I. Danies.

Logistillaes Castle.

---Such a Castle that in stately showe
And costly substance others all surmounted:
The valew of the walles cannot man knowe,
Except he first vpon the same had mounted.

Men

Men haue not Iewels of such price belowe,
Diamonds are to these but drosse accounted.
Pearles are but pelfe, and Rubies all are rotten
Where stones of such rare vertue can be gotten.
These walles are built of stones of so great price,
All other vnto these come far behinde,
In these men see the vertue and the vice
That cleaueth to the inward soule and minde,
As neither flattering praises shall him blinde
With tickling words nor vndeserued blame,
With forged faults shal worke him any shame:
From hence doth come the euerlasting light,
That may with *Phebus* beames so cleare compare,
That when the Sunne is downe there is no night
With those that with those Iewels stored are.
These gems do teach vs to discerne aright.
These gems are wrought with workemanship so rare,
That hard it were to make true estimation
Which is more hard the substance or the fashion.
On arches raisd of *Porphorie* passing hie,
Were gardens faire, and pleasant to the eie.
So hie, that to ascend them seemd a paine,
Fewe found so rare below vpon a plaine.
Sweet sinelling trees in order standing bee,
With Fountaines watering them in stead of raine,
Which doth the same so naturally nourish,
As all the yeare both flowers and fruites do flourish.
No weeds or fruitlesse trees are in this place,
But hearbes whose vertues are of chiefest price,
As soueraigne sage, and thrift, and hearbes of grace,
And Tyme, which well bestowed maketh wise:

And lowly patience proud thoughts to abase,
And harts ease that can neuer grow with vice.
These are the hearbes that in this garden grew,
Whose vertues to their beauties still renew.

S. I. H.

----She then led vp to the castle wall
That was so hie as foe might not it clime:
And also faire and sensible withall,
Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that Egyptian slime.
Whereof King *Nine* whilom built *Babell* towne,
The frame thereof seemd party circuler,
And part tryangulare, ô worke diuine,
Those two the first and last proportions are,
The one imperfect mortall feminine,
The other immortall, perfect masculine.
And twixt them both, a quadrate was the base,
Proportioned equally by seuen and nine:
Nine was the circle set in heauens place,
All which compacted, made a goodly *Diapaze.*

Ed. Spencer.

Vp to a stately Turret she them led,
Ascending by ten steps of Alablaster wrought.
That Turrets frame most admirable was,
Like highest heauen compassed around:
And lifted hie aboue this earthly masse,
Which it suruewd as hills do lower ground,
But on ground, mote not like to this be found.
Not that which Antique *Camus* whilom built
In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound.
Nor that proud towne of *Troy* though richly guilt,

From

From which young *Herods* blood by cruel Greeks was (spilt,
The roofe thereof was arched ouer head:
And deckt with flowres and arbors daintily,
Two goodly beacons, set in watches stead,
Therein gaue light and flam'd continually:
For they of liuing fier most subtilly
Were made and set in siluer sockets bright:
Couered with lids deuizde of substance,
That readily they shut and open might,
O who can tell the praises of this makers might?

Idem.

Faire roome the presence of sweet Beauties pride,
The place the sunne vpon the earth did hold:
When *Phaethon* his chariot did misguide,
The towne where *Ione* raind downe himselfe in gold,
O if *Elizium* be aboue the ground,
Then here it is where nought but ioy is found.

Th. Nashe.

Loe *Colin* here the place whose pleasant sight
From other shades hath weand my wandring minde:
Tell me what wanteth here to worke delight?
The simple aire, the gentle warbling winde,
So calme, so coole, as no where els I finde:
The grassie ground with daintie daizies dight,
The bramble bush where byrds of euery kinde,
To the waters fall, their tunes attemper right.

Ed. Spencer.

In little time these Ladies found
A groue with euery pleasure crownd:
At whose sweet entry did resound
A ford, that flowred that holy ground,

From thence the sweet breath'd windes conuay
Odours from euery mirtle spray,
And other flowers; to whose aray
A hundred Harpes and Timbrels play
All pleasures study can inuent,
The Dames eares instantly present:
Voyces in all sorts different,
The foure parts and the *Diapent*.

G. Chapman.

----On the other side a pleasant groue
Was shot vp hie, full of the stately tree,
That dedicated is to *Olympicke Ioue*:
And to his sonne *Alcides*, when as he
Gaind in *Nemea* goodly victorie:
Therein the merry byrds of euery sort
Chaunted aloud their chearfull harmonie.
And made amongst themselues a sweet consent,
That quickened the dull sprites with musicall consent.

Ed. Spencer.

Vpon this mount there stood a stately groue,
Whose reaching armes to clip the welkin stroue,
Of tusted Cedars and the braunching Pine,
Whose bushy tops themselues do so intwine,
As seemd when nature first this worke begunne,
She then conspirde against the piercing Sunne.
Vnder whose couert (thus diuinely made)
Phebus greene lawrell flourisht in the shade,
Faire *Venus* mirtle, *Mars* his warlike firthe,
Mineruaes Oliue, and the weeping mirrhe.
The patient Palme which striues in spight of hate,
The Poplar to *Alcides* consecrate.

Which

Which, nature in ſuch order had diſpoſed,
And therewithall their goodly workes encloſed:
As ſeru'd for hangings and rich tapeſtry,
To bewtifie this ſtately gallery.

M. Drayton.

So faire a church as this had *Venus* none,
The walles were of diſcoulered Iaſper ſtone:
Wherein was *Proteus* caru'd, and ouer hed
A liuely vine of green-ſea-aggat ſpred:
Where by one hand light-headed *Bacchus* hung,
And with the other wine from grapes out-wrung
Of chriſtal ſhining faire the pauement was,
The Towne of *Seſtos* call'd it *Venus* glaſſe.
There might you ſee the Gods in ſundry ſhapes,
Committing heddy ryots, inceſts, rapes.
For vnderneath this radiant flower
Was *Danaes* ſtatue in a brazen Tower.
Ioue ſlily ſtealing from his ſiſters bed,
To dally with *Idalian Ganymede.*
And for his loue *Europa* bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the Rain-bow in a cloud.
Blood-quaffing *Mars* hauing the yron net,
With limping *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* ſet.
Loue kindling fier to burne ſuch fiers as *Troy*,
Syluanus weeping for the louely boy,
That now is turned into a Cypreſſe tree,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the wood-gods loue to bee.

Ch. Marlowe.

Not that *Coloſſus* reared vp in *Rhodes*,
Nor hanging gardens houering in the skie:
Nor all the wonderous manſions and abodes

In *Egypt*, *Lemnos*, or in *Italy*.
Either for riches, cunning, or expence,
Might match this Labyrinth for excellence.

D. Lodge.

---Art striuing to compare
With nature, did an arbor greene dispred:
Framed of wanton yuie, flowring faire,
Through which the fragrant Eglantine did spred
His pricking armes entraild with Roses red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw,
And all within with flowers was garnished:
That when mild *Zephirus* amongst them blew,
Did breath out bountious smelles and painted colour (shew.

Ed. Sp.

The Tower of Beautie whence alone did flowe
More heauenly streames then former age had seene.
Taking their current from that learned hill,
Where lodge the brothers of admire and skil,
Amongst the sommer blossomes of their bowes,
A thousand seuerall coloured byrds was set:
Who mou'd (as seem'd) by charitable vowes
Of excellent compassion, euer wet
With honourable teares (for Fates allowes
That sensible from senceless still shall set
Modells of pitie) learne there with melodie
To cheare mens minde foredone with miserie.

I. Markham.

---He leads him to rhe highest mount,
That blood-red billowes like a walled front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry foot through them yode

D.velt

Dwelt fortie dayes vpon; where writ in stone
With bloudy letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doombe of death and balefull mone
He did receiue whiles flashing fire about him shonne.
Or like that sacred hill whose head full hie
Adornd with fruitfull Oliues all around,
Is, as it were for endlesse memorie
Of that deare Lord, who oft thereon was found,
For euer with a flowring garland crownd.
Or like that pleasant mount that is for aye,
Through famous Poets verse each where renownde
On which the thrice three learned Ladies play,
Their heauenly notes, and make full many a louely lay.

Ed. Spencer.

Right in the middest of the paradize
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
A gloomy groue of mirtle trees did rise:
Whose shady bowes sharpe steele did neuer lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop.
But like a girland compassed the height,
And from their fruitfull sides sweet gumme did drop,
That all the ground with precious deaw bedight,
Threw forth most dainty Odors & most sweet delight.
And in the thickest couert of that shade,
There was a pleasant arbor, not by art,
But of the trees owne inclination made.
Which knitting their ranke braunches part to part:
With wand in yuie twine intraild athwart,
And Eglantine and Caprisoile among:
Fashion'd aboue within their inmost part,
That neither *Phœbus* beams could through them throg.

Nor

Nor *Aeolus* sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

Idem.

It was an hill plac't in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse height, that seemd th'earth disdaine:
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter, as in sommer bud,
Spreading pauilions for the birds to bowre,
Within their lower braunches sung aloud,
And in the tops, the soaring haukes did towre,
Sitting like King of fowles in maiestie and power,
And at the foote thereof, a gentle floud
His siluer waues did softly tumble downe,
Vnmard with ragged mosse of filthy mud.
Ne mote wild beasts, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drowne,
But Nymphes and Fairies by the bankes did sit
In the woods shade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noisome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.
And on the toppe thereof a spacious plaine,
Did spread it selfe to serue to all delight,
Either to daunce when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light.
Ne ought there wanted which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale,
So pleasantly the hill with equall height,
Did seeme to ouerlooke the lowly vale.
Therefore it rightly cleped was, Mount *Acidale*.
They say that *Venus* when she did dispose
Her selfe to pleasance, vied to resort

Vnto

Vnto this place, and therein to repose
And rest her selfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the graces there to play and sport.

Ed. Spencer.

It was a chosen plot of fertile land
Amongst the wild waues set like a litle nest,
As if it had by natures cunning hand
Bene choicely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best.
No daintie flower nor hearbe that growes on ground,
No arboret with painted blossomes dreft,
And smelling sweete, but there it might be found
To bud out faire, & her sweet smels throw all around.
No tree whose braunches did not brauely spring,
No braunch wherein a fine bird did not sit,
No bird but did her shrill notes euer sing,
No song but did containe a louely dit.
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs were framed fit,
For to allure fraile minds to careless ease.

Idem.

Groaue.

A sandy Groaue not farre away they spide,
That promisd aid the tempest to withstand,
Whose lofty trees yclad with sommers pride,
Did spread so broade, that heauens light did hide.
Not pierceable with power of any starre,
And all within were pathes and allies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre.

Ed. Spencer.

The

The porch was all of Porphyrie and Tutch,
In which the sumptuous building raised was:
With Images, that seem'd to moue, see, touch.
Some hewd in stone, some caru'd in round cut brasse.
Also within the beauty was as much,
Vnder a stately arch they strait did passe
Vnto a court that good proportion bare,
And was each way one hundred cubits square.
Each of these sides a porch had passing faire,
That with an arch is into colours placed:
Of equall sise they seemed euery paire,
Yet sundry workes with them they better graced.
At each of these a wide large easie staire,
Without the which all buildings are defaced.
And those same staires so lately mounting, led
Each to a chamber richly furnished.
The colours hie, the chaplets gilt with gold,
The cornishes inricht with things of cost:
The marbles fet from farre, and dearly sold,
By cunning workemen carued and emboss't
With Images and Antiques new and old.
Though now the night thereof concealed most,
Shew that that worke so rich beyond all measure,
Could scant be builded with a Princes treasure.
But nothing did so much the sight inrich,
As did the plenteous fountaine that did stand
Iust placed in the middle, vnder which
The Pages spred a Table out of hand,
And brought forth napery rich, and plate more rich:
And meats the choysest of the sea or land.
For though the house had stately roomes full many,
Yet

Yet in the sommer this was best of any,
This fountaine was by curious workemen brought
To answere to the rest with double square,
Eight female statues of white marble wrought,
With their left hands an azure skie vpbare,
With raining still expelled heate and drought
From all that vnder it or neare it are.
In these right hands was *Amalthras* horne,
By euery one of those eight statues borne.
Each of those statues rested both their feete,
Vpon two Images of men belowe,
That seemd delighted with the noise so sweete,
That from the water came that there did flowe,
Also they seemd the Ladies lowly greete,
As though they did their names and vertues knowe.
In all their hands they held long scrowles of writings,
Of their owne pennings, and their owne endightings:
And in faire golden letters were their names,
Both of the women wrought and of the men.
The women were eight chaste and sober dames
That now do liue, but were vnborne as then,
The men were Poets, that their worthy fames
In time to come, should praise with learned pen.
These Images bare vp a brazen tressell,
On which there stood a large white marble vessell:
This tooke the water from that Azure skie,
From whence with turning of some cocke or vice,
Great store of water would mount vp en hie,
And wet all that same court euen in a trice.

S. I. Harrington.

When

--- When many a weary ſtep
Had brought vs to the top of yonder mount,
Milde *Zephirus* embrac'd vs in his armes,
And in a cloude of ſweete and rich perfumes,
Caſt vs into the lap of that greene meade,
Whoſe boſome ſtucke with purple Violets,
Halfe budded Lillies, and yoong Musk-roſe trees,
About whoſe waſte the amorous woodbine twines,
Whilſt they ſeeme maidens in a louers armes,
There on the curled forehead of a banke,
That ſweld with camomill, ouer whoſe bewtie
A wanton Hyacinth held downe his head,
And by the winds helpe oft ſtole man a kiſſe.
He ſate vs downe, and thus we did ariue.

Th. Dekkar.

Deſcription of Seas, VVaters, Riuers, &c.

The fertile *Nile* which creatures new doth foame,
Long *Rhodanus* whoſe ſourſe ſprings from the skie,
Faire *Iſter* flowing from the mountaines hie,
Diuine *Scamander* purpled yet with blood
Of Greekes and Troians which therein did lie:
Pactolus gliſtering with his golden flood,
And *Tigris* fierce, whoſe ſtreames of none may be (withſtood.

Ed. Spencer.

Great *Ganges* and immortall *Euphrates*,
Deepe *Indus*, and *Meander* intricate,
Slowe *Peneus* and tempeſtuous *Phaſides*,
Swift *Rhene*, and *Alpheus* ſtill immaculate,
Oraxes feared for great *Cyrus* fate,
Tibris renowned for the Romains name. *Idem.*

The

The *Gyanus* streame (who for his siluer flood,
Esteemd a King) ran now with humane blood.

Th. Hudson.

— Beside their trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring waue did play
Amongst the pumy stones and made a sound
To lull himselfe a sleepe that by it lay.
The wearie traueller wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thirstie heate,
And then by it his wearie limmes display,
Whiles creeping slumber made him to forget
His former paine, and wipe away his toylsome sweate.

Ed. Spencer.

Faire *Danubie* is praisd for being wide,
Nylus commended for his seuenfold head,
Euphrates for the swiftnesse of the tide,
And for the garden whence his course is lead,
The bankes of *Rhene* with wines are ouerspread:
Take *Loyre* and *Po*, yet all may not compare
With English *Thamesis* for building rare.

Th. Storer.

Great *Nylus* land where raine doth neuer fall.

Th. Hudson.

Anon he stalketh with an easie stride,
By some cleare Riuers lillie paued side,
Whose sands pure gold, whose pibbles precious gems,
And liquid siluer all the curling streams:
Whose chiding murmure mazing in and out,
With Christall cesterns, moates a meade about.
And th'artlesse bridges ouerthwart this torrent,
Are Rocks selfe-arched by the eating current.

Or louing palmes, whose lustie females willing,
Their marrow-boiling loues to be fulfilling,
And reach their husband trees on th'other bankes,
Bow their stiffe necks, and serue for passing plankes.

I. Sylvester.

Description of Seas, waters, Riuers, &c.

I walkt along a streame for purenesse rare,
Brighter then sun-shine, for it did acquaint
The dullest sight with all the glorious pray,
That in the pibble paued chanell lay.
No molten Christall, but a Richer mine,
Euen natures rarest alchumie ran there,
Diamonds resolud, and substance more diuine,
Through whose bright gliding current might appeare
A thousand naked Nymphes, whose yuorie shine,
Enameling the bankes, made them more deare
Then euer was that glorious *Pallas* gate,
Where the day-shining sunne in triumph sate.
Vpon this brim the Eglantine and Rose,
The Tamoriscke, Oliue, and the Almond tree,
As kind companions in one vnion growes,
Folding their twindring armes as oft we see,
Turtle-taught louers either other close,
Lending to dulnesse, feeling Sympathie.
And as a costly vallance ore a bed,
So did their garland tops the brooke orespred:
Their leaues that differed both in shape and showe,
(Though all were greene) yet difference such in greene

Like

Like to the checkered bent of *Iris* bowe,
Pride the running maine as it had beene.

Ch. Marlowe.

---In that meade proud making grasse,
A Riuer like to liquid glasse,
Did with such soundfull murmure passe,
That with the same it wanton was.
Hard by this brooke a Pine had seat,
With goodly furniture compleat:
To make the place in state more great,
And lesning the the inflaming heat,
Which was with leaues so bewtified,
And spred his breft so thicke and wide,
That all the Sunnes estraunged pride,
Sustaind repulse on euery side.

G. Chapman.

The well of life, to life can dead restore,
And gilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away:
Those that with sicknes were infected sore,
It could recure, and ages long decay
Renew, as it were borne that very day,
Both *Silo* this and *Iordan* did excell,
And the English Bath, and eke the Germaine *Spanis*,
Ne can *Cephise* nor *Hebrus* match this well.

Ed. Spencer.

Rich *Oranochie* though but knowne of late,
And that huge Riuer which doth beare his name
Of warlike *Amazons*, which do possesse the same.

Idem.

---With the murmuring cadence of the waue,
Which made a prettie wrangling as it went:

Chiding the bankes which no more limit gaue,
There ioynd their wel-tuned throats, with such consent,
That euen mad griefe at sight thereof grew graue,
And as inchanted, staid from languishment.
Prouing, then their delight was neuer greater,
And griefe how much the more, so much the better.

I. Markham.

----Laid at ease a cubit from the ground,
Vpon a Iasper fringd with Iuie round.
Purfled with waues, thick thrumbd with mossie rushes,
He falls a sleep fast by a silent riuer, (rushing,
Whose captiue streames through crooked pipes still
Make sweeter musicke with their gentle gushing.
Then now at *Tiuoli*, th' *Hydrantike* brawle,
Of rich *Ferraras* stately Cardinall,
Or *Ctesibes* rare engines, framed there
Whereas they made of *Ibis*, *Iupiter*.

I. Sylueſter.

Proper Epithites and Adiuncts to diuers things.

Of Trees, and Hearbes.

The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The Vine-prop Elme, the Poplar neuer drie,
The builder Oake, sole king of Forrests all,
The Aspine good for staues, the Cypresse funerall.
The Lawrell meed of mighty conquerours,
And Poets sage, the Firrhe that weepeth stil,
The Willow worne of forlorne paramours,
The Eughe obedient to the benders wil,
The Birch for shafts, the Sallow for the mil.

The

The Mirrhe sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing il.
The fruitfull Olive, and the Platane round,
The carued Holme, the Maple seldom inward sound.

Ed. Spencer.

Downe came the sacred Palmes, the Ashes wilde,
The funerall Cypresse, Holly euer greene:
The weeping Firre, thick Beech, and sayling Pine;
The maried Elme fell with his fruitful Vine.
The shooter Eughe, the broad leau'd Sycamore,
The barraine Plataine, and the Walnut sound.
The Mirrhe that her fowle sin doth stil deplore:
The Alder owner of all watrish ground,
Sweet Iuniper whose shadow hurteth sore,
Proud Cedar, Oake, the king of Forrests crowned.

Ed. Fairfax. Transl.

Behold fond Boy this Rozen weeping Pine,
This mournful Larix, dropping Turpentine.
This mounting Teda, thus with tempests torne;
With Inkie teares continually to mourne.

M. Drayton.

Alcides speckled Poplar tree,
The Palmes that Monarchs do obtaine,
With loue-iuice staind the Mulbery,
The fruite that deawes the Poets braine.
And Phillis Philbert there away,
Comparde with Mirtle and the Bay.
The tree that Coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatning the skie,
And for the bed of loue forlorne.

The black and dolful Ebonie.
All in a circle compact are,
Like to an Amphitheater.

Math. Roydon.

The *Spartane* Mirtle whence sweet gums do flow,
The purple Hyacinth and fresh Costmary,
And Saffron sought, for in *Cicilian* soile,
Lawrel, the ornament of *Phabus* toile.
Fresh *Rododaphne* and the *Sabine* flowre,
Matching the wealth of the auncient Frankensence:
And pallid Ivie building his owne bowre,
And Boxe yet mindfull of his old offence:
Red *Amaranthus* luckless paramour:
Oxeye still greene and bitter patience.
Ne wants there pale *Narcisse*, that in a well
Seeing his beautie, in loue with it fell.

Ed. Spencer.

Mirtle's due to Venus, greene Lawrell due to Apollo,
Corn to the lady Ceres, ripe grapes to the yõg mery Bacchus.
Poplar to Alcides, and Oliues vnto Minerua.
Gentle Amarãthus thou fairest floure of a thousand, (ding,
Shalt be loues floure hẽceforth, though thou cam'st frõ a bleeding.
Yet blood shalt thou stanch, this gift will I giue thee for euer.

Abr. Fraunce.

Dead-sleeping Poppy and black Hellebore,
Cold Coloquintida, and Tetra mad,
Mortall Samnites and Cicuta bad,
With which th'vniust Athenians made to die,
Wise *Socrates* who thereof quaffing glad,
Powr'd out his life and last Philosophie.

To

To the faire *Crissa* his dearest *Belamye*.

Ed. Spencer.

The wholesome Sage, and Lauender still gray,
Ranke-smelling Rue, and Comin good for eies:
The Roses raigning in the pride of May,
Sharpe Isope good for greene wounds remedies.
Faire Marygolds and Bees alluring Thime,
Sweet Marioram and Daizies decking prime.
Coole Violets and Orpin growing still,
Embathed Balme, and chearfull Galingale,
Fresh Costmary, and breathfull Camomill,
Dull Poppey, and drinke-quickning Setuale,
Veine-healing Vertin, and head-purging Dill,
Sound Sauory, and Bazill hart-hale.
Fat Colworts, and comforting Perseline,
Cold Lettuce, and refreshing Rosmarine.

Idem.

A soft enflowred banke imbrac'd the fount
Of *Chloris* ensignes, an abstracted field:
Where grew Melanthy, great in Bees account,
Amarcus that precious balme doth yeeld.
Enameld Pansies, vsde at nuptiall still,
Dianaes arrow, *Cupids* crimson sheeld:
Ope-morne, Night-shade, and *Venus* Nauill.
Sollem Violets hanging heads as shamed,
And Verdant Calaminth for Odour famed.
Sacred Nepenthe purgatiue of care,
And soueraigne Ruberb that doth rancor kill.
Sis and Hyacinth that Furies weare,
White and red Iesslammes, merry Melliphill,
Faire crowne, imperiall emperour of flowres,

Immortall *Amaranth*, white Aphrodil.
And cuplike twill pants strewd in *Bacchus* bowres.

G. Chapman.

The Marigold *Phebus* beloued friend,
The *Moly* which from sorcery doth defend.

M. Dray.

Of Beasts.

The spotted Panther, and the tusked Boare,
The Pardale swift, and the Tygre cruell,
The Antelope and Woolfe, both fierce and fell.

Ed. Spencer.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lyon king, the Elephant:
The mayden Vnicorne was there,
So was *Acteons* horned plant.

M. Roydon.

Riuers.

The fertile *Nile*, which creatures new doth frame,
Long *Rhodams*, whose sourse springs from the skie,
Faire *Ister*, flowing from the mountaines hie.
Diuine *Scamander*, purpled yet with blond
Of Greeks and Troians, which therein did lie,
Pactolus glistering with his golden floud,
And *Tigris* fierce, whose streams of none may be with-
Ed. Spencer. (stood.
Great *Ganges*, and immortal *Euphrates*,
Deepe *Indus*, and *Meander* intricate:

Slowe

Slowe *Peneus*, and tempestuous *Phasides*,
Swift *Rhene*, and *Alpheus* stil immaculate,
Oraxes feared for great *Cyrus* fate,
Tibris renowmed for the Romane fame.

Idem.

Fishes.

Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and sea-shouldring Whales,
Great Whirpooles which all Fishes make to flie:
Bright *Scholopendraes*, arm'd with silver scales,
Mightie *Monocerts*, with immeasured tailes:
The dreadfull Fish that doth deserue the name
Of death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hue,
The grisly wasserman that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnesse to pursue,
The horrible sea-*Satyre*, that doth shewe
His fearful face in time of greatest storme
Huge *Zissius* whom mariners do eschewe,
No lesse then rockes (as trauailers informe)
And greedy Rosmarines with visages deforme.

Ed. Sp.

Is the braue Normans courage now forgot?
Or the bold Britons lost the vse of shot?
The big bon'd Almains and stout Brabanters?
Or do the Piccards let the Crosbowes lie?
Once like the *Centaurs* of old *Thessaly*.

M. Dray.

Of Birdes.

The skie-bred Eagle royall bird,
Percht there vpon an Oake aboue:

The Turtle by him neuer stird.
Example of immortall loue.
The Swan that sings, about to die,
Leauing *Meander* flood thereby.

M. Roydon.

The ill fac'te Owle deaths dreadfull messenger,
The hoarse night Rauen, trompe of dolful dreere,
The lether winged Bat, dayes enemie,
The ruful Strich stil wayting on the beere,
The Whistler shrill, that who so heares doth die,
The hellish Harpies prophets of sad destenie.

Ed. Spencer.

The red-shanke Oreads coucht with no remorse,
The light-foote Irish which with darts make warre,
Th'rancke ridin'd Scot his swift running horse,
The English Archer of a Lyons force,
The valiant Norman all his troopes among,
In bloody conquest tryed in armes traind long.

M. Drayton.

Of Hounds.

---Grimme *Melampus* with the *Ethiops* feete,
White *Leucon*, and all-eating *Pamphagos*,
Sharp-sighted *Dorceus*, wild *Oribasus*,
Storme-breathing *Lelaps*, and the sauage *Theron*,
Wing-footed *Pteretas*, and hind-like *Ladon*,
Greedy *Harpia*, and the painted *Stycte*,
Fierce *Tygris*, and the thicket searcher *Agre*,
The blacke *Melaneus*, and the brisled *Lachne*,
Leane-lustfull *Cyprius*, and big chested *Aloe*.

G. Chapman.

---Repen-

—Repentance sad,
Praier sweete charming, fasting, hairy clad.

I. Syl.

—In one consort there sate
Cruell reuenge, and rancorous despight,
Disloyall treason, and heart-burning hate,
But gnawing Iealouzie out of their sighe
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite,
And trembling feare still too and fro did flie,
And found no place where safe he shrowd him might.
Lamenting sorrowe did in darkenelle lie,
And shame his vgly face did hide from liuing eie.

Ed. Sp.

Fresh *Hyacinthus Phœbus* paramoure,
Foolish *Narcisse* that likes the wanie shore,
Sad *Amarianthus* made a flowre of late.

Idem.

Nimphs.

The wooddy Nymphs faire Hamadryades
And all the troupes of lightfoot Naides.

Ed. Sp.

Satires.

The Fawnes and Satires from the tufted brakes
Their brisly armes wreathd all about with snakes,
Their horned heads with woodbine chaplets crowned
With Cypresse Lauelings, and about their thies,
The flaggy haire disordered loosely flies.

M. Drayton.

Fresh shadowes fit to shrowd from sunny ray,
Faire fawnes to take the sunne in season due,

Sweete

Sweet springs in which a thousand bubbles play.
Soft rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew.
High reared mounts, the lands about to vew.
Low looking dales, disioynd from common game,
Delightful bowres, to solace louers true,
False Labyrinths, fond runners eyes to daze,
All which by nature made, did natures selfe amaze.

Ed. Spencer.

* Behind *Cupid* were reproach, repentance, shame,
Reproach the first, shame next, repent behinde:
Repentance feeble, sorrowfull and lame.
Reproach despightfull, carelesse and vnkinde,
Shame most il-fauoured, bestiall and blinde.
Shame lowrd, repentance sighed, reproach did scold:
Reproach sharpe, repentance whips entwinde,
Shame burning Taper in her hand did hold,
All three to each vnlike, yet all made in one mould.

Idem.

* ----Stearne strife and anger stout,
Vnquiet care, and sad vnthriftie head:
Lewd losse of time, and sorrow being dead,
Inconstant change, and false disloyaltie,
Consuming riotize and guiltie dread
Of heauenly vengeance, faint Infirmitie,
Vile pouertie, and lastly death with Infamie.

Idem.

* His angry steed did chide his frowning bitte.

Idem.

Rich

Rich *Oranochye*, though but knowne of late,
And that huge Riuer which doth beare his name
Of warlike *Amazons*, which do possesse the same.

Ed. Spencer.

Hearbes.

The sable *Henbane*, *Morrell* making mad,
Cold poysoning Poppey, itching, drowsie, sad.
The stifning *Carpese*, th'eyes-foe Hemlock stinking,
Limb-numming, belching: and the sinew shrinking,
Dead-laughing *Apium*, weeping *Aconite*,
(Which in our vulgar deadly Wolfes-Bane hight)
The dropsie-breeding, sorrow-bringing *Psyllie*,
(Here called Fleawurt) *Colchis* banefull Lillie.
(With vs wild-Saffran) blistering, biting fell,
Hot *Napell*, making lips and toong to swell:
Blood-boyling Yew, and costiue Misseltoe,
With yce-cold Mandrake.

I. Sylueister.

* --Through crooked woods he wandreth,
Round-winding rings, and intricate *Meanders*,
False guiding pathes, doubtful beguiling straies,
And right strong errors of an endlesse maze.

Idem.

* There springs the shrub tree foote aboue the grasse,
Which feares the keene edge of the Curtelace:

What

Whereof the rich Egiptian so endeares,
Roote, barke, and fruite, and yet much more the teares.
There liues the sea-bake in a litle shell,
There growes vntild the ruddy *Cochenell*,
And there the *Chermez*, which on each side armes
With pointed prickles all his precious armes,
Rich trees and fruitfull in these wormes of price,
Which pressed, yeeld a crimson coloured iuice,
When thousand lambs are died so deepe in graine,
That their owne mothers know them not againe,
There mounts the *Melt* which serues in *Mexico*,
For weapon, wood, needle and thread to sowe,
Bricke, honey, sugar, sucket, balme, and wine,
Parchment, perfume, apparell, cord, and line,
His wood for fier, his harder leaues are fit,
For thousand vses of inuentiue wit.

I. Sylvester.

The pedant minister, and seruing clarke,
The tenpound base, frize ierkin hireling,
The farmers chaplaine, with his quarter warke,
The twentie-noble Curate and the thing
Call'd *Elder*, all these needs will bring
All reuerend titles into deadly hate
Their godly calling, and their hie estate.

Th. Storer.

Of Trees.

The shady Groaues of noble palme-tree spraies,
Of amorous mirtles and immortall baies,

Neuer

Neuer vnlearn'd; but euermore there new,
Selfe-arching armes in thousand arbours grew.
I. Sylueſter.

Riuers.

Swift *Gaylon*, *Phyton* and rich *Tigris* tide,
And that faire ſtreame whoſe ſiluer waues do kis,
The Monarch towers of proud *Semyramis*.
Euprates. *Idem.*

Of Homer.

Sweete numbred *Homer*.
I. Syl.

Heartſtealing *Homer*, marrow of the Muſes,
Chiefe grace of *Greece*, beſt pearle of Poetrie,
Drowner of ſoules, with arts orewhelming ſluces,
Embelliſhed with *Phœbes* lunarie,
Deckt with the graces rich imbroderie.
Sweete honey-ſuckle, whence all Poets ſprights,
Sucke the ſweete honey of diuine delights.
C. Fitz-Ieffrey.

Of S. P. S.

Hector tongu'd *Sydney*, Englands Mars and Muſe.
Idem.

VVindes.

—— O heauens freſh fannes quoth hee,
Earths ſweeping broomes, of forreſts enemie:

O you

O you my Herauldsand my messengers,
My nimble posts and speedy messengers,
My armes, my sinewes, and my Eagles swift,
That through the aire my rolling chariot lift.

I. Sylvester.

The *Aeolian* crowde.

Idem.

* O sacred Olive, firstling of the fruites,
Health-boading-braunch.

Idem.

* The proud horse, the rough-skind Elephant,
The lustie bull, the Camell water want.

Idem.

* --- Let the pearly morne
The radiant Moone, and rhumie euening see
Thy necke still yoaked with captiuitie.

Idem.

* There natures story, till th'heauen shaker dread,
In his iust wrath, the flaming sword had set,
The passage into Paradice to let.

I. Sylvester.

Of the infernall floud.

--- He summond vp
With thundring call the damned crew, that sup
Of sulphurie Styx, and fiery *Phlegeton*,
Bloudie *Cocytus*, muddy *Acheron*.

I. Sylvester.

* The sunne the seasons stinter.

Idem.

Of

Of language before confusion.

--- Ah that language sweete
Sure bond of Cities friendships masticke sweete,
Strong curbe of anger yerst vnited, now
In thousand drie brookes straies, I wot not how:
That rare rich gold, that charme griefe, fancie mouer,
That calm-rage, harts theefe, quel-pride coniure-louer,
That purest coine then currant in each coast
Now mingled, hath sound, waight, and colour lost.
Tis counterfeit, and ouer euery shoare,
The confusd fall of *Babell* yet doth roare.

Idem.

--- Then all spake the speech
Of God himselfe, th'old sacred *Idiome* rich,
Right perfect language, wher's no point not signe,
But hides some rare deepe misterie behind.

Idem.

Of Scaliger.

--- *Scaliger* our ages wonder,
The learned's sunne, who eloquently can
Speake Hebrew, Greeke, French, Latine, Nubian,
Dutch, Tuscan, Spanish, English, Arabicke,
The Sirian, Persian, and the Caldaike.
O rich quicke spirit; O wits Chamelion,
Which any authors colour can put on.
Great *Iulius* fame, and *Silnius* worthy brother,
Th'immortall grace of *Gascony*, their mother.

Idem.

Wing-

Wing-footed *Hermes*, purseuant of *Ioue*.

Idem.

Of the Hebrew tongue.

---- All haile thou sempiternall spring
Of spirituall pictures, speech of heauens hie King,
Mother and mistresse of all the tongues the prime,
Which pure hast past such vast deepe gulphs of time,
Which hast no word but waies, whose elements
Flowe with hid sense, thy points with sacraments.
O sacred Dialect, in thee the names
Of men, townes, countries, register their fames
In briefe abridgements: and the names of birds,
Of water guests, and forrest haunting heards,
Are open brookes, where euery man might read.

Miscellanea.

Of the Graces. * *Acidale.*

---- The Graces daughters of delight,
Handmaides of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt
* Vpon this hill, and daunce there day and night,
Those three to men all gifts of graces graunt,
And all that *Venus* in her selfe doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them.

Ed. Sp.

They are the daughters of skie-ruling *Ioue*,
By him begot of faire *Eurynome*,
The Oceans daughter in this pleasant Groue,
As he this way comming from feastfull glee

Of

Of *Thetis* wedding with *Aeacides*.
In sonnets shade himselfe here rested weary.
The first of them hight mild *Euphrosyne*,
Next faire *Aglaia*, last *Thalia* merry,
Sweet goddesses all three, which men in mirth do cherry
Therfore they alwaies smoothly seemd to smile,
That we likewise should mild and gentle bee,
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,
Simple and true, from couert malice free:
And eke themselues so in their dance they bore,
That two of them stil forward seemd to bee,
But one stil forwards shou'd her selfe afore,
That good should from vs go, then come in greater (store.

Idem.

Simoniake and vnlearned Ministers.

Such men are like our curtaines at their best,
To make vs sleepe, or hinder vs from light:
Troublers of nature, children of the West,
Haters of sence, adopted sonnes of night,
In whom the wise both sorrow and delight:
Yet were there not such *Vegetalls* the while,
What had the wiser sort whereat to smile?

Th. Storer.

Renowmed *Picus* of *Mirandula*,
Hated the substance of a Clergy man
That was vnlettered, and made a lawe,
An ignorant which neuer had began

To seeke, or after seeking never scan
Some part of Heauenwhat that might wisedome bring,
Should be accounted but a liuing thing.

Idem.

The noble *Tichobraghe* for whose deare sake
All *Denmarke* is in admirations loue:
In deepe regard such difference doth make
Betweene those men whose spirits soare aboue,
And those base ellens which only mone.
That in his Ile *Horizon* he admits
No cloudy Meteors of such foggy wits.

Idem.

Of Beasts.

The multitude to *Ioue* a sute imparts,
With neighing, blaying, braying, and barking,
Roring and howling, for to haue a king.
A king in language diuers they said they would,
(For then their language was a perfect speech)
The Byrds likewise which chirpes and puing could,
Cackling and chattering, that of *Ioue* beseech,
Only the Owle still warnd them not to seech.
So hastily, that, which they would repent,
But saw they would, and he to desarts went.
Ioue wisely said (for wisedome wisely saies)
O Beasts take heed what you of me desire,
Rulers will thinke all things made them to please,
And soone forget the swinke due to their hire,

But since you will part of my heauenly fire,
I will you lend, the rest your selues must giue,
That it both seene and felt may with you liue.
Full glad they were, and tooke the naked spritc
Which strait the earth ycloathed in his clay:
The Lyon hart; the Ownce gaue actiue might,
The Horse good shape; the Sparrow lust to play,
Nightingale voyce, entising songs to say.
Elephant gaue a perfect memory,
And Parrot ready toong that to apply.
The Foxe gaue craft; the Dogge gaue flattery,
Asse patience; the Mole a working thought:
Eagle high thought, Wolfe secret crueltie,
Monky sweet breath; the Cow her faire eyes brought
The Ermion whitest skin, spotted with nought.
The Sheepe mild seeming face, chiming the Beare,
The Stag did giue the harme-eschuing feare.
The Hare her sleights, the Cat his melancholy,
Ant industry, and Conny skill to build:
Cranes order, Storkes to be appearing holy.
Camelion ease to chaunge, Ducke ease to yeeld,
Crocodile teates, which might be falsly spild:
Ape greeting gaue, though he did mowing stand,
The instrument of instruments the hand.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Preparations for defence.

Some built the breaches of their broken towne,
That heauen and *Panimire* had broken downe.
Some other found a Cautell gainst the Ramme,

To saue the wall vnbroken where it came.
Thus *Iacobs* rownes on all sides had their flankes
With *Gabions* strong, with bulwarkes and with bankes.
Some others busie went and came in routs,
To Terrace Towers, some vnder baskets louts.
Some others also wanting time and might
To strength their Townes, yet vsed all kind of slight
To dig vp ditches deepe for Cesternes good,
To draw to them the best and nearest flood.

Th. Hudson.

* ---The hidden loue that now adayes doth hold,
The steele and load-stone, *Hydrargire* and gold.
The Amber and straw, that lodgeth in one shell,
Pearle-fish and Sharpling: and vnites so well
Sargons and Goates, the Spetage and the Rose,
Th'Elme and the Vine, th'Olive and Mirtle bush
Is but a sparke or shadow of that loue,
Which at the first in euery thing did moue.
When as the earths Muses with harmonious sound,
To heauens sweet musicke humbly did resound.
But *Adam* being chiefe of all the strings
Of this large Lute, ore-retched, quickly brings
All out of tune: and now for melody
Of warbling charmes, it yells so hideously
That it affrights fell *Enynon*, who turmoiles
To raise againe th'old *Chaos* anticke broiles.

I. Syl.

* ----Holy *Nectar* that in heauenly bowers
Eternally selfe-powring *Hebe* powers.
Or blest *Ambrosia*, Gods immortal fare.

Idem.

O who

* O who shall show the countenance and gestures
Of mercy and iustice? which faire sacred sisters
With equal poize do euer ballance euen,
Th'vnchanging proiects of the king of heauen,
Th'one sterne of looke, the other mild aspecting,
Th'one pleasd with teares, th'other blood affecting.
Th'one beares the sword of vengeance vnrelenting,
Th'other kings pardon, for the true repenting.
The one earths *Eden*, *Adam* did dismisse,
Th'other hath raisde him to a higher blisse.

Idem.

* Day hath his golden Sun, her Moone the night,
Her fixt and wandring starres, the azure skie:
So framed all by their Creators might,
That stil they liue and shine, and nere shall die.
Till in a moment with the last dayes brand
They burne, and with them, burne earth, sea and land.

Ed. Fairfax.

----The Wolfe the trembling sheepe pursues,
The crowing Cocke the Lyon stout eschues.
The Pullaine hide them from the Puttocks flight,
The Masties mute at the *Hyenas* sight.
Yea, who would thinke of this fel enmities?
Rage in the senceleſſe trunks of plants and trees.
The Vine, the Cole, the Colewort Sow bread dreeds,
The Fearne abhorres the hollow wauing Reeds.
The Oliue and the Oake participate,
Euen to their earth, signes of their auncient hate.
Which suffers not (ô date lesse discord) th'one
Liue in that ground, where th'other first hath growne.

I. Syl.

So at the sound of Wolfe-drums ratling thunder,
Th'affrighted sheep-skin drum doth rent in sunder.
So that fell monsters twisted entraile cuts,
By secret power the poore Lambes twined guts,
Which after death in stead of bleating mute,
Are taught to speake vpon an Iuory Lute.
And so the princely Eagles rauening plumes,
The feathers of all other fowle consumes.

Idem.

* ---There the tree from of whose trembling top,
Both swimming Shoales and flying troupes do drop.
I meane the tree now in *Iuturna* growing,
Whose leaues dispearst by *Zephyrs* wanton blowing,
Are metamorphos'd both in forme and matter,
On land to fowles, to fishes on the water.

Idem.

* ---The Partrich new hatched beares
On her weake backe, her parents house, and weares
In stead of wings, a beuer rupple downe
Followes her damme, through furrows vp and downe.

Idem.

* ---We see the new falne silly Lambe
Yet staind with blood of his distressed dammes,
Knowes well the Wolfe, at whose fell sight he shakes,
And right the teare of th'vnknowne Eawe he takes.

Idem.

Furies.

Alecto, sad *Megera*, and *Thesiphon*,
The nights blacke saunghters grim-fac'd Furies sad,

Sterne

Sterne *Pluteos* posts.

I. Sylvester.

Nepenthe.

Nepenthe is a drinke of soueraigne grace,
Deuised of the Gods for to allage
Hearts griefe, and bitter gall away to chase,
Which stirre vp anguish and contentious rage,
In stead thereof, sweete peace and quiet age,
It doth establish in the troubled minde
Fewe men but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the Gods to drinke thereof assignde,
But such as drinke, eternall happinesse do finde.

Ed. Sp.

Nepenthe enemie to sadnesse,
Repelling sorrowes, and repeating gladnesse.
Elixer that excells,
Saue men or angells, euery creature ells.

I. Syl.

Of Eccho.

Th'aires daughter *Eccho* haunting woods among,
A blab that will not (cannot keepe her tongue)
Who neuer askes, but euer answeres all,
Who lets not any her in vaine to call.

Idem.

Of the Marigold.

The Marigold so likes the louely Sunne,
That when he sets, she other hides her face;

And when he gins his morning course to runne,
She spreads abroad, and shewes her greatest grace.

T. Watson.

Of the Eagle.

No bird but *Ioues* can looke against the sunne.

Idem.

--- Enuies bird must say when all is donne,
No bird but one is sacred to the sunne.

Idem.

Hercules Labours.

Beast, Snake, Bore, Stag, Birds, Belt, Plankes, Bull,
Theefe, Fruite, Dog *Diomede*,
Choakt, scard, pauncht, cought, pierst, prizd,
Washt, throwen, slaine, puld, chaind, horsed.

W. Warner.

Nylus.

Great *Nilus* land, where raine doth neuer fall.

T. Hudson.

There quakes the plant, which in *Pudefetam*
Is call'd the shamefac't, for asham'd of man,
If toward it one do approach too much,
It shrinkes the boughes, to shun our hatefull touch,
As if it had a soule, a sense, and sight,
Subiect to shame, feare, sorow and despight.

I. Sylvester.

Of Acheron.

Rude *Acheron*, a loathsome lake to hell,
That boiles and bubs vp swelth as blacke as hell.

Where

Where grisly *Charon* at their fixed tide
Still ferries ghosts vnto the farther side.

M. Sackvile.

Echidna.

Echidna is a monster direfull dread,
Whom Gods do hate and heauens abhorre to see:
So hidious is her shape, so huge her head,
That euen the hellish fiends affrighted bee
At sight thereof, and from her presence flie.
Yet did her faire and former parts professe,
A faire young maiden, full of comely glee:
But all her binder parts did plaine expresse,
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull vglinesse.

Ed. Spencer.

4. *Cardinall vertues.*

Andronica that wisely sees before,
And *Phronesis* the Iudge, and chaste *Drusilla*,
And she that boldly fights for vertues lore,
Descending from the Romine race *Camilla*.

S. I. Harrington.

Of the Eagle.

The Cedar-building Eagle beares the winde,
And not the Falchon, though both Haukes by kinde.
That Kingly bird doth from the clouds command
The fearefull fowle that moues but nere the land.

M. Dray. *Phenix.*

Phœnix.

----The bird of fame
That still renewes it selfe and neuer dies,
And onely one in all the world there flies.

S. I. Harrington.

* Of all chast birds the Phœnix doth excell,
Of all strong beasts the Lyon beares the bell:
Of all sweete flowers, the Rose doth sweetest smell.
Of all pure mettalls gold is onely purest,
Of all the trees the Pine hath highest crest.
Of all proud birds the Eagle pleaseth *Ioue*,
Of pretie fowles kind *Venus* likes the Doue,
Of trees *Minerua* doth the Oline moue.

T. Lodge.

* Who holdeth league with *Neptune* and the winde?

S. Dan.

The Phœnix gazeth on the sunnes bright beames,
The Echinæus swims against the streames.

R. Greene.

Impossibilities.

He that the number of the leaues could cast,
That in Nouember falles by winters blast:
He that could tell the drops of raine and sleete,
That *Hyad, Orion, or Pleyiades* weete.
Sheds on the ground that man might onely tell,
What teares from *Iuditha* eies incessant fell.

Th. Hudson.

----Like

— Like *Geruine* who forgate
His Proper name; or like *George Trapezance*,
Learned in youth, and in his age a dunce. *I. Syl.*
The firmament shall retrograde his course,
Swift *Euphrates* go hide him in his sourse:
Firme mountains skip like lambes beneath the deepe,
Eagles shall dive, whales in the aire shall keepe.
Ere I presume with fingers end to touch,
Much lesse with lippes the fruite forbid too much.

I. Sylvester.

Flie from thy channell, Thames forsake thy streames,
Leaue the Adamant Iron, *Phœbus* lay thy beames.
Cease heauenly spheres, at last your watrie warke
Betray your charge, returne to *Chaos* darke.
At least some ruthlesse *Tigre* hang her whelpe,
My *Catisbye* so with some excuse to helpe. *M. M.*

Ceston.

That girdle gaue the vertue of chast loue,
And wiuehood true to all that did it beare:
But whosoeuer contrary doth proue,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose or else asunder teare,
Whilom it was (as Faieries wont report)
Dame *Venus* girdle by her esteemd deare
What time she vsde to liue in wiuely sort,
But laid aside when so she vsde her sport.
Her husband *Vulcan* whilome for her sake,
When first he loued her with heart intire,
This precious ornament they say did make.
And wrought in *Lemnos* with vnquenched fire,
And afterward did for her first loues hire,

Giue

Gaue it to her for euer to remaine,
Therewith to bind lascinious desire,
And loose affections straightly to restraine,
Which vertue it for euer did retaine.
This goodly Belt, was *Cestus* call'd by name.

Ed. Spencer.

* The noble Lyon neuer slaies the least,
But alwaies praies vpon some worthy beast.
The thunder throwes his sulphured shafts adowne,
On *Atlas* high, or cold *Riphens* crowne.
The tempest fell more feruently doth fall
On houses high, then on the homely hall.

Th. Hudson.

*Saturn *taught* men vntaught before, to eare the lusty land,
And how to pierce the pathlesse aire with shafts from bowmans hand.
God Dis did quaile to see his gold so fast conuaid from hell,
And fishes quakt, when men in ships amidst their flouds did dwell.

VV. VVarner.

Twelue foule faults.

A wise man liuing like a drone, an old man not deuout,
Youth disobedient, rich men that are charitie without:
A shameles womã, vicious Lords, a poore man proudly stout.
Cõtentious Christiãs, Pastors, that their functiõs do neglect,
A wicked King, no discipline, no lawes men to direct,
Are twelue the foulest faults that most all common wealths infect.

W. Warner.

Euesines

Engines of warre.

--The Inginers haue the *Trepan* drill,
And reared vp the Ramme for battery bell.
Here bends the *Briscoll* while the Cable crackes,
There Crosbowes were vprent with yron Rackes.
Here crooked Coruies fleing Bridges tall,
Their scathfull Scorpions that ruines the wall,
On euery side they raise with ioynture meete,
The timber Towres for to commaund the streete.
The painfull Pioners wrought against their will,
With fleakes and Faggots, ditches vp to fill.

Th. Hudson.

* ---The happie *Arabs* those that builds
In thatched Wagons wandring through the fields.
The subtil *Tirians* they who first were Clarkes,
That staid the wandring words in leaues and barkes.

Idem.

* *At Babell first confused toungs of euery language grew.*

W. Warner.

---Idolatry did growe
* *From Ninus first, he first a Monarchy did frame.*

Idem.

**Lord Dane the same was called the, to the a pleasing name.*
Now odiously Lordan say we, when idle mates we blame.

Idem.

* The Turtle that is true and chaste in loue,
Shewes by her mate something the spirit doth moue.
The *Arabian* byrd that neuer is but one,
Is only chaste because she is alone.

If had our mother Nature made them two,
They would haue done as Doues and Sparrowes do.
But therefore made a Martyr in desire,
And doth her penance lastly in the fire.

M. Drayton.

*Least we with fooles, suffer Saints, let mighty fooles be mad,
Note, Seneca by notes done for precepts, penance had.*

W. Warner.

* The Romane widow dide when she beheld
Her sonne, whom erst she counted slaine in field.

G. Gascoigne.

Riuers.

Faire *Danubie* inpraisde for being wide, ---- *
Nilus commended for the seuen-fold head;
Euphrates for the swiftnesse of the ride,
And for the garden whence his course is led;
The bankes of *Rhine* with Vines are ouerspred.
Take *Loyre* and *Po*, yet all may not compare
With English *Thamesis* for buildings rare.

Th. Stower.

FINIS.

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